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TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 2804.

WINIFREDE'S JOURNAL BY EMMA MARSHALL.

IN ONE VOLUME.

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WINIFREDE'S JOURNAL

OF

HER LIFE AT EXETER AND NORWICH
IN THE DAYS OF BISHOP HALL

BY

EMMA MARSHALL,

AUTHOR OF

"UNDER SALISBURY SPIRE," "WINCHESTER MEADS," ETC.

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LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1892.

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PREFACE.

THE incidents in the life of Joseph Hall, Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, are gathered chiefly from the interesting biography by the Rev. George Lewis, of Balliol College, Oxford.

To this I am indebted for the details of the Bishop's domestic sorrows, which appear in *Winifrede's Journal* —as well as for the account of the persecution which he bore so nobly and patiently.

The characters introduced are for the most part imaginary, though those who are connected directly or indirectly with the Bishop's family are real personages, mention of whom is to be found in the biography to which I have referred.

27 September, 1891.

WOODSIDE,
LEIGH WOODS, CLIFTON,
BRISTOL.

WINIFREDE'S JOURNAL.

BOOK I.

Lo! I that write this, and you that read, how long are we here? It were well if the world were as our tent, yea, as our inn, if not to lodge yet to bait in. But now it is only our thoroughfare. One generation passeth, another cometh, none stayeth. If this Earth were a Paradise, and this which we call our life were sweet as the joys above, yet how should this fickleness of it cool our delight.

BISHOP HALL.

This is my journal, writ by my own hand, in the upper chamber in my Uncle's house in the High Street of Exeter.

W. B.

WHEN Master Buckingham died he left me—Winifrede Bridgeman—this big book, bound in calfskin, with a silver clasp, and filled with several hundred blank pages of thick paper. He bade me make this book my friend when he was gone, and tell to it my thoughts and wishes and what happened to me. I know not why I have not done Master Buckingham's bidding in this, for he has been dead for eighteen

months. How thankful I am that, owing to Master Buckingham's kind care, I can write a fair hand and spell with some ease. He taught me many things beside writing and reading, and when he died I felt more lonely than before, for Master Buckingham was my friend, and I have but few. He was a clerk in Holy Orders, and had a lodging in a house adjoining my Uncle's in the High Street. His room is empty now, where I have passed many an hour, and to my latest hour I shall remember that day when I went gaily in, with Good-morning on my lips, and found my dear master seated in the old oak chair, with the Bible open before him and a smile on his face. The smile was not for me, but for the angels who had visited that house at sunrise, and borne my dear venerated master to their home above.

I had never seen death before—and if all look in death as Master Buckingham looked, it must ever be a sight to fill the heart with thanksgiving, that the departed are at rest in peace and joy.

Master Buckingham had long been smitten with a palsy of the left side, and had done no duty in the Church.

Now and again the Bishop would visit him, and it was from his kindness that after he died Mrs. Rodd, my lord's married daughter, sent for me and made friends, and she has been good to me ever since.

Master Buckingham, as I have said, left me this fair book, with another in which he had written many wise thoughts, wiser than any that I shall ever set down here, methinks. He left me also a copy of the Holy Bible, his Prayer Book, and the Faery Queen, a book

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of strange tales of ancient times, full of meaning and grace.

Master Buckingham exercised me in writing down from his own lips certain passages from that book and many a text from the Holy Bible. Latin too he taught me, and the history of ages long past, and on the last day I was with him—though I little dreamed it was the last—he commended me to God solemnly, and bade me bear ever in mind that the fear of the Lord was wisdom, and trust in Him a sure placed trust which could never fail.

Master Buckingham was a mighty grand scholar and godly man. I would never let his memory fade away, and all he did for a poor lonely little orphan girl, to whom he opened out the pleasures of reading and writing and understanding what I read. But alack! how soon the grief we feel softens and becomes past, while in the present we are living as if the sad past had never been.

That day a year and six months ago, when Master Buckingham was taken away, I cried amain till Dorothy Ellis chid me for making such a piece of work, and said "a poor weakly old man was best gone, he had been a helpless creature," and much more that cut me to the heart. Then I thought I should never be happy again, but though I do not forget Master Buckingham, I am happy. It is good to have Mistress Rodd for a friend, and it is good to be young, and to feel a stirring within that is like a note of music, just a faint note as heard in the darkness, which presently shall swell into a great burst of singing.

I have delayed beginning to write in this book, but

I may have something to tell soon, so this by way of preface.

Books are commonly dedicated to some great personage with fine words, like the dedication to the King James which stands in the first page of the Holy Bible. I have no one to whom I can dedicate this book, besides, I shall treat it as a friend and tell things here which I might not care for other eyes to see.

Adventures, events, sorrows, joys, I will write them here. But hark! there is a heavy step on the stairs. Dorothy Ellis coming to rate me for not going down to give her help with the conserves of fruit she is making, I'll warrant.

There was a tap at the door, and when I opened it, it was not Dorothy Ellis, but a messenger from Mistress Rodd, bearing a slip of paper on which was writ, "Come to me to-morrow, and bear me company to the consecrating of the burying ground, outside the walls. Send word by my servant." "My service to Mistress Rodd," I said, "and I will wait on her by ten o'clock on the morrow."

I.

Blessed is the man, O God, who loves Thee, and his friend in Thee, and his enemy for Thy sake.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE HIGH STREET, EXETER, *August* 26.

I HAVE much to tell about the events of yesterday, the festival of Saint Bartholomew in this year of grace, 1637.

I had Mistress Rodd's command to wait on her, and I plucked up my courage to seek my Uncle Jeremy

Barter in his dull, dark chamber behind the shop, in the High Street of Exeter.

I had a care how I urged my petition, for my Uncle is a man of somewhat surly moods, and the events of this day were of a surety aught but a pleasure to him.

For he had stood out with many of the citizens against our good Bishop's action concerning the new burying ground outside the walls. Now my Uncle Jeremy hates changes from old customs; he likes a bad thing because it is old, better than a good thing if it is new.

It is wisdom to put up with the quips and quirks of old age, and truly my Uncle Jeremy is as full of them as a hedgehog is full of bristles.

Methinks bachelors are worse in this respect than single women. Perhaps for this reason, that a man, when he sees children and children's children making the old age of others glad and bright, feels he might have had the same happiness for the asking.

While a woman! Ah! well-a-day, she must bide her time, and if the right man will not seek to win her she will be won by no other, and so the joys of wedded life are denied her. She cannot whistle for the man she could love, nay, perhaps does love, and so——

But I shall make no way with the history of yesterday if I wander off from the matter in hand.

It was yet early, but I had heard my Uncle's heavy tread on the stairs, and I heard Dorothy Ellis shouting to ask him if he would have a cup of mead or ale with his wheaten loaf to break his fast.

My Uncle is deaf, sometimes I think not so deaf as

he would have us think; and when he is in a surly mood, which alack-a-day is not seldom, he is sullenly determined not to hear, much less answer a question. I am not sure that it is because he fails to hear it.

The apprentices were hanging up the lengths of silks and brocades and coloured cloths, as I passed through the shop to the inner chamber.

"Good day to you, Mistress Winifrede. There will be grand doings to-day, and a great feast at the palace. Are you bidden to it?"

I do not take kindly to James Eland. He is too free in his manner, and forgets that, though when I came to live with my Uncle I was a child, I am a woman now. So I tossed my head and only answered, "It is a fair day for the Consecration of the burying place—though hot." James Eland was smoothing out a fine bit of brocade, gold and white, with little flowers wrought in it. It is hard sometimes to see so many beauteous silks and brocades, and yet to be denied them.

If I had that brocade for a skirt instead of my dove coloured homespun and old taffeta redingote I should have been better clad to go out amongst the gay throng passing to and fro in the High Street on a day when something great is happening.

I tapped at the door of my Uncle's room and then entered warily. My Uncle looked up from a great book in which he was jotting down figures, and one of the apprentices was on his knees, getting a bale of goods ready for the pack-horse plying between Exeter and Taunton once in the week.

The goods of Jeremy Barter, mercer, of the city

of Exeter, are famous, and he has such large sales that I am sure money is plentiful, though he would not have me think so.

"Eh! what?" my Uncle said, "have a care, Winifrede, you are stepping on the edge of that taffeta."

"I would fain go to Mistress Rodd's house, Uncle. She has bidden me to bear her company to the Consecrating to-day outside the walls. I have your leave?"

"My leave, you'd go without it, I'll warrant. I do not care to have part or lot in the matter. It's all a whim—set a-going by the Bishop. Why can't he let us bury our dead in peace? Pshaw! I don't mean to have my bones hauled out beyond the walls." And then my Uncle went on grumbling and muttering with a big quill stuck behind each ear, which gave him a comical likeness to the old white owl I saw in the barn at Widdicombe last winter. My Uncle's hair is thick and white and is parted in the middle and sticks out on either side of his round forehead; and he wears a great ruff round his neck, not so clean as it might be. And his black gown is very rusty and long past its best, but as he seldom puts his head out of this dull chamber where no light and no sun ever creep in, what does it matter?

"And I may spend the day with Mrs. Rodd? She will take me in her coach to the Church of All Hallows, and we shall see the proceedings from the walls. Uncle Jeremy, do you hear?"

"Get off to your pleasuring," was the next word; then as I was leaving the room he shouted, "You may

tell my Lord he has made the city his enemy by this act, and he may live to rue the day."

It is true enow. Exeter folk are as slow as snails to go forward, and the merchants of the city, as well as some of the better sort, have wrangled and fought for retaining the right to bury the dead under the shade of the Cathedral.

"Laying their bones," quoth they, "where their forefathers laid theirs."

It seemeth to me of little avail to trouble about what becomes of our bones—when our spirits are gone to God. Our good Bishop has the health of living folk at heart, and doubtless the Cathedral churchyard has sent out foul odours on the hot days of summer.

When I left my Uncle I climbed to the chamber in the roof, where I live. The lattice is wide, and I can look down into the street, and opposite is the Guildhall where the Mayor and Aldermen will meet to-day and will go in company with the clergy to the new burying ground.

Over the Guildhall and the roofs of the houses I see the sky, and now and again I get a craving to see more of it than this strip. Then I watch the stars peep between the gables; and sometimes the moon when at the full she lifts her round face above the roof and smiles at me, as she rises high in the heavens. James Eland gave me on my last birthday a polished mirror and by its help I know better how to make myself ready to go forth.

Forsooth, what I see there is not amiss—and why should I be shamefaced about my good looks? I first

saw myself in a clear pool of water near Widdicombe last summer. I was stooping over it to pluck some yellow flags, when I saw a face smiling up at me, with rosy cheeks and blue eyes and a great tangle of brown hair, which seemed in that lonely pool to have streaks of gold athwart it.

Well I knew that day that I was fair to look at —and I was pleased, I am sure the yellow flags nodding at their reflection in the water would be glad that they were prettier than the big brown bulrushes, if they could be glad or could know, and perhaps they do know—who can tell?

I made the best of myself on this great Feast day, and bound my hair with a pointed velvet band which once my mother wore and which was garnished with little blue stones—deep blue like my eyes.

Then I pinned a long veil at the back of my head with a silver pin, and I put over my grey skirt an apron with two knots of blue riband, which my Cousin Penelope gave me, because she thought it a sin to wear any ribands, she said; and then I went down the long flight of narrow stairs to the floor below.

I was passing through the shop when James Eland stepped forward and begged me to wear a posy at my girdle which he had bought in the market.

"It is your own colour, Mistress Winifrede, and besides let it speak for me and tell you what I am not able to tell, as I fain would." The nosegay was of forget-me-nots set round with lad's-love—and in the middle a white rose, which the forget-me-nots surrounded in a close wreath.

"I thank you, James Eland," I said, taking the nosegay which he presented on one knee, but I would as lief have been without it. As I left the shop I heard the apprentice who had been making ready the parcel in my Uncle's room laugh loudly and say,

"Poor Jimmy, thine is love's la'bour lost."

William Thornton has, methinks, need to learn manners. If there be a school to teach them, he should go to it forthwith.

It was yet early, and I made my way with ease to Mistress Rodd's house. It is only of late that I have been favoured with her friendship, and I would I were worthier of it. I found her lying on a settle in her pleasant chamber, which has a large window facing the northern side of the Cathedral. Mistress Rodd smiled a welcome, but she looked pale and weary and said faintly,

"I am not able to go forth to-day, dear child, and this will vex you, I fear."

"Nay, dear Mistress Rodd," I replied, "I am ever content to be with you."

"But I have prayed my brother, the Archdeacon, to let Rebecca take you in charge, and you will like to be at the service in the Cathedral."

"I would as lief stay with you," I said, "and watch the procession from the window."

"Nay, that would be but a poor holiday, to stay with a sick woman." Then Mistress Rodd called me to come nearer to her, and she whispered to me, putting her arms round my neck and kissing me, "Dear child, I shall never be well in health again. I have given my husband the son he craved, and it is my

legacy, but—" suddenly starting up—"Hark! it is my father's step in the court below; say not a word of my health to him."

And then Mistress Rodd sprang up, and hectic crimson coming to her cheek, and her eyes shining, she hastened to the door and cried out, "Welcome, dear father, welcome. Good it is of you to spare a few minutes for your Moll to-day."

"Ah! Moll, good Moll," my Lord Bishop said, putting his arm round her tenderly, "how fares it with you and the boy? Art coming to the ceremony, dear heart? You look brave enow, surely."

"Nay, father," Mistress Rodd said, putting her hand to her side, "I tire so soon, and the day is sultry."

"Well, well—please yourself, dear heart." Then his Lordship turned, and saw me in the recess of the window to which I had retreated.

"It is little Winifrede Bridgeman, father. I bid her come to see the show with me, and now I am not able to do so."

"Bid her come with me to the Palace," my Lord said. "Thy mother will have her in charge. I must away, for the Mayor and City folk are to be at the west door by eleven of the clock. Now we must away, little mistress, if indeed you have a mind to accompany me!"

But a sudden awe and shyness seized me. I curtsied low to the Bishop and said,

"May it please your Lordship, I would as lief stay with Mistress Rodd."

"Do so then," and the Bishop was departing when

there was a rustling of silk on the stairs and Madam Hall, attended by a young gentlewoman, met him at the door.

The Bishop exclaimed, "Ah! I thought how it would be. Thy mother, sweet Moll, could not rest on any report, but must needs see for herself how it fare with thee."

The young gentlewoman who attended Madam Hall was very tall, and was dressed in all the beauteous garments befitting her rank—for she was of high family.

Madam Hall herself was dressed in skirt and cloak of dark cloth and hood lined with red. This befitted her age, and the dark hood with the red lining set off the beauty of her silver hair.

"What little girl is this?" she asked. "I see, Master Barter's daughter, the good silk mercer in the High Street."

"If it please you, madam," I said, "I am Jeremy Barter's niece; my mother was his sister."

"Jeremy Barter!" the Bishop caught the name. "Ah! I know now why this little maid holds back from the show. It would seem Master Barter is one who holds out against me—not only for to-day's work, but for the matter concerning the wool market which desecrated the cloisters. Make my compliments to your worthy uncle, little mistress, and say, I thank God I have carried my point; and that I trust he may live to be my friend and not my foe, nor wish the burials back in the old ground."

When his Lordship was really gone, Madam Hall questioned Mistress Rodd in a low tone as to her

health, I think, for she returned to the settle, and I saw her mother bend tenderly over her.

I returned to the window again, for the tall lady did not seem to think I was worthy of notice—I, a mercer's niece, she, with the air of a princess.

Presently she followed me to the casement, and turning the latch opened half of it, and took up her position there.

Her dark eyes had an anxious look in them, as she scanned the crowd below, and those who were passing by on the flag path beneath the windows. Several fine gentlemen paced to and fro, and one happening to look up, the lady at my side said, "Have you come to see the show, Sir Gilbert?"

Then the gentleman she addressed bowed to the ground, and said,

"I have come in any case to see a fair vision, Mistress Meredith."

Another young gentleman in a fine crimson velvet cloak covered with gold broidery, and with shining curls lying on his shoulders, now looked up, and then said,

"Nay, Sir Gilbert, do not keep me in ignorance of the names of both these fair ladies."

"Forsooth, Hal," was the answer, "I thought you had no need to be told that one fair lady yonder has turned the heads of half Devon since she rose like a sun on its horizon, and as to t'other——"

"For shame, Sir Gilbert," Mistress Dulcibel said, "flattery comes with a bad grace when bawled up at a window." And then Mistress Dulcibel Meredith closed the lattice with a sharp click, and we saw the gallants

cross over to the little iron gate leading to the Cathedral. "If we are to go to the service, madam," Mistress Dulcibel Meredith said, turning towards Madam Hall, "it would be as well to start, for I hear the blast of a trumpet, and the Mayor must be on his way from the Guildhall."

"True, it is time to leave you, Mary, and I will take this maiden under my care, if it pleases her."

"Yes, dear Winifrede, yes—go, and then you can bring me word of all you see."

All this time Mistress Dulcibel Meredith had not deigned to speak one word to me. She was too proud, I thought, to notice the niece of a mercer.

I judged her wrongly; and I did not know till later in the day that she was my friend, and that she bore about a restless heart, ill at ease.

"I would have you go with my mother, dear child," Mistress Rodd said, "and return hither when all is over."

"Yes, yes," Mistress Hall exclaimed, in a sharp, quick tone. "Follow me with no more ado. My daughter, Mistress Rodd, is tired and must rest. Farewell, sweet Mary."

In another moment we were out in the close. A way was made for us through the crowd gathered by the wall of the Cathedral yard, by two of the Bishop's men, who wore his badge on their sleeves.

We passed into the Cathedral by the little north entrance, through one of the side chapels, and then to seats prepared for the wives and daughters of the dignitaries of the Cathedral, whence they could view

the procession coming up to the choir from the great west door.

There was the sound of trumpets outside, which proclaimed the near approach of the Mayor and the Aldermen, and as they reached the west door the organ rolled out great waves of sound, and we all rose to our feet to watch the Clergy move down the nave to meet the Mayor and Aldermen of the city.

We could see the long line of Clergy and choir men and boys in their white gowns divide in two parts, and the civic folk in scarlet and gold trappings pass up between them, the Bishop coming last.

It was the first time I had seen so grand a show, and what with the great concourse of people, and the music and the strangeness, I felt strangely moved.

To my vexation a tear rolled unawares down my cheek, and dropped right on the posy of forget-me-nots at my girdle.

I was placed next to Mistresss Dulcibel Meredith, and looking up at her I saw a smile on her face which made my cheeks hot with blushes, and I hastily brushed away another tear, which would have fallen next.

"Poor child," Mistress Dulcibel said in a low tone. "May you ne'er have cause to shed a bitterer tear!" Then to my surprise this grand lady laid her hand on mine and gave it a sudden pressure.

"I know not what made me so foolish," I said, but then the service began, and soon we all knelt to repeat the confession of our sins.

The Bishop made a short but excellent discourse, and then the organ struck up again, and there was the

sound as of many waters as the people began to get down the nave in a disorderly fashion, to be first to see the procession move outside. I cannot tell how it was, but I lost my friends and found myself jammed against the wall of the chapel through which we had come, and frightened lest I should be smothered in the press I climbed on a stone ledge, which had a hollow place at the back, and thought I could stand there till the jostling and pushing were at an end.

As I stood there I heard two men hard by me talking of what was passing. "Didst note," said one, "five councillors and two aldermen were missing in the procession?"

"Aye," said the other, "and the Mayor is but half hearted about this matter."

"The Bishop and the Dean and Chapter are agreed, and they have set the town at nought."

Then with a laugh the other said, "Aye, aye; the Chapter is a family party, and they be all agreed! The Bishop has taken care of that."

Then the speakers passed on, and yet the throng thickened, and I stood jammed in my corner, wondering how long I should need to stand there.

"No one will miss me," I thought. "No one will care. Why should they?" And suddenly I felt that most painful loneliness—loneliness in a crowd.

All around me were pushing through the throng with sisters and daughters and wives, and there was I, little Winifrede Bridgeman, with nobody to care whether I was pressed to death or no.

After some minutes—they seemed hours to me—I saw a tall gallant elbowing through the crowd. As he

was coming against the stream he had some trouble to make way. Soon I saw it was the young gentleman who had looked up at Mistress Rodd's casement when Mistress Dulcibel Meredith had opened it.

Presently I saw him wave his cap and smile. Could he be making towards me? I was not long in doubt, for he cried, "Ah, here is a saint in her niche. Step down, fair saint, and I will take you by your leave into the crowd of common folk again. Nay," he said, for I suppose my face told that I was scared, and my hand, which he took in his, was trembling. "Nay, do not fear. I am sent hither by a gentlewoman who will not stir from the Palace till she knows you are safe." Then before I could rally myself and speak I was safe through a small doorway and in the gardens of the Palace, and my guide stopped, saying,

"There, my fair saint, now for my reward," and bending with the grace of a courtier he said, "Harry Carew, at your service, craves to know the name of the gentlewoman to whom he now vows his service and loyalty henceforth." He kissed my hand, but I drew it away.

I am unused to the ways of gallants like him, and ever since I have felt a strange flutter at my heart when I recount to myself all his pretty speeches and flatteries. I ought not to like them, Penelope would say. I am a silly child to have my head turned by all that has happened to-day.

At the Palace doorway we—that is, Master Harry Carew and I—found the grand ladies waiting to be conveyed to the walls to see the ceremony; some to

ride in my Lord's coach, and some in my Lord Devon's, and some on horseback.

As I stood hesitating and fearing lest I should do anything awkward, Mistress Dulcibel came towards me, passing a grand old dame with, "By your leave, madam," and then she took my hand in hers and said, "I ride in my Lord Devon's coach and I will take you with me. My Lord Bishop's coach is full."

Then with a sweet smile she turned to Master Carew and said, "My thanks are yours, sir, for bringing the little lost maiden safe out of the crowd."

"Nay then, madam," was the reply, "I am favoured by fortune if I win either thanks or smile from you! I am not often so lucky."

There was something in Master Carew's voice as he spoke which had a bitter sound in it—like James Eland's when I will not tarry in the shop at his bidding, but pass out in spite of his remonstrance.

I was soon riding in the coach on Mistress Dulcibel's knee, and I saw the grand dames in the coach with us looking wondering at me.

"Methinks, Mistress Meredith," said one, "your brocade will fare ill, crumpled by the weight you have put on it."

"Weight! nay, the weight is scarce that of a feather," was the answer.

"Well, prythee, child," said the stout and portly lady whom I heard them call the Countess of Devon. "Prythee, child, do not press your knees against my gown. I am more chary of it than Mistress Meredith is of hers, methinks."

The streets were lined on either side as we passed along.

We went at a somewhat slow pace, for the Bishop and the Clergy and the civic dignitaries were all afoot, and way was made for them, so that they passed along a clear swept pathway to the walls.

"It is a wonder to see the streets fit to ride through, for there is often a heap of filth and rubbish right in the way as my coach passes along," said my lady.

"My Lord Bishop has a passion for cleanly ways," said another lady. "Some may think he puts it above, not next to, godliness, and the citizens are of this mind!"

At last we reached the walls and left the coaches, and took up our position in the churchyard by All Hallows, whence we could watch the ceremony.

The Clergy, with my Lord Bishop at their head, walked slow and stately round the burying ground and then formed a circle in the midst of it. We could hear the Bishop's voice sounding as he uttered the prayers of consecration, and then with uplifted hands blessed the ground, and declared it sacred for the repose of the bodies of the departed from that day henceforth.

Then there were long drawn Amens, and the choir sang the canticles, and so the procession left the ground.

As we returned to our coaches the crowd gathered by the church gate made their comments on us, and I heard one voice say, "Bless my heart, there's Jeremy Barter's niece with the grand folk," and a laugh followed.

I tried hard not to look as if I heard, but I felt my

face grow red as another woman called out, "Jeremy will never let his bones lie here, nor yours neither, my dear. Heighho! proud as a pea-hen with your fine company—pride will have a fall."

There was a delay at the gate, and I was waiting my turn to pass to the coach with Mistress Meredith, and turning my head I saw the woman who was speaking so rudely of me was a friend of Dorothy Ellis, and I knew her well enow by the visits she made to Dorothy.

I ought to have greeted her, but the words stuck in my throat, and I was thankful to find myself once more in the coach, wondering if Mistress Dulcibel had heard those unkind words of old Sarah Dalton.

But if she did, she took no heed of them, nor added to my confusion by noticing them.

Mistress Dulcibel was too real a gentlewoman to say aught about what she saw discomfort me. She was gracious and sweet in her demeanour while in the coach, but when we alighted at the Palace she was proud and haughty when the gallant whom she called Sir Gilbert came up with low bows and begged leave to attend her to the banquet in the hall, where her place was kept and where many were languishing for a smile.

Verily Sir Gilbert had no smile, he might languish in vain for it. Mistress Dulcibel turned away, saying,

"There is no haste, Sir Gilbert, the company are scarce all arrived;" then to me, "Come, let me deliver you up in safety to the place whence I took you. Mistress Rodd will not care greatly to be deprived of your presence for the whole day."

Then Mistress Meredith took my hand in hers and we passed through the grounds of the Palace till we came out at a little postern gate in the wall right opposite Master Rodd's house.

The entrance to the house is through a court-yard, and Mistress Dulcibel had just reached it when Master Harry Carew came loitering up. "Seeking in vain for my lost charge," he said, bowing to me, "but as you have resumed it, madam, I perceive I am not wanted."

Mistress Meredith smiled and answered,

"Nay, Harry, you may still be of use if you wish it, and return with me to the Palace, where by now the folks are falling to upon pasties and conserves, to say nothing of quaffing great cups of sack and spiced canary, of which beware, Hal, or your not too strong brain may suffer." Then turning to me, Mistress Dulcibel said,

"Farewell, dear child, and let me see you again. Where shall I find you?" My cheeks grew hot, and I felt Master Harry Carew was looking at me and listening for my answer.

Why should I feel any shame to say that I lived in the High Street at the house of my Uncle Jeremy Barter? But I confess I did not desire Master Carew should know I was a mercer's niece, so I murmured in a low tone, which only Mistress Meredith could hear,

"In the High Street, madam, opposite the Guild-hall," and then I curtsied and kissed the hand held out to me, and fled up the stairs to the door at the top which was kept by the porter, who, nodding to me

as an old acquaintance, admitted me. I found Mistress Rodd quite bright and cheerful, her cheeks had the colour of a damask rose, and she had her boy on her knee, dandling him at the window, and he was crowing loudly and kicking his stout legs against the window seat, his mother scarce able to hold him.

Mistress Rodd cried out, "Well, little run-away, how have you sped? You did not stay to the banquet, then."

"No, dear madam, I was not bidden."

"My mother would be vexed if she thought you came away hungry; but see, Jabez has set out our banquet, and as soon as good Cordelia will take her nursling, we will sit down and do the viands justice. Nay, Master Bamfilde," she continued, "you take your mother's breath away; you are stronger than she is!"

And then at the sound of the great lusty roar Master Banfilde made when I essayed to take him, the serving woman came into the chamber, pulling aside the arras which parted this room from one behind.

"Tut, tut!" she cried, "what a noise! you are just killing your blessed mother with your pranks; and indeed, Mistress Mary, I cry shame on you for wrestling with this giant; he is enow to break my back, let alone yours. See, now, you are worn out!"

For Mistress Rodd had sunk down on the settle again, breathing hard, but laughing all the same, saying,

"I am not dead yet, Cordelia; now summon Jabez, and bid him bring the hot dishes; and then Mistress Winifrede and I will begin our dinner, for we are as hungry as hunters."

This might be true of me, but not of Mistress Rodd. While I ate all the good things with a relish she only played with her meat, and if all she ate could be reckoned up, methinks a spoonful of apple conserves and cream made her meal. With drink it was different; she was very thirsty, and Jabez filled up the cup with water again and again, she declaring she did not love the spiced wine he pressed on her.

After this meal, which was welcome to me, who had tasted but little food that day, and the dinner hour of noon so long past, Mistress Rodd lay back on the settle and bade me draw a stool near her side and tell her of the day's adventures.

August 27.

I could write no more last night, for Dorothy came and took away my lamp, saying I should write myself blind. I rose this morning feeling dull and out of temper.

James Eland had heard of my riding in my Lord Devon's coach, and taunted me with being eager to consort with fine folk.

And then at dinner my Uncle Jeremy's friends held forth about the Bishop, and said he was no blessing to Exeter, and many wished him gone, and other talk of the same kind.

We had just risen from the board, and I was making off to my upper chamber again, when the serving boy who kept watch in the shop while the apprentices were at meals called for James Eland. He rose slowly, and my Uncle shouted after him,

"Take not a groat less than the fixed price for the

silver brocade if it falls out that young gallant has called again—don't haggle with him, but despatch him."

"Trust me, sir," was the reply, and then in an aside which caught my ear, "I would fain despatch him once and for all."

"Who is the young gentleman?" I asked of Will Thornton, who was, I saw, hiding a smile.

"He gave no name an hour agone, but if you go and take a look you may know him. You were in the company of so many gallants t'other day."

The large kitchen or hall where the household take their repasts is at the back of the house, up a few steps from the level of my Uncle's parlour and the shop. We have to descend these steps before we reach the floor from which the wide staircase of the house leads to the upper storeys.

As I stood at the top of these few stairs I could see into the shop. There stood Master Carew, leaning in a careless way against the doorway, where several lengths of stuffs were hung.

"Well," I heard him say, "am I to force an entrance, or will you conduct me to see Mistress Bridgeman?"

"You may find someone else to do your bidding. I am not one to be ordered hither and thither by a young popinjay like you. Fine feathers don't take me in."

"You impudent scoundrel, as courtesy won't answer I'll try something else;" and Master Carew strode up the shop and, thrusting James Eland aside, caught a sight of me—standing as I was, on the top step of the short flight of stairs.

"Ah! my fair saint," he said, "this boor forbade me to see you, but forsooth I am not to be baulked by such as he."

Then James Eland sprang upon Master Carew, and saying "A man's house is his castle, sir," tried to prevent his advance to me. Poor James Eland was no match for a fine gentleman like Master Carew, and he was hustled back against the counter, and fell, hitting his head a hard blow.

"Oh, sir," I exclaimed, "have a care, you have hurt him," and I went down to the place where Will Thornton, who had just appeared, was helping James Eland to rise.

"You shall repent this," he said under his breath. "Hush!" he asked, in answer to my question. "What does it matter to you if I am hurt? Say no more, Winifrede, but remember——"

"Now, I put it to you," Hal Carew said with a smile, turning to Dorothy Ellis, my Uncle's guests, and my Uncle himself, who now came on the scene, "I put it to you if I am guilty of a serious offence? Twice to-day I have come to this shop to crave an interview with this fair lady, sent hither by another lady who desires her company for the afternoon. I prythee, good sirs, and you, madam," with a low bow to Dorothy Ellis, "is it fair that I should be maltreated and bid to go about my business, and not suffered to deliver my message?"

My Uncle became very hard of hearing, and murmured, "The silver brocade is fifteen shillings, nor will I bate a groat of the price. I have nought else to say. Clear the way, sir, clear the way; other

customers seek admission, you hinder business. Begone, sir."

"Not till I get an answer to my petition."

Then Master Carew bent one knee to me and said, "Do not refuse a suitor's humble request, but permit me to escort you, fair lady, to the Deanery, where Mistress Meredith awaits your coming."

"Sure I may go to such good company, Uncle?" I asked.

But my Uncle was already out of hearing, and the shop full of customers.

"I shall go to Mistress Meredith, as she bids me," I said, turning to Dorothy.

"Aye, go and please yourself by going; the rest matters nought to you, I know."

"I will await your coming outside," Master Carew said, and then he left the shop. I hurried upstairs to put on my gaudy clothes again. Two gaudy days so near together, sure I am very happy to have fallen into such company. I made what speed I could and was downstairs again in a very short space.

As I passed through the shop my heart smote me. James Eland was seated on one of the benches behind the counter, his head leaning on his hand, his face ashen pale, and a great bruise on his forehead. The customers were gone, and I went up to him saying, "I am sorry you are hurt, James."

"Sorry," he said bitterly. "Keep your sorrow to yourself. I do not want it; but mind this," he said in a low voice, which scared me as he spoke. "Mind! I shall have my revenge yet." I fled away and there stood Master Carew, and he was all smiles and sweet

words; and presently by going down a side street we were at the Deanery.

A large company were seated at the board, for the dinner hour at the grand house was later than ours, and the Dean Dr. Peterson is given to hospitality.

The hour was close upon one o'clock, and the heavy meats and pasties had been despatched, and now the ladies were tasting the grace cup, and dipping their cakes into platters of junket capped with clotted cream and fruit.

I felt much abashed in the presence of so many fine people, and hung back as Master Carew led me to a seat next Mistress Dulcibel Meredith, Mistress Peterson calling in a loud voice, "We thought you had forgot us, Master Hal, and had eaten your dinner elsewhere. Here, Dulcie, is the little maiden; make room for her next you."

Mistress Dulcibel smiled on Master Carew, and taking my hand said, "Not too late for junket and cream," putting a platter before me with cakes and fruit. "We will leave Hal to make a heavier meal; the pasties are not all eaten." Then with a reassuring pat on my cheek nearest to her, Mistress Dulcibel turned to her next neighbour and left me to recover myself.

In truth it was enow to embarrass me; I who had never before sat down to a great dinner like this. But soon I was able to raise my head and look about me and listen to what was said.

Dr. Peterson was talking to several gentlemen about the affairs of the Church and Nation. He was speaking of our Bishop's books, and expressly of the last, which was new and called *The Remedy for Profaneness,*

and another on *Walking with God.* The gentleman who took part in the conversation had leanings to and sympathy with the Puritans, it seems; for he said all the Bishops on the bench and all the authors that ever wrote a book could not turn a man's heart to God. They make plaisters, he said, to soothe the wound; but the wound is there and the sore is unhealed.

"Tut, tut," Dr. Peterson said. "My good father-in-law, sir, goes to the root of the matter as much as any one of the canting so-called divines who are getting the upper hand too much in the country. The realm is in danger from these base schismatics. I crave pardon, Sir Antony," for Sir Antony's brow grew dark, "but forsooth there has been such railing against the revered Bishop for his wholesome acts in this city that I get overheated when I speak of the matter. Let us drink again to the health of His Majesty and the nobles and bishops of the land and bury all differences as the cup goes round."

Then on a sudden Dr. Peterson seemed to be aware of my presence, and called attention to me by saying in a loud voice, "You did not tell me, Bess, that you had bidden this maiden to dine. She has ears to hear and eyes to see, or I mistake her."

The Dean did but jest, but his words made me cast down my eyes and the colour rushed to my face.

"Nay now, Dean," Mrs. Peterson said, "you are covering the child with confusion. She was bidden by Dulcibel Meredith who saw her t'other day at Mary Rodd's and took a fancy to her; eh, Dulcie!"

This speech of Mrs. Peterson's was harder to pass unnoticed than the Dean's had been. They would not

talk thus of me if I were someone greater than Jeremy Barter's niece, I thought, and tears sprang to my eyes.

"By your leave, madam," Mistress Dulcibel said, "I would fain take Mistress Bridgeman to the pleasance, for the hall is hot and methinks she feels it. Have I your leave?" Mistress Dulcibel said, rising and taking my hand as she led me from the hall.

The minstrels in the gallery at the further end were beginning to play, and this diverted attention from me. Soon we were in the pleasance at the rear of the Deanery.

"You will be sorry I bade Hal Carew fetch you, child. Come, let us sit down in the arbour; we can talk undisturbed there.

"Tell me something of yourself—nay," as I hesitated, "well, I must begin then. My cousin in the second degree is Mrs. Gertrude Hall, and I have come this long journey at her invitation, the wife of the Archdeacon of Cornwall. But my good cousin was not my chief attraction. I have a reverence for the Bishop and would fain pluck up courage to confide in him, for I am in a peck of trouble. Ah, I see you can scarce believe it," Mistress Dulcibel said, "but it is true nevertheless. You have no troubles, child?"

When the question was put I could say, "No, not troubles; but I have longings and desires, and they make me ache when they are in vain."

"Aye, truly; but such a speech coming from a mere child is somewhat surprising."

"I am near nineteen, madam."

"Nineteen, and I am near nine and twenty—alone and unmarried still. I live with my old uncle, Sir Amos Meredith, and——"

"Like me," I exclaimed, "I too, live with an old uncle—my mother's brother."

"Mine was my mother's uncle, that is the sole difference."

"Nay, madam, there is yet a greater difference. My uncle is a mercer, and yours a gentleman of rank."

"A fig for rank! I am sick of it. Listen; for many a year they have beset me to wed with one Lord Scarmouth. His lands join my uncle's and it would be convenient. Convenient!" she repeated, her eyes flashing. "They may suit their own convenience without me. Ah! child, may you never know the pain I have at my heart. But more about yourself. Suitors? I doubt not."

"No," I said, "there is none that I can look kindly on."

"Have a care, child," Mistress Dulcibel said, "for men are like eels. There is much talk about women being fickle and flightsome; but I warn you it is the men who are like the vane on yonder steeple."

We had much further talk, and I told her of Master Buckingham, and of this book, and of my life at the top storey of the house in High Street; but I made no mention of James Eland, and the onset in the shop between Master Hal Carew and him.

Presently he came, Master Hal Carew, and peeping into the summer-house, he said,

"Discovered! My Lord Bishop is in the house and asks for Mistress Meredith. Ah! he comes hither." And as he spoke, Mistress Meredith and I stepped out of the arbour, and met my Lord on a side path.

We curtsied, and the Bishop said kindly to me,

"Ah! little Mistress Barter——"

"Bridgeman, an it please your Lordship," Mistress Dulcibel said quickly.

"Bridgeman! Ah, names are often flitting out of my old head; it will be my own name next!

"Well," he continued, turning to Mistress Dulcibel, "shall we have our talk here?" and they turned and walked to the further end of the Deanery pleasance, and I was left alone with Master Carew. He did not make any mention of what had happened in the shop, but seemed suddenly grave and serious.

He spoke of Mistress Meredith and how she had many suitors. "You may guess one, or perhaps I should scarce call him a suitor, Sir Gilbert Redvers. He has, so they say, played fast and loose with her for years; he is unmarried, so is she; and yet they never wed. He would seem at times to be at her feet, then again it is as now;" and as he spoke we saw Sir Gilbert coming out of the Deanery with a grand lady all bedizened and wigged, for sure all those curls could not have grown on her head. The pair were laughing and jesting, and as we passed them the lady said to Master Carew,

"Is Mistress Meredith getting a lecture and having penance ordered, Hal? She is talking demurely with the Bishop. It is enow to make a judge laugh."

"You might perchance find worthier game for your shafts, Lady Crawley."

"Worthier?" was the reply; "yes, Hal, that would be easy, I trow."

"Who is that lady?" I asked.

"A notorious beauty, and you need not desire her acquaintance," was the short reply.

Soon—yes, I must write it, for only the truth must be written in these pages—soon I forgot everything in the delight of Master Carew's presence. Am I more foolish than others? I dare to say I am; Penelope would say so—so would Dorothy Ellis—so would Mistress Rodd. No, I am not sure; she is young, and though I marvel that she loved that grave, stern Master Rodd, yet she does love him—as she has often told me.

And if love comes all unawares, can we help it? Mrs. Rodd has often told me of the Bishop's, her father's, love for her mother. How suddenly it came upon him that Mistress Winniffe was the wife ordained for him by God, and not only by the word of the minister who, when the Bishop inquired of him the name of a certain modest and comely gentlewoman, said,

"I have bespoken her for your wife;" and Mistress Rodd says truly, "Were ever husband and wife dearer to one another?"

But this is not to my point—Master Hal Carew bid me farewell last evening, and I shall see him no more perhaps, no more in this life. But I shall ever bear him in mind, his courtesy, his gallant behaviour on Saint Bartholomew's day—his talk in the Deanery garden. Oh! it was sweet, I must write it—it *was* sweet—and I have kept the bud he plucked from one of the stunted rose bushes in the Deanery pleasance—and I have kissed it again and again.

Just now I felt something at my feet as I sat at

the window-shelf writing—I picked it up and it was the faded old posy of forget-me-nots James Eland gave me on Saint Bartholomew's day. I threw it out of the window and watched it tumbling down into the street below!

Poor James Eland! yet I could wish he had not had that fall caused by *his* hand. What does James mean by revenge, I wonder? It is an ugly word.

August 30.

I have not written a line for several days now. The rain is pattering on the roof, and making a sort of music as it pours from the eaves. Down in the High Street there are but few passers by; only those who do not mind a wetting, and must be about, are in the street.

I have been monstrous idle for several days! Dorothy Ellis has been scolding me well; for when I went down to aid her in making a conserve of the little red crab apples, I let it simmer too long in the furnace and it was scorched.

I deserved to be scolded then, but I hated to hear Dorothy say,

"This comes of your grand days, and your being set up by fine folks to think mightily of yourself. Handsome young gallants have turned your silly head, Winifrede Bridgeman, and the sooner you come to your senses the better."

I gave a sharp answer, and told her I was not a child now to be chidden and rated and she forgot her place.

"My place, forsooth!—I am second cousin to your mother, and of the same blood as you are, for all your

pea-hen airs. If it had not been for love of your dear mother, poor soul! I should not have come here to keep Jeremy Barter's house, and you know that. I took pity on you, a little orphan, and this is all I get for my pains—you are an ungrateful minx!"

"So you think! and I cannot help it," I said—and then I laughed and added,

"You may be Mistress Jeremy Barter at last—it is not beyond hope." Dorothy caught me a sharp box on the ear that brought the sparks to my eyes.

But what care I?—and besides I think I was saucy—but I can't, no I can't love Dorothy Ellis, and I don't believe love for me brought her to be housewife to Uncle Jeremy.

Alack! how is it I am changed in a few short days—I am changed, and I know it.

I am sick of this life—mewed up with the roofs of the houses in the High Street and the Guildhall opposite. I am restless—I am like a caged bird who has taken a flight into the woodlands and is caught and brought back—then the cage that has been his home becomes a prison, and he beats his wings against the bars and mopes as a captive.

Just the peep into the gay world and the company of folk like Mistress Meredith make me feel that the company of Dorothy Ellis and her gossips, and James Eland and Will Thornton, and old Uncle Jeremy, is like the taste of sour bread after a sweet cake.

August 31.

So far yesterday—and now a change has come. Last night just as everyone was going abed at eight

o'clock, a message was brought up to me by James Eland. He gave a heavy thud at the door, and I opened it a crack, and asked what he wanted.

"You are wanted below," he said. "Mistress Winifrede, do not bear malice."

"It's you that bear malice," I said, "but who wants me?"

I had closed my door behind me by this time, and was standing on the landing outside.

"It's your kinsman from Widdicombe; he wants to take you back with him in his waggon Saturday morning, but, Winifrede!" and James Eland tried to take my hand.

I was too sharp for him, and was downstairs and in my Uncle's parlour before he could catch me.

I found Master Fulford standing by the table, and my Uncle looking more like the fluffy white owl than ever.

"How now, Winnie," said Master Fulford, "I am come for the market to-morrow, and will take thee back with me Saturday morning, if thee can get up with the lark or the city sparrows, eh?"

Master Fulford was another of the distant cousins who claim kinship with me. But that is the way with Devon folk, they hang together and never let relationship slip.

"I've got my waggon here," he went on, "with a cushioned seat and plenty of sweet straw, and I shall take it back empty, I hope, except for samples of oats and wheat. So there'll be plenty of room for thee, child, and the moor air will paint thy cheeks a brighter colour, let's hope, little city maid! Eh, Cousin Barter?" He shouted these last words, and my Uncle replied,

"Yes, yes, she can go, and stay as long as you please; yes, yes, Winifrede, pack up your duds and be ready. Take a snatch of supper, Cousin Fulford," my Uncle said, adding, "It's all put away, but we'll see what we can do—eh, Dorothy?"

Dorothy Ellis was not bent on hospitality. She muttered something about "most folks were abed and the cupboard locked." But good-natured Master Fulford hastened to say,

"I've supped at the hostel top of High Street, and lie there to-night and to-morrow night; so I'll bid you good evening, Master Barter, and you too, Mistress Dorothy, and the waggon will be round six o'clock Saturday morning," and then stumbling against James Eland, who was in the passage, Mr. Fulford went his way.

All to-day I have been preparing for the move, and I have been to take leave of Mistress Rodd. She seemed very weak and weary, and she said, sighing,

"I should love to breathe the pure air of the moor."

"And why not?" I exclaimed, "come in the waggon with me."

"Nay, dear child, I have scarce the strength to walk downstairs. I have had an airing in my father's coach, but it seemed to shake what little breath I have out of me."

Then she pulled a little book from under her pillow and said,

"This is a real consolation to me—my dear father's *Meditations* writ at Hawstead, where his first happy life with my mother began.

"He says in this book that meditation is ever best carried on in the same place, and here I have no difficult task to perform in that direction. I am always in one place and meditate much on death."

Then Mistress Rodd turned quick to me and said, "You are full of life and youth, dear Winsome"—Winsome she often calls me in a playful way—"have a care not to forget that howsoever beautiful this life is, it is short and soon gone like a dream."

My heart misgives me about Mistress Rodd, but soon she was her bright self again, and bade me send her a letter from the moorland; for, says she, "I have got from my father the great love of nature and of watching all its changes. When I was a very little child at Hawstead I mind my father coming home after his sojourn at Court, where he attended on the Prince Henry, and calling me to watch the bees swarm on a tree in our garden.

"'See them, Moll,' he said; 'there is a queendom without jealousies and well ordered with no bribes. It is a more wholesome task to note the movements of the bees than those of princes and nobles—all the first in fear of each other, and all the last pushing and jostling to get higher than their fellows.

"'When it comes to discord between father and son, I say better a humble country parsonage than a throne where hatred and strife and variance trouble both King and Prince. I pray,' said my father, 'such a sorrow as that be spared me.'" And Mrs. Rodd said: "It is spared him, for there is great mutual love between our father and his sons and daughters."

It is so, doubless, but I hear men talking to Uncle

Jeremy who say the Bishop has dropped all the best plums into the mouths of his sons or his sons-in-law. Mrs. Rodd must have been thinking of this, for she said, "No good man ever made true friends who did not sometimes make foes."

She was thinking of the consecration of the burial place, I doubt not.

Well, I have bidden Mrs. Rodd my farewell, and my package is ready for the waggon, and now I must go to my bed.

It is scarce eight o'clock, but I am to be up with the lark, and I will be off to dreams—they have been mighty sweet of late.

And sweeter than ever before, for again I broke off to open my door and there stood Dorothy Ellis.

"This has been lying below all day, brought in by the young gallant while you were gadding about, and then I forgot it."

I seized a packet from Dorothy's hand and tore off some folds of paper. Then a ribbon, knotted tight over a box, and then, oh, beauteous sight, a string of fair pearls!

"For my winsome lady Winifrede, with undying regard from her humble servant to command, H.C."

I wished I had not opened the packet while Dorothy stood peering in at me.

"Pearls," she said, "pearls, who sent them? What has a mercer's orphan niece to do with pearls?"

I hastily shut the box, and said, "More to do with them than a mercer's housewife;" and then Dorothy shut the door with a bang and went plodding downstairs. Beauteous pearls! how I have tried them on

my neck, in my hair; how I have wound them round my wrist and twisted them in my coif! Now I have hidden them away and closed the box, and put it under my pillow before laying my head on it.

Oh! Master Hal Carew. I know full well the "H. C." stands for your name. Shall I ever meet you again? Something in my heart tells me yes—and soon.

I wish Mrs. Rodd had not talked so much of death; it has cast a sort of grey shadow over me.

But I am young, and most folk live to be old. I do not crave to be as old as Dorothy, for could my face ever get all puckered and my throat like the scraggy neck of the cormorant that is stuffed and set up in the kitchen at Widdicombe? Could I ever have a figure like a broomstick, and thin grey hair peeping out of a hideous cap with yellowish white frills?

I could laugh to think of it! No, if I *do* grow old I will not be an old woman like Dorothy Ellis, but a sweet silver-haired dame like Madam Hall, whom the good Bishop loved at first sight and loved for ever and a day.

II.

Consider how great a blessing it is of itself to exercise love. What cheerfulness it produces; in how great grace it establishes the soul.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

CROSS FARM, WIDDICOMBE ON THE MOOR,
September 7.

I HAVE been here a week, and methinks I have not changed places for the better. The whole coun-

tryside is wrapt in a mist, and we cannot see the sky or the sun or the trees. Now and again the mist clears and then falls like a curtain, and it is damp and dull, and Penelope says to me,

"Poor little city maid, she likes the streets and the busy folk better than she likes us."

"It is not true, Pen," I said, "but I wish the sun would shine."

"Aye, child, it is shining all the same, only we cannot see it. It's our folly that makes us say the sun doesn't shine; we should say we cannot see the light for the darkness of earth."

Then she sent me up to my room as a little grumbler, and fetched me an inkhorn, and told me to go and scribble my discontent in my big book, for I have brought my silent friend with me. I should be desolate without it.

So I came upstairs, and having put my pearls round my neck I sit down to tell my story to myself.

The journey from Exeter hither was very slow. Master Fulford did not urge his fat old horse to make haste, and I nodded with sleep, and jumped up when we got into a deep rut, and then dozed off again. Over hill and dale we went, and it was well nigh evening when we looked down on the vale of Widdicombe, all aglow with the western sunshine. The big tors stood up here and there, and their heads were rosy with the parting light.

Master Fulford, when he heard me say, "How beautiful!" turned his head toward the inside of the waggon, and said,

"Awake at last! Come and sit beside me, then you'll get a brave view."

He gave me his hand, and I scrambled over bags and packages till I reached him, and was safely seated by him in his smock frock and wide hat behind the old horse; and so we jogged and rumbled on to the Farm. At the door stood my cousin Penelope—called Pen for short—and by her side Tor, a big dog, of what breed I cannot say, but they call him something betwixt a sheep dog and a boar hound.

Tor has a fierce and threatening mien to strangers, and last year I was somewhat afraid of him, but he has made friends with me. Pen is a tall and stately woman; I scarce reach her shoulder when she puts her arm round me and says, "Welcome, little city maid."

I love Pen, though I could wish she were no Puritan, and for that reason I cannot speak of our dear good Bishop. Pen is as much averse to him as Uncle Jeremy, but she is gentle in her speech instead of angry and vehement. Pen has renounced all gaudy dress and wears a plain homespun and a white kerchief of thick linen and a cap close tied under her chin and hiding her hair, which is wondrously thick and shining. Though she has lived all her twenty-eight years here on the moors, and tended the farm and been her father's stay and support, she likes books, and above all books the Bible. She will recite to me, as she sits at her spinning wheel when the work of the day is over, long passages of the Book which is to her, she saith, more than meat and drink.

Methinks the tall, pale-faced man who preaches in

the open air and tends his sheep on the moors, as David did, the Shepherd King, has much to do with Pen's strong feeling against Bishops and Deans and priestly sway.

Last evening Amos Angel was at the board when supper was served, and I heard much discourse between him and Pen, with here and there a word from Master Fulford, which has made me think the time may come when these people called Puritans may have the uppermost hand. Till I heard Amos Angel—was ever name so misplaced?—discoursing of the affairs of the kingdom, I knew nothing of the rebellion in Scotland against the form of prayer ordered to be used in the churches of Edinburgh a few weeks agone. News has been brought that the people are filled with horror, and that if the King persists in forcing this service book on the people there will be a mighty riot, and perchance we shall see what Amos calls the Sword of the Lord and of Gideon unsheathed. Then he said,

"Terrible judgements will fall on the whole nation if the conscience of man be set at nought, and the so-called shepherds of the sheep at Exeter will find the bed they make for themselves a bed of thorns. The Bishop is the chief pastor, and is a wolf in sheep's clothing, for I hear he is at one with that enemy of the faithful by name Laud."

I could not be quiet when I heard such words, and with rising colour, I said,

"Forsooth, Sir, you can know nought of the godly life of our Bishop, or you would scarce denounce him thus."

"Godly life!" Amos exclaimed, casting up his eyes.

"What is the fairest flower that hath no root in itself? It soon perishes."

"But," I persisted, "our Bishop is an old man, a learned scholar, who has written many books which Master Buckingham used to say would be read and cherished as long as the Church lived."

"Aye, the Church, the Church, child; let me counsel you to hold your peace about things you do not understand, and may the Lord preserve you from the ways of those who kneel to idols of silver and gold, the work of men's hands."

"Idols!" I exclaimed. "There are no idols in our Cathedral at Exeter or the churches there."

"What, then, are the gaudy windows with pictures of men and women, like sinners with ourselves? What then are the graven figures of kings and so-called saints, which shall be—you mark my words—utterly abolished."

Penelope laid her hand gently on my shoulder, for I was sitting next her, and said to Amos,

"This is hard doctrine for the child who has been brought up at the feet of a clerk in the Orders of the Church. Let us spare her further."

Dear Pen! I do marvel that she has such a love and reverence for this man. He has a chamber at the farm, where those who call themselves the faithful meet. But I go to the church, and Master Lyde gave me a smile last Sunday, and I saw he was glad to see me again in these parts, "to gather roses for my cheeks," he added.

Then, according to my habit when I went into dear Master Buckingham's presence, I knelt and he gave me his

blessing. The villagers gather before service on the village green, which is just without the church. It is all peaceful and quiet here at Widdicombe; but though I love it in sunshine, it is dreary when the sky seems to touch the earth by reason of the mists.

There is a brighter light this evening, and looking out of my window I saw for the first time for four days the old grey tors standing up against the sky—Honey-bag, one is called, and another, Bel; and they look like old castles, such as those Mr. Spenser tells of in the Faery Queen. This farm is called the Cross Farm, because four paths lead from it across the moor. The house is built of hard stone the color of the tors, and there are gnarled oaks and waving sycamores all round.

September 14.

Another week, and I have much to write, and yet, strange it is, I scarce dare to put it down in these pages. I have no one besides to tell, and my heart is bursting with a joy so great that I almost tremble to think it is mine.

That evening, when the sky brightened at sunset, was the harbinger of golden days, and on the morrow with Tor as my guard Penelope let me wander out over the moors whither I listed. Penelope gave me a bit of pasty and some wheaten bread in a leather pouch, which she hung round Tor's neck, and said to him,

"Have a care of her, good Tor, and bring her back safe, and do not take her too far, Tor!"

Tor understood, if a hundred wags of his tail mean anything, and we set off, Penelope giving me a kiss

and a "Fare thee well, little cousin." As I passed out I saw Master Fulford and his labourers busy in a field where they were mowing the after crop, and in the orchard two of the women were sorting red apples for cider. Master Fulford paused, and leaning on the handle of his scythe called out,

"Whither art going, little one?"

"To look for blackberries and whorts," I answered.

"Don't stain thy pretty fingers with the whorts," he said, "but eat as many bramble berries as are ripe." Then Master Fulford returned to his work, and I went forward, Tor a little before me. I sang as I went, an unwonted gladness at my heart. It is said griefs and troubles cast a shadow as they come; is it not true of joys that they cast a bright gleam onwards? Tor took the path across the village green, over which the grand old tower of the church, keeps ward, and past the almshouses, where the old folk were out in the sun, like the flies on the window pane on a spring day, and some lifted their bowed heads and said,

"A good morning to you, my dearie; fine weather, fine weather!"

These almshouses were builded three hundred years ago, and have pillars and a covered walk round them, all of the same grey stone of which every house and hut is made. Master Fulford says the church was built by godly people as a thank offering for the wealth they had got out of the tin mines, and these almshouses also remain a token of charity towards men and devotion to God.

Tor walked along with great strides till we had left the village far behind. I had a foolish desire to find

the little pool where I saw myself reflected last year. I came on it at last, all girdled with heather and ling, which gave the margin of the water a deep purple hue. There were two big fragments of rock at one side, and I perched on one and bent down to see myself again. So still was that deep pool that Tor, stretched on the bit of rock with his nose between his paws, was reflected in the water with every hair perfect. I unfastened the pouch from his neck, and ate my dinner with a wondrous relish.

Over my head was the arch of deep blue sky, and from afar came the lowing of cattle, the bleat of the sheep and the gentle tinkle of little streams coming from the height of Hamel Down to feed my mirror.

I had no sense of fear. I was alone, but alone with all the beauties of God's earth. In the crowd at the Cathedral on Saint Bartholomew's day I was frightened as I felt myself alone, but now there came over me a strangely sweet feeling of protecting love, and I said aloud,

"Tor, I should like to stay here for ever and a day, only it may be mist and rain and storm to-morrow—who can say? Now, good Tor, we will go onward and fill the empty pouch with blackberries when you have eaten the scraps I have left."

I placed the broken bread on the stone, and Tor snapped it all up in a moment, then I rose and looked down once more.

Yes, I was fair to look at, and perhaps the red cloth redingote with its hood might make what I saw prettier—I cannot tell. Why should I not be glad to be fair when all things around me are full of grace—

the purple heather; the dragon-fly all gold and green, that darted hither and thither; the king-fisher with drops of water shining like diamonds on his wing, as he rose from the opposite bank where was a tangle of alders and rushes, a minnow in his beak, his breast flashing like gold? God has made all beautiful things, and I love them. He made me what I am, and I am thankful. Thus I meditated long, unwilling to leave the spot, till I heard Tor give a low growl and saw him spring to his feet. Another growl and his head drooped as if to spring.

"Tor," I said, "good Tor, what is it?" and turning I saw standing on another of the rough bits of stone a man watching me. My heart beat fast; I sprang down from my high position, and putting my hand through Tor's collar I held him back, for the man was Master Hal Carew!

He was at my side in a moment, and Tor having satisfied himself that he was a friend and not a foe, ceased his threatening growl, and looking up at me, seemed to show he was satisfied.

"Mistress Winifrede," Master Hal exclaimed, "what good fortune is this? how came you hither?"

"Nay," I said, rallying, "I may ask the same question of you, sir."

"Of me! My home is not many miles distant. My father's house, rather, Widford Grange, under yon hill. But you, oh! Winifrede, did you get my humble offering, or did the dark-browed apprentice interfere? I thought I had prevented his ill offices by giving the packet to a serving lad."

"Yes," I said, "I had the packet safe—the pearls are too costly for me to wear, too beauteous!"

"Can anything be too costly, too fair?" he answered. "Hearken, Winifrede"—how sweet my name sounded from his lips!—"from the first moment I saw you at the window by Mistress Meredith's side, I loved you. Now, can you—will you love me?"

Well-a-day! It was not in me to pretend I did not love him. I have heard that grand ladies play with their suitors, fast and loose—now they will, and now they won't. I loved Hal Carew, and after many more words—true manly words—I let my head rest on his breast, and in answer to the question he asked again and again, I said "Yes."

All the flutter and disturbance I felt at first seemed to be lulled to rest. I had no questionings at my heart —no fears—no future—nothing but the present joy. I know I am unversed in the ways of the world—I know that I am ignorant and need a guiding hand—but surely this love that has come to me is a gift from God. This brave, loyal gentleman would not deceive me; his eyes have truth shining in them—they are the colour of the waters of my mirror in the moorland, set round with heather when the sun shines down into it and gives it a strange warm tinge of rich brown.

But I must stop rhapsody. Master Buckingham would always bid me eschew rhapsody and high-flown expressions of admiration in the little essays at writing which I used to lay before him. He would say I had a gift for writing in my own tongue, but I should not give license to anything that was fulsome, and said he, "It is too much the fashion of the day to forget sense

in mischievous nonsense—especially when writing of people of high degree."

This I remember came about when I wrote for Master Buckingham a story of the unhappy Lady Jane Grey, for three days Queen of England, and of the still more unhappy Mary the Queen of Scots.

Master Hal—nay, I may surely say Hal now, or Harry, when I write of my dear lover—Hal said, as we wandered across the moorland, that he would come shortly, and he hoped convey me on a trusty pony to his father's house. "You will find a friend there," he said. "Mistress Dulcibel Meredith—she is with my sister and may remain through the winter, and you will perhaps see Sir Gilbert Redvers, for he is a guest at Powderham and will take us on the way to join his troops at Bideford. There are orders come to the Lord Lieutenant to have the yeomen and train bands in marching order, for the country is more and more dissatisfied, and, thanks to those wretched Puritans, some of them now in high places, the King is getting into disfavour."

Hal said he would come shortly, but I have been two days writing this story of my happiness, and he is still not come. I have been rather troubled about this pause, but sure there is a good reason. Hal walked with me that blissful day to the outskirts of the village, and there we parted. "This is between ourselves," he said, "and needs not be told till I come again." But he has not come again, and this is Saturday! and it was on Thursday that he asked for my love, and I gave him my heart to be his for ever—yes, for ever!

Sunday.

This has been a strange day of mingled hope and fear.

I made ready early, and put on the very same gown I wore on Saint Bartholomew's day, for I felt sure Hal was coming. Penelope was standing in the porch when the bells were chiming from the old church tower.

"Little Winifrede," she said, tenderly, "will you come to the meeting of the Lord's own chosen ones to-day?"

"Nay, Pen," I answered, "I must not leave the service of the Church. The good Bishop would bid me be steadfast to the services."

"The good Bishop! Oh! dear child, we who have found a more excellent way do not obey the behest of any man. We look for the guiding spirit of the Lord."

I could but smile, for methinks Pen obeys one man's behest whom at this moment we saw coming across the moor, his tall figure standing out against the sky, making a dark spot in the surrounding brightness.

"Amos Angel is coming for you, Pen," I said; "do you not obey his behest?"

Pen looked quietly at me with her sweet serious eyes.

"Child, you do not understand what is the strength of the spiritual brotherhood. I am his sister in the Lord!"

"Then I am well pleased I am not so related to him!" I said laughing, and I moved off to avoid a greeting from Master Amos.

When I reached the church but a scanty congregation had assembled. Good Master Lyde looked in now and again from the vestry door, for at one time it seemed that he would be able to count the "Dearly beloved brethren" on his fingers.

Presently there were quick footsteps in the porch, and the clink of a sword, and I knew, without turning my head, it was Hal Carew! My heart beat fast, for I thought he would come nearer and kneel by my side; but no, the service began and ended, and I was on my empty bench alone.

In vain I tried to keep my thoughts on the prayers; and as to Master Lyde's sermon, it might have been in Greek for all it was to me. At last it was time to go out of the church, and I turned my face to the west end. I walked slowly down, and my eyes sought for Hal Carew in vain. He had left the church. Why did he not await my coming? As my poor earthly heart felt a keen throb of pain, I raised my eyes to the gaudy picture above the entrance, of angels with their rosy faces and wings. But my eyes, as I looked up at them, fastened on the words beneath—"How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the House of God. This is the gate of Heaven." Not to me! Oh! not to me that morning, with all my vain longings and foolish thoughts, and wonder if my love had seen me, and if he had, why had he not drawn near.

In the short pause I made before the door under the angels (as little like the heavenly throng as Amos Angel is, methinks!) I was joined by Master Lyde.

He passed on quickly with only "A fine day for harvest, Mistress Winifrede," and then he hastened to

join Hal Carew, who was leaning against the low wall which shuts in the graveyard from the common. I scarce knew what I did, but I think I made an eager step forward, then stopped, for my heart sank within me when Hal seemed as if we were meeting for the first time; for as Master Lyde turned and said,

"Master Fulford's little kinswoman and guest, Master Carew," Hal bowed low and replied,

"Widdicombe must be happy to entertain such a guest—an angel unawares!" And then Mr. Lyde laughed and said,

"A very pretty compliment, Master Hal, and what news of your worthy father? I would fain hope the fair weather has chased away the rheum from his joints."

"Nay, my father is ailing and can scarce move, but we may hope the physician summoned from Exeter may do something more for him."

All this time I stood irresolute. Hal spoke no word to me, and half in sorrow and half in pride, I made a curtsey and moved away across the common, taking a path leading round through a deep sunk lane to the Farm.

What did it all mean? Hal seemed to have never met me before. I came to a stile set in the high hedge, and sat down on the lower step, angry that my tears would flow. It was no use, I tried to stop them, but soon I was sobbing bitterly, my head hid in my hands, the tears trickling through my fingers.

Presently I started to my feet, and in a moment more Hal's arms were round me.

"Crying, my winsome lady?—Why, dear heart,

what ails you? Come, look up, and say you are glad to see me."

But I drew back, and pride got the better of sorrow for the moment.

"You were not glad to see me, sir," I said, "a short space ago. Nay, I cannot be the same while you are so different."

"Different, sweet one! What can you mean? See, let us climb the stile and get into the field, where we are secure from prying eyes. I have much to tell you; but kiss me first, Winifrede."

Well, I did as he wished; and then he told me that he had gone to his father with the story of his love for me and that he craved leave to bring me to Widford to receive his blessing. But that his father was ill of gout and very full of fancies, that he had sworn he would have nought to say to me nor see me, and that if Hal persisted in the purpose of making me his wife, he would cut him off with a shilling and never see his face again.

"Thus, sweetheart," he said, "we must have a care not to let the world here know aught of our betrothal. That is why I hid the joy in my heart at sight of you from Master Lyde. This trouble will soon pass away. My father will give in; if he saw you he would surely relent, for it is but to see you and to love you, as I have found to my cost."

Much more of the same kind he said, and I was comforted. Yet a sting is left—sure it is so with all earthly joy, it cannot be perfect, and that day by my moorland mirror set round with heather I thought my joy was perfect. But I have given my pledge to Hal

—repeated it again to-day, and I will hold to it. Ah! as I write this I ask, will he hold to me? It will make no odds—I am his and can never love another, never!

Now I hear Pen singing below what she calls "a song of Zion." I wish it were more cheery, but it is a very solemn song, and Amos Angel's bass, which I hear growling with it, is like one of the hoarse rooks cawing in the trees in the Exeter close—but I will go down and try to be civil to Master Amos—for Pen's sake.

September 27, Saturday.

Another week is gone! and at last I sit down to my book to tell my story.

It was Sunday when the first jarring note was struck in my joyful strain. It is sounding now, and something else also makes a discord. I have a secret which I am to trust to no one. I am the promised wife of Hal Carew, but no one is to know it. I have gone with Tor as a guard, met him three times by our trysting place this week, and he has talked of many things, and through all there is the sweet sense of his love for me. When I am with him I am happy—yes, not joyful now, but happy—but when I am away from him I am restless and uneasy. Is it because I am doing wrong to promise to be Hal's wife, when his father and his sister vow they will never see me nor notice me, and that if Hal marries me he will rue the day? Am I bringing grief and loss on him, my first and only love?

I can ask no counsel by reason of my promise to him, and I am peevish, and even kind Master Fulford said last night,

"I'll ask thee no more questions, Winifrede; for I get but sharp saucy quips or answers—what ails thee, child?"

And Pen came to me early this morning with a draught of camomile flower tea, and bade me drink it, for she said, "Methinks you need physick, child, and this purifies the blood; so sup it up."

"Faugh! I said. "It is so bitter, and I loathe it."

"Bitters are oft-times more wholesome than sweets and do their work for us, though at the time we do not know it to be so," she said. "Tell me, Winifrede, if you have an ache or pain anywhere."

"No," I said, laughing. "I am as hale as ever in this sweet moorland air—and Pen, I love you. I am sore grieved I got the thread of the distaff so knotted last night, and I was cross-grained to you; but, Pen, I love you; love me a little."

Then that sweet good Pen folded me in her arms, and when I had swallowed the nauseous draught bade me lie down again and sleep; for it was scarce six o'clock, and I should do well to lie in bed for another hour.

This happened this morning, and it was near noon and we had finished our dinner—for the board is spread here by eleven, in country fashion—that the sound of horses' feet was heard in the yard, and one of the serving men came into the kitchen saying,

"A gentlewoman wished to see Mistress Bridgeman."

I ran out, and there on a fine horse was Mistress Dulcibel Meredith. A servant was in attendance on another horse, and the seat on the pillion behind Mistress Meredith was empty.

Mistress Dulcibel looked very handsome in her riding coat of purple velvet, which was of the same hue as the heather on the moors.

"Canst ride with me to the Chinkwell Rocks?" she asked. "I have a seat on the saddle for you, Mistress Winifrede."

"I will ask Pen," I said, and running back I met Pen coming out.

Pen was what is called "country bred," but she had always a quiet sedate manner which became her well, and was natural to her, which methinks, some manners of the grand dames such as I saw on last Saint Bartholomew's day cannot claim to be.

"I came to take Mistress Winifrede a ride, with your permission, madam," Mistress Meredith said with a gracious smile to Pen.

"I thank you, madam," was the answer, "and I am glad that the child should have the ride. Will it please you to alight, or may I offer you a cup of sack?—I have it ready."

"You are very kind, and I will accept the offer; but run, Winifrede," Mistress Meredith said, addressing me, "and fetch a hood, for the air is crisp, though the sun is hot."

When I returned I found Tor was sitting erect watching the two horses, and somewhat disposed to be surly to a pointer which had followed the servant's horse. When he saw me ready equipped, Tor gazed wistfully at me, and when the groom, who had dismounted, took hold of me to lift me up on the pillion, he gave a low growl.

"It is his way of showing he takes care of Wini-

frede," Pen said, "for I could not let her wander over the lonely moors with no guard."

"He is a fine fellow," Mistress Dulcibel answered, "and looks like a loyal friend. Good Tor!—are you going with us?"

But Tor turned away, and the last sight I had of him was stretched out by the porch, his nose between his paws, and his watchful eyes still fixed on the pointer, who walked with his tail drooping and his head held low, as if to show Tor was an enemy but one he dared not close with.

I had but seldom rode a-horseback, but the pillion seat was well cushioned, and Mistress Dulcibel seemed to have good control of the reins.

The servant had baskets slung across his saddle, and when we reached Chinkwell Rocks we dismounted; and then under the shadow of a great rock a repast was served us of dainties such as are unknown at Cross Farm.

"Well, Mistress Winifrede, I bid you remember that we should meet again. I am a guest at Widford Grange, under Hamel Down. Master Hal Carew's father is the possessor, but he is ailing much, and his life seems a burden oft-times."

The colour rushed to my face.

"Have you seen Hal of late, Winifrede?"

"Yes," I murmured.

"At the Farm?"

The answer was slow to come, but I did not lie.

"No."

Mistress Dulcibel was silent for a minute's space, it seemed an hour to me.

"Dear child," she began, "I would pray you to have a care. Handsome young gallants like Hal Carew mean all they say—when they say it—but they are fickle as the wind. I would imply no disrespect to Hal, for I favour what I have seen of him, and he is to all seeming frank and honest; but, dear child, I would fain warn you not to build on fair speeches and praises of your beauty—no, nor even on good words as to religion."

"Are we, poor women, then, to trust no one?" I asked, hot with a feeling of shame and yet indignation —"are no men to be trusted?"

"Far be it from me to say so, but when there is any sort of secrecy in these matters, it behoves a woman to be on guard."

I questioned myself as to whether Mistress Dulcibel spoke because she knew of what had passed, or whether from suspecting that Hal had become my suitor. I was soon to know.

"Dear child," she continued, "I was by chance present a few days ago when there was a stormy scene between Hal and his father and his sister, Joan Carew. The arras which divided the room appointed to me during my stay at Widford was open at the side, and angry voices reached my ear. I heard your name spoken by Hal in excited tones; I heard the angry reply of Master Carew, and Joan screaming loud that a mercer's daughter was no meet match for her father's heir. I would do nothing that seemed deceitful, so I drew aside the arras and said, 'I must ask leave to pass through to the chamber beyond.' Then they told the story, and I found it was in vain to stem the tide.

Then Anne Carew, Joan's cousin, who is my friend as I have met her on occasion about the Court, tried to pacify her uncle, and begged Joan to be less violent, but all in vain. Hal dashed out of the chamber in a rage, and his poor father stormed and swore, and finally swooned between vexation and pain in his afflicted foot."

I tried hard to be dignified and show indifference.

"I thank you, Mistress Meredith," I said, "for your warning. I do not care for the squabbles in Master Carew's family—they sound to me what a mercer's household would shame to engage in!"

It was foolish in me to attempt to take a high hand. My heart beat wildly and my breast heaved, and it was all I could do not to burst out a-crying.

But Mistress Dulcibel took no heed of my angry speech; she only laid her hand on mine, saying softly, "Poor child!—poor little maiden!" then after a pause, "If you should want a friend, and I can help you or aid you or console you, come to me."

"You are very good," I murmured, and then Mistress Dulcibel talked on of many matters, and we rode home together in the light of the eventide, and my heart was less burdened, and through all I seemed to hear an inward voice saying, "Hal loves me, Hal loves me, and one day all the world shall know it!" Why should I be disquieted in vain?

III.

No good is infinite but only God; therefore He is our felicity and bliss.

Again it is not the possession of any good thing can make them happy which have it, unless they enjoy the thing wherewith they are possessed.—HOOKER.

October.

THE autumn winds blow chilly across the moor, and this morning there was a cap of snow on Honeybag Tor. The bracken is bronze and gold, and the sere leaves are falling from the oak trees.

This suits well with my mood, for the joy and gladness of the springtime is gone out of the year and out of my life. I am somewhat unwilling to write here what has happened. If I had a mother methinks I should tell her, but there is no one, not even dear good Pen, or Mistress Rodd, or Mistress Dulcibel, to whom I dare break my news.

And have I not reason to keep it in my own breast, till the blessed day comes when I may tell it to the world? The world! that is a big word, and what will the world care for what has happened to me, poor little Winifrede Bridgeman?

No, not Winifrede Bridgeman any more, for that name is passed from me for ever and is no longer mine.

This is how it came to pass. Not long after the ride with Mistress Meredith, I was walking with Tor about the village when a boy bearing no badge on his arm to shew whose retainer he was, came up to me and asked my name.

Tor growled and stood at bay, and the youth started back.

"Quiet, good Tor," I said, holding him by the collar. Then to the serving man, "My name is Mistress Bridgeman—what do you want?"

"Nought, madam, but to deliver to you this billet," and then with a bow and evident desire to get away from Tor, the messenger was gone. He had put into my hand a slip of paper—tied with blue riband—on it I read:

"As you love me, my lady Winsome, meet me at our trysting place, ere night falls to-day. I leave for London with my Lord Devon's men and our own troop to-morrow. Do not deny me this last request."

"No, I will not deny it," I said, as I pressed the missive to my lips, "I will meet him, and for the last time."

I returned to the farm, and begged a hunch of bread from Penelope, and a draught of milk.

"I would fain take my meal out of doors," I said; "the sun is shining, and the days are shortening fast, so I would go betimes."

Pen was ever ready to do my bidding, and she made up a pouch full for me, as often before, and slung it on Tor's neck.

"Remember to be back before the day closes, or I shall be full of fears."

Then Pen drew me to her and gazed full into my face. "Dear heart," she said, "is all well with you?"

"Well! forsooth, yes," I said, "and I will shew how well by the speed with which I scamper over the ground, and so farewell."

Ah! Pen, dear Pen, her sweet simple soul knew no guile, and she trusted me as true as herself.

And am I not true? Oh! that question continually arises. Well, it has been all for him and will be to the end, be the end far or near.

The moorland pool had no light in its waters on this day. It looked dark and solemn, for the sun could not reach it in these shortened days. The purple heather all around was withered, and the tall reeds and rushes stood up grand and solemn, and bowing their stately heads now and again, as they whispered sadly that the summer days were over.

The stillness was almost awful, and there was a distant moan, as the wind swept in sudden gusts through the branches of some firs, which stood black against the sky.

Soon there was another sound to break the stillness —quick coming steps—the ring of my soldier's sword as it struck against the loose stones on the moor, and then Hal stood by me.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I have come to bid farewell. Before I go give me yourself." Then he went on to say that the condition of the country was such that those in command of troops through England were bidden to collect and drill the men.

"The King will need all his loyal subjects to rally round him, for the temper of the people is roused by the raising of this ship money, and Hampden is arraigned for resistance."

I listened to all this and much more, like one in a dream, as Hal, with his arm round me, and my head leaning on his breast, began his pleading, that before

he left me, I would wed with him, and be his wife, whatever happened!

"Your father—has he consented?" I asked.

"No, it must be kept secret. His rage, poor old man, must not be aroused, or he might die in a fit of passion. I have made my plans, and it is for you, my love, my life, to carry them out. I would not take you to Widford to be scouted and scorned."

Ah! so much more of this strain, so many vows that he would cleave only to me—that I was his good angel—to guard him from temptation, and finally I gave him my promise—and consented.

Shall I say, Alas! I seem to have lived a lifetime since that day, or rather night, when I, clad in my only gown that could be called fit for a bridal, and for my only ornament wearing this string of pearls around my neck, stole like a thief out of the house where Pen slept her sweet unbroken slumber, and unlocking the door with trembling fingers found myself out in the dark, starless night.

Tor rose from his place in the porch, and I bent down and kissed his rough head.

"Oh! Tor, Tor," I said, "come with me." He obeyed at once, and holding his collar, I crept on to the place appointed, just where a tall ghost-like sign-post with four lean arms pointed in four directions at the cross-road.

Hal was waiting for me, and just as I felt his arms around me to lift me on a horse, the village clock struck *One*.

The very sound was like a knell, not like a marriage peal.

Hal set spurs to the horse, and we were off at a pace which made me dizzy, and I clung trembling to him while he murmured over me tender words. I knew not whither we were going, but at last we reached a place where a voice cried,

"For Carew?" And Hal answered, "Aye, and for the King."

The horse's feet seemed to be muffled now on turf, and presently the same voice said, "Halt!"

Then I was lifted down, and Hal was leading me along in the darkness to a spot where a light glimmered. As we approached, the tiny spark grew bigger, and I saw a door open, with lights beyond.

We were in a small chapel, and a priest was at the altar, while two people in long cloaks knelt behind us.

As I stood by Hal's side, my hood fell back, and my cloak slipped from my shoulders, while the lights on the altar made my one bridal gaud, the string of pearls, shimmer and gleam, so that Hal whispered,

"They look like her who wears them, my pure pearl."

Then I had to gather my thoughts from wandering, and I prayed to God to forgive me if in this I had sinned against Him.

The service seemed to quiet me, and when the ring was on my finger, and the blessing had been given, there came peace. Oh! it could not have been false peace!

I was calm when I took the quill and signed Winifrede Bridgeman on a sheet of parchment below my husband's name.

That word has yet a strange look, and I tremble as I write it, for there are times when I feel that my secret is heavier than I can bear.

A repast was set ready in a room adjoining the chapel, and Hal and I were left alone. He made me eat, and drink of the cup of spiced wine, and then he told me where I was. Even in the little chapel which belonged to the Carews, and which was separated from the mansion by a wide expanse of turf.

"And who married us? Who was the priest?"

"He is a stranger in these parts, whom I fell on by accident, or by good luck."

"But he will tell your father," I said. "Oh! it would have been better to have been honest, or waited."

"It would not have been better," Hal said, in a sterner voice than I had ever before heard. "Gold will seal any man's lips in these evil times, and I have sealed the priest's; and as to those two faithful retainers of mine who knelt behind us as witnesses, they would rather die than betray me. They follow me to London with the troops to-morrow, and one, trusty and true, brought the summons to you yesterday."

Then Hal told me that we must ride back whence we came, and that he would ere long see me at Exeter. I felt safe in his arms as the horse flew over the ground, and with his murmured words of tenderness in my ears, and his kisses on my lips, I was ready—yes, I was ready to forget all but his love.

"Now I have made you mine, sweetheart," he said. "That smooth-faced sneaking apprentice cannot capture you, and a dozen other suitors may be at your feet in

vain. The ring on your finger has a posy within, which I pray you to read and kiss every night, and see in it a token of my undying love."

We had come to the ghostly sign-post now with its outstretched arms. The dawn was breaking, and a dark form rose up at our approach.

My heart beat fast with terror, but the terror was changed into joy. Tor had waited for me at the cross-roads all these long hours. And as the clock struck out six solemn strokes in the chill autumnal air Hal gave me a last embrace—then remounting his steed, I was left with Tor to go back as I had come.

On our way we met but one farm labourer, and he said,

"Early to rise, mistress, that's the way to have roses like yours."

He could scarce see my face, but I felt my cheeks burn as I flew past him. In the porch I saw one of the servant maids, but she was too busy sweeping with a broom to speak—then to my own chamber, and to fling myself across my bed and cry bitterly.

Strange that my heart now misgives me as to that night ride, so that as I write the tears rise and I can scarce see the page.

What are the words Master Buckingham gave me once to render in Latin from the English? Why do they start up before me now, and sound within as if a voice spake them?

"To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

Was it upright to steal away to marry Hal?—*is* it upright to keep the secret? Oh, I am torn in pieces

with doubts and fears, and yet I love him, and hunger for the sound of his voice; and were he to plead again as he pleaded that morning by the moorland pool, I should again say yes—my heart tells me this—and that I could not refuse him what he asked.

HIGH STREET, EXETER, *December* 19.

I am back once more in the old chamber in the roof; for Master Fulford coming in three days ago to the Christmas market, said he would bring me in his waggon if I liked. Pen said I had best go, for if the snow came on in January, and lay, as it often does, very deep on the moor, I might be blocked up for many weeks, and, Pen added, "Methinks, dear child, you are pining for the town again, and for your friends;" then Pen looked down into my face, and I could scarce meet her clear serious eyes which knew no guile.

That evening when I was ready for the morrow's start before daybreak, Master Amos Angel was at supper. He stood up and said a mighty long thanksgiving before meat, and I, not thinking of it or what he was saying, began to nibble a manchet of bread.

When supper was over he fastened me with his eyes, and presently came to the chimney corner where I sat, roasting a chestnut on the ashes, and getting warm before going up to my cold chamber, and said,

"Mistress Winifrede, I would fain give a solemn warning ere you depart hence. I fear me you are in the bondage of Satan, and of the world, and I would pray you to wrestle for freedom ere it be too late. The young die—as well as the old—and death may be near you ere you repent."

"It is mighty good of you, sir——" I began.

"Nay, none is good save one. I am but a sinner saved."

"And I, as you deem it, a sinner lost—nay, I do not think that your calling me such will make me such. My spiritual masters and pastors are not wont to be so hard on me."

"Do they know you? The outside may be fair, but there are many whited sepulchres; does the Bishop of whom you speak so much know you?"

"As well as you do," I said. But those dreadful eyes were on me, and I hastily rose, and throwing the chestnut I had just prepared into the ashes again, I tried to get away, but Master Amos caught my hand, and peering round the settle to see if Penelope were near by, he drew me towards him. "I would fain take you from the evil," he said. "I am your suitor, and——"

"Leave go, sir!" I said, and then I called in a loud voice, "Pen—Penelope! Master Angel wants your presence here, Pen!"

He did look shamefaced as Pen came hastily from the back kitchen, where she was preparing the hot posset for Master Fulford's drink ere he went to bed, and asked,

"What is it, Winifrede? Who wants me?"

But I left Master Amos to answer the question, and fled upstairs.

All here at Exeter is the same—it is only I that am changed; even my old name is no longer mine. I shrink even from Mistress Rodd's tender gaze, and as to James Eland's eyes, I dread them. They look as if

they knew what I had done, and even the hateful Amos Angel's words will come back to my mind:

"A whited sepulchre—fair to view—but within——"

1638. *January.*

There has been much to divert me from sad uneasy thoughts.

The Christmas board at the Palace was furnished with many guests, and I was one. Amongst the guests came Mistress Dulcibel and Sir Gilbert Redvers. He was next to me at supper on one evening, and turning quickly said,

"Have you heard aught of late of Master Hal Carew, Mistress Winifrede?"

The guilty blush rose to my face, I longed to say "No," but by God's grace I told no lie.

So I answered, "Master Carew has been so very good as to remember me, and has sent me a letter by a messenger from London."

"Very good, forsooth," Sir Gilbert replied; "methinks it is good of you to care for his remembrance—or deem it an act of courtesy." Then he added, "I have seen Hal of late, but I did not greatly care to keep my Christmas-tide at the Court. You have to watch every word now-a-days, and spies are on all sides. Hal seems well content, and in great favour with the King and Queen. He might make his choice of at least a score of fair maidens in the Queen's following. There is nought but merry-making and feasts at Court, and the Puritans are all full of rage and rubbing their close-cropped heads in perplexity as to whom to wreak vengeance on."

And here the Bishop, who was ever ready to listen to those who could discuss the affairs of the nation, called from his place at the head of the board,

"Are you recounting to little Mistress Winifrede what you have seen in London? Give us the benefit, Sir Gilbert."

"I was but recounting the gay scenes at Whitehall, my lord."

"There have been many scenes of late which were aught but gay," the Bishop said.

"Oh! there was a great uproar in November, concerning the sentence on Prynne and his fellows. They got the names of martyrs for their pains, and it might have been thought the progress of triumphal conquerors when they passed to prison. A concourse of some hundred thousand of the citizens followed them; and when they were exposed in Palace Yard, you might have walked on the people's heads, had you a mind to try."

"His Grace the Archbishop will not flinch from his duty," the Bishop said.

"No, my lord, he is as firm as a rock."

"And true as steel, thank God!" the Dean exclaimed.

"There is a mighty ado," Sir Gilbert continued, "about the libellous pamphlets now circulating, but they are too scurrilous to do real harm. The real danger lies in this trial about ship money; the judges will take a year, so they say, to give their judgement. The King's real feeling is scarce known. It never is known, worse luck—he is like the vane on a church steeple."

"Silence! sir," said the Bishop with some heat, striking the handle of his knife sharply on the board. "No slighting word in this house against the King's most Gracious Majesty."

"I crave pardon, my Lord," Sir Gilbert Redvers said.

"Granted, Sir Gilbert. I could not deem you to be wanting in loyalty. Did you hear aught of one John Milton, who, it seems, is the chief to dip his pen in gall, with the hope of stirring up the people?"

"I saw him, my Lord; he is a very noble-looking man, with somewhat weak eyes, but full of dignity, and with a grace about him many of those brutal Puritans lack."

"John Milton has great gifts of eloquence," the Bishop said; "would to God he used them to better purpose."

February.

The first month of the year has run out, and the Christmas merry-makings have been followed by Lenten fasts and penance.

I have used abstinence, and denied myself all that I liked best, and thereby brought down on myself the scorn of Dorothy Ellis and the apprentices. James Eland came to my defence at the board, and said sharply to Will Thornton that he knew nought of self-denying at any season. Lent and Easter were alike to him.

As I have said, Uncle Jeremy always hears what he wants to hear, and he said,

"And to all sensible folks—fish or fowl—as if it

was odds to anyone with which the stomach is filled. But if you like to suffer the pangs of hunger, Winifrede, it lessens the cost of your keep."

James Eland looked as if he was about to reply, and did seem sorely grieved when I rose and hastened away.

But I am greatly troubled. I have had but two letters from Hal, and the pining for him makes me paler than the fasting.

March 18.

I was with dear Mistress Rodd all yesterday, and she questioned me as to my pale face, and when I refused the meat Master Rodd offered me at supper, she looked sad.

"It seems to me," Master Rodd said, "you will end by starving yourself into your grave, Mistress Bridgeman."

"I am not hungry," I said, but I felt this was scarce true, for I could at times bite my fingers, I am so sickening for food.

After supper I took my old place by Mistress Rood's couch, and she, stroking my hair, asked tenderly,

"What ails you, dear Winifrede, you do not seem the same?"

"I am *not* the same," I said, with a passionate burst of weeping.

"Dear child, tell me if I can help you."

"No," I said, "none can help me. But I would ask you, as the Church commands us to fast in Lent, whether it is not good to do so?"

"I think," Mistress Rodd said, "it is well to use such abstinence as will quicken the spiritual life; but I greatly fear, dear child, that you are going beyond this limit. You look thin and wan—your colour is gone from your cheeks, and the lustre from your eyes. My mother enquired of me yesterday what had caused the change, and I could not tell her."

Then I laid my head, weeping, against Mistress Rodd's pillow, and said,

"I have a burden on my heart, and I thought if I fasted all Lent it might serve to lighten it."

"A burden! Nay, dear child, no fasting will lighten a soul's burden. Cast it at the feet of the blessed Lord, who will shew you how to bear it so that it grows like a feather instead of a ton weight. I would fain know what sort of a burden it may be, if by knowing I could help you."

"It is not permitted to me to tell what is a secret between me and another. I have given my word to keep it. Oh! dear Mistress Rodd, I must not reveal it."

"Well, all I can say then is to counsel you to tell it to God; but methinks some one is greatly to blame who has burdened your young heart with such a load. I would that you could take counsel of my dear father; he is ever wise, and tender as well as wise. But when all is said, God alone is the surest refuge. Yet I do implore you, dear child, to take proper nourishment."

"It will be Easter soon," I said; "then I can relax my discipline."

"There are yet two weeks to run; you will be sick in your bed if you wait till then, I fear."

And now our sweet converse was broken in on by

the swift entrance of Mistress Gertrude Hall, the wife of the Archdeacon, Dr. George Hall.

"Well-a-day, Mary," she said, "you look weary and almost as white as little Mistress Winifrede. But I am come with news. Dulcibel has made up differences with Sir Gilbert Redvers at last, and is to be wed at Ashley come Easter Tuesday. I am glad, I warrant, for my father, Sir Amos Meredith, likes the match, and Dulcibel is not always as soft as her name. She has been soured by Sir Gilbert hanging back so long and playing fast and loose with other fair dames. Now we shall have sweet looks instead of frowns. Dulcibel took a mighty fancy to you, little Winifrede—but alack, what pale cheeks! Why, you and Mary look a pair of sickly ones, I vow, and as if a puff of wind might blow you away. I thank my stars I am what George calls hale and hearty. It would not suit him if I were pale and sickly. I must ever be ready for his beck and call. He has been full of cranks of late and a sore trial of patience; but now the City and the Chapter are like a nest of turtle-doves, we get through the day better. Now, don't look so shocked, Mary; the best husbands are a trial at times, as you will find out one day, Mistress Winifrede. But I vow you need get some colour in your cheeks before any man will ask you to be his wife. No offence to you, Mary, for you were fine and rosy when you married, as Master Rodd knows."

Master Rodd now came in and gravely announced that a messenger had come to escort Mistress Bridgeman over the Cathedral yard to the High Street, as there were some idle fellows hanging about.

I hastily threw on my cloak, and drew my hood over my head, bidding farewell to Mistress Rodd and Mistress Hall.

I was glad to get away from the sound of Mistress George Hall's voice, and much that had been said pierced my heart.

I am a wife, and yet dare not acknowledge it. No wonder that I can scarce get through the long and weary days with no news of my husband.

April 18.

It is the time of flowers and the time of hope. The branches of the trees in the Cathedral yard and the Palace garden are all veiled with a tender green.

As for me, hope seems dead, and there is no spring. I drag through the days and am tortured with suspense and miserable fears. What have I done to deserve this neglect from him?

In his last letter he said he was coming soon. That letter was on Easter Day brought hither from Widford by a messenger. He is then near, yet far—alack-a-day!

As I write, I hear the Cathedral bells sounding for evensong. Ten slow, solemn notes. What are they saying to me?

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Sure they have a message and a call; yes, I hear them say,

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Rest, ah! that I could find rest, but never till I find it with Hal!

IV.

Sometimes God strikes once, and then forbears. And such are all those sadnesses which are less than death: every sickness, every loss, every disgrace, the death of friends and nearest relatives, sudden discontent; these are all of them the louder calls of God to repentance.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

BOWER COTTAGE BY EXEMOUTH, *May* 24.

WHAT a May Day it was for me—weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

I was sitting dolefully in my chamber when Dorothy came panting upstairs, a letter in her hand.

She eyed the seal and the silk riband carefully, and said as she plumped down on my truckle-bed, and all but broke it with her weight,

"A lackey with the Redvers badge demands a reply below. Come, I can't wait all day, what shall I say?"

I had broken the seal now, and read:

"Sweetheart, I borrow a messenger from Redvers—meet me this evening—as the clock chimes nine, near the gate of the Chapel, northern side of the Church. H. C."

My heart was all in a flutter. I could scarce contain myself for joy.

"Say to the messenger, an it please you, Mistress Dorothy, that I will do the behest of the writer of this letter."

"Humph! is that all?" Dorothy said.

"Yes, all."

"I hope none of these gallants are leading you into mischief," Dorothy said, scanning my face with her little foxy eyes.

"Mischief?" I replied, and I laughed, but it was a forced laugh, and yet when she was gone I danced round the chamber for very joy of my heart. It was scarce four o'clock, and five long, weary hours must pass before I was once more with Hal.

"He is coming to claim me as his wife before the world, and take me straight to Widford. He is coming!"

I said this aloud to the pair of pigeons whom I fed daily on the ledge of the window. They had come for their second meal, and were billing and cooing on the sill, and picking up the crumbs I had gathered for them from the bread at noon.

So happy they looked with their green and purple breasts puffed out and their pretty heads bobbing up and down, and I repeated to them the words,

"He is coming—he is coming! Hal is coming!"

Presently a little white pigeon peeped over the eaves above, moving her pretty head from side to side. I sprinkled some more crumbs and she hopped down, but the happy pair pecked at her, and snapped up the crumbs ere she could take one, and then she retreated to her post on the eaves again and made a faint mournful "Coo, coo."

Poor little white dove, I would fain have comforted her, for I have known what it is to be desolate and forsaken, though it makes the present joy the greater.

This all happened on a May Day, and I went to meet my husband.

Ah! What gladness to feel his arms round me once more, to hear his voice calling me his sweetheart, his angel and the like.

But words like these do not bear to be written, so

I will not set them down; there are some things which lose their sweetness by being too much written or spoken of.

Lastly then Hal told me he had bespoke the good offices of a trusty gentlewoman who would arrive on the next afternoon, and would carry me on a pillion, followed by one of his servants on a pack-horse, to a cottage she was possessed of at the village by the mouth of the Exe.

The gentlewoman is a relation of Sir Gilbert Redvers and of high degree. Hal said he had confided in her, and she had invited me to meet him there. I was to tell my Uncle that Dame Anna Carey—not Carew—would fain have me at her house for my health, and that I should be brought back as I came in due course.

My Uncle took the request very coldly.

"Gadding abroad again! Well, you are not one to miss, so joy go with you."

Dorothy Ellis grumbled that I was a poor silly bookworm, and she did not wonder I had a face like a ghost; she always thought Master Buckingham had made me daft with learning. What was the use of scribbling with a quill and poring over cramped letters in books?

There was thus no hindrance made, and I made ready for departure.

Mistress Rodd was out in the country, drinking new milk warm from the cow, and trying the nauseous remedy of crushed snails, which the physicians say is good for the lungs; thus she knew nothing of my going.

I made all ready and put the ring on my finger,

which I had had round my neck. I kissed it many times and repeated the posy,

"For weal and for woe."

Yes, I am ready for the last, if so be the weal is not to be mine always. With Hal weal or woe, it matters not.

But as I stood ready in the ante-chamber above the shop awaiting the arrival of Dame Anna, James Eland crept stealthily to my side.

"Where are you going, Mistress Winifrede?" he asked sternly.

"Forsooth, I am not bound to yield you an account of my goings."

"Nay, maybe, but I am bound to take an account of them," he said.

"Prythee, why?" I asked. "I see no reason."

"Because I love you better than life, and if needs be I would lay that life down for you. I saw you start out t'other night, I followed you, and I know whom you met."

My heart sank a little then, but I answered lightly,

"I hear the horse's hoofs clattering outside, so I bid you farewell, James Eland, and I exhort you to find a better use of your time than acting spy. I wish you good-day," and then I ran to the door, the serving boy in the shop carrying my bundle to the pack-horse.

Dorothy Ellis followed, and stood with her hands planted at her sides, and her fat elbows sticking out, watching me lifted on the pillion, Will Thornton grinning behind her and James Eland frowning.

A loud voice came from under the hood of a buff redingote, and Dame Anna Carey said,

"Are you fit to ride ten miles, child?"

"Yes, madam, or twenty," I answered, "on such an errand."

A laugh was the answer.

"Well, let us hope the sea air will bring a colour into your cheeks. A certain friend of mine called you his wild rose—more like a lily, methinks."

Dame Carey did not talk much, and I had time to take my fill of the sweet air and the scents of the country.

Soon the sea and mountains skirting it came in sight, and the sun sent a path of glory over the water.

The mouth of the Exe broadens into the wide, wide sea, and several ships with sails set were passing out of the harbour with the tide.

We went through the village and rode up a steep road till we reached the brow of the hill, and then turning down a lane where the primroses were like stars, and the scent of violets came on the breeze from the bordering copses, we stopped before a wicket gate, and there stood Hal, my husband.

"Ho, there, Hal," Dame Carey said, "haste to lift the child down, she is like to die of fatigue."

Hal needed no second bidding, and he carried me in his strong arms to the house, a thatched cottage, with a porch all twined with honeysuckle and roses, and on either side lattices wreathed with ivy, and all within so sweet.

"My lady's bower," Hal said. "How does she favour it?"

Then Dame Carey strode in after she had given orders in a loud voice to the men about the horses,

and shutting the door, beckoned me to her, and bade me sit down on a stool at her feet.

"Listen, child. I am the friend of Hal Carew, and was his mother's friend before him. I know you are man and wife, and I know, too, Hal has foes in his own household; so I came to his help for his sake, and—no offence, Hal—more for his mother's sake. She had a sorry time with his old father, and she left him a pretty behaved son—yes, Hal, take you all in all, I may say this—and a shrew of a daughter. Her tongue is like a clapper of a bell jangling all day. They set their hearts on Hal wedding a mighty rich heiress, Mistress Ley, whose estate joins on to Widford. I think Hal was a fool to say nay, but love makes us all fools. So he has set the matter beyond a question by marrying you, child, by stealth. Right or wrong, it is done."

"Yes, thank God!" Hal answered, "for weal or woe, sweetheart."

"Let me finish, Hal," Dame Carey said, "and then I will depart.

"Hearken, child. Hal's father has of late been received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and he and Mistress Joan are fasting and praying and counting their beads all day and half the night. Poor souls! They think that by this means they may knock off a few years of purgatory which their ill tempers merit. It will take a goodly number of years to get to the end of their cranks and rages, methinks. Well, this lady I name suits as to money, lands, and religion. She is a chosen companion of Joan, and old enough to be Hal's mother."

"Grandmother," ejaculated Hal; "grandmother, Dame Carey."

"Have it as you will; grandmother, then, though a score of years scarce makes a grand-dame. But, as I said, if money and lands and a fine race go for much, you were a fool to look off the bargain."

"But they went for nought," said Hal, caressing my hand, for he had flung himself on the floor by my side, as I sat at Dame Carey's feet. "Sweetness and beauty, tenderness and goodness, aye, and learning, go for much, and I have all these in my sweetheart."

"There, there, who doubts it? I can just write my name and read my prayer-book, that is learning enough for me. And now I will leave you. Supper is ordered, my man Peter and his wife Kate will be at your service, and so fare ye well, little Mistress Carew. And I say, guard her well, Hal, as your sweet mother would have you guard her, nor follow in the steps of your father, who hustled the dearest wife and woman the sun ever shone on into an early grave by fits of rage and sour temper, and jealousy cruel as the grave."

"Whither is Dame Carey gone?" I asked, when Hal came back from the wicket gate, which he closed behind her and locked.

"Gone to her mansion, sweetheart. This bower of bliss is in my lady's grounds, hid from curious eyes, and here we will have a blissful time, please God."

"Hal," I said, "was that a Catholic priest who wed us?"

"Yes, but what then? I caught him at Chagford, and he was ready enough to take my guineas and hold his peace."

"And did he think I was a Catholic?"

"We are all Catholics, sweetheart, though not all Papists," and then he silenced questions with a kiss.

August 16.

Two months have passed in this bower cottage, and our retirement has been unmolested.

If there *is* a thorn in the rose, a little jar in the song of love, it is that Hal maintains perfect secrecy to be yet needful. Dame Carey also seems of that mind, and I ask myself sometimes what would Mistress Rodd say, or the Bishop, or dear Pen, or Master Fulford. Yet, oh! I am so happy. I walk with Hal by the sea, and we sit and listen to its voice as it tells its story to the shore.

And Hal likes to hear me read and recite to him noble passages from Spenser and the Bible, and extracts from other books that I have written for Master Buckingham and then conned till I knew them by heart. All this was at first sufficient for Hal, and then I would listen to the stories he could tell of the Court, where he had found favour; of the Queen and her pretty ways; of the King and his gracious stateliness; of the masques and plays he had witnessed and taken part in; and of the doings of the grand ladies, amongst whom Hal said I should one day shine as a star.

Never, my heart tells me, never!

Dame Carey has been a good friend to us, and I have been to the mansion with all its treasures often.

What a feast Master Buckingham would have had in the library, a low room with fine volumes all round,

and above portraits of the great gentlemen and ladies of the time when the men of Devon went forth to cross the great dividing sea, and bring back treasures from the New World.

My visits to the mansion were never made with Hal, lest perchance we might fall upon some of the gentlefolk who knew him. Hal has been away from me of late for a day now and again. It must needs be so, for a man like Hal has many things to do and think of.

August 24.

This is again the Feast of Saint Bartholomew. It is one year since I first saw Hal, one year since I loved him, for why need I hide it from myself, I loved him at once and for ever.

Hal will return to-night. He promised that nothing should keep him from me on this day. But the light is waning, and yet he has not come. I had a visitor to-day who whiled away the time—Dame Dulcibel Redvers.

How beautiful she looked when she stood in the porch with the branches of the white rose making a frame round her stately figure.

I shrank back at first, but she speedily put me at ease.

"I know," she said, "I have known from the first. You are Mistress Carew. Hal has trusted Sir Gilbert with the secret, and he would fain have him tell the world you are his wife."

"He dreads his father's rage, and he would disinherit him, if he knew, for wedding a mercer's niece," I said.

Dame Dulcibel's eyes flashed. "I hate and abhor crooked ways," she said. "I think Hal Carew is in error, and he has no right to hide you thus, as if ashamed of you."

"Ashamed!" I exclaimed. The very word brought the colour to my cheek, and I repeated, "Ashamed, forsooth! If my husband were here he would soon shew you whether he is ashamed."

"Nay now, little Winifrede, do not be angry; but, dear child, I know enough of men and their ways to make me urge you to have your marriage made public. Sir Gilbert is of this mind, and he has told Hal to be bold and not a coward."

Now I did not care to have my husband thus spoken of, even by Dame Redvers, and I said, "I am content to abide here as long as my husband desires. He knows best."

"A submissive wife, truly," Dame Redvers said; "we women have to look after our own matters at times, or we may find ourselves left out in the cold."

I had not seen Dame Redvers since she married Sir Gilbert. She looked more beautiful than ever, but not happier. She had a strange defiant manner, which she never had before.

Her face was sad when on this day last year she turned from the casement as Sir Gilbert spoke to her, and I looking down saw Hal's face upraised for the first time to mine.

Now Dulcibel's face is not sad, it is proud and determined—a look as if she had gained her desire,—but happy—oh! no.

"Let us talk on themes more congenial to both,"

she said, as she leaned back on the settle, and Kate coming in brought the cup of spiced canary wine, which is proper to offer guests.

Dame Redvers drank a deep draught and praised the cup, and the sweet cakes which Kate brought in on a platter.

"A bower of delight," she said with one of her rare smiles, "good Kate. All things pleasant to eye and taste;" and Kate was pleased, and said, looking at me,

"My lady's fingers helped to make these cakes, madam. Though so small and white, they can be useful, I warrant."

"What, turning cook, little Winifrede?" Mistress Dulcibel said. "I could not have thought you could use hands as well as brains, but these little services help to while away the time."

Yes, it is true, I get restless when Hal is away, and I am glad to have something to do in the kitchen, and Kate, who is skilled in making all manner of conserves and pasties, has taught me much.

Mistress Redvers stayed a long time, and talked of her old home in Derbyshire, and how Sir Amos Meredith was always kind to her, but had wished her to make a home for herself, and had often pressed suitors upon her.

"But," she said, "I had vowed I would never marry any man if I did not marry Sir Gilbert, and now it is done!"

"And you are happy," I said.

"Happy! Well, child, have you never heard that hope deferred maketh the heart sick?—that is true,

but it is not as true that when the desire cometh it is as the tree of life. There is a bitter taste in the fruit sometimes. But what a farrago is this," and then she started up and said Sir Gilbert would be waiting for her at the big house, and she must away through the copse.

She said I knew the path better than she did, and I must go with her part of the way.

This I did, and coming back an hour ago I heard a strange rustling near me, and thought I saw a man's figure under the trunk of an old oak. I am full of fancies, and oh! I wish Hal would come, for it is getting dark, I cannot see to write another word, but——

September 1.

I have not opened this book since that night, that dreadful night—I can scarce dare to write of it even now, for I shudder as I recall it. I had just closed my book when I became conscious that some one was looking in at the lattice which stood open, and I saw a white face, white in the gathering gloom, with hands clenching the side of the casement, as if about to spring in.

Terror rooted me to the spot, and I could neither stir nor call for help. Presently a broken voice sounded, and I heard my name spoken.

"Mistress Winifrede."

It was James Eland.

"I have tracked you out at last," he said, "and I vow vengeance on the traitor who has lured you to your destruction. I would have died—nay, I would

sooner have carried you out dead, than lived to see this day."

"Hush, I pray you," I said, "and if, as you say, you love me, go—go—before he comes."

James Eland gave a dreadful low laugh, and said,

"Nay, I tarry till he comes. The double-dyed traitor, curse him!" I shuddered at his words; his dark eyes blazed; even in the gloom I could see them with the light of malice in them.

Could this be the mercer's apprentice who folded brocades and served customers in the shop in High Street? He was transformed into a very demon.

"If you love me, as you say—" I had repeated the words when the click of the wicket gate sounded and I knew Hal had returned. He even gave a low whistle to let me hear of his approach.

I flew as if on wings to the porch to warn him, but the door was shut, and my trembling fingers could not draw the bolt.

Then I heard a scuffle outside, an angry shout of "Villain!" and when at last I stood in the porch I saw my husband and James Eland had closed in a deadly struggle.

Hal, with his tall strong frame, was more than a match for James Eland, and he had him on the ground, though James's fingers still clutched at my husband's throat.

"Give in," Hal shouted, but his voice was muffled and strangled. "Give in; by Heaven, he clings like a cat."

"Loose your hold, James Eland," I cried, rushing to him; "loose your hold."

"I will die first. Let me stand up, and give me fair fight, you traitor, you villain."

"Hold, James, I pray you," I cried, "for you are basely attacking my husband."

At that word, with a groan James Eland loosened his clutch on Hal's throat, and Hal, rising from kneeling over him, spurned him with his foot, saying,

"Do you think I would fight with a cur whose way of attack is that of a reptile flying at my throat? I might thrash the life out of you, if you were worth the trouble." And then Hal panting yet for breath turned to me.

"What does it mean?" he asked sternly, "what is the fellow about skulking here?"

But before I could reply James Eland had risen, and I saw the blood was trickling from a wound in his arm; for Hal had drawn his sword at the first onset.

"Hearken," James said, "I came hither to avenge the wrongs of the woman I love."

"Wrongs! Is the man stark mad?" Hal asked.

"There is no wrong, James Eland," I said, and I went up to him, and, taking off my kerchief, bound it round his arm to staunch the blood.

"I am the wife of Master Hal Carew, the proud, happy wife. You have been mistaken, and you must needs acknowledge your fault, and sue for pardon."

"Nay, sweetheart," Hal said, "I want no more dealings with this paltry scoundrel. Begone, sir, and if ever you cross this lady's path again, if ever you dare molest her, I will run you through the body before you can cry for mercy. Begone—and give heed to your

silks and taffetas, and do not think you can play the part of a soldier. Begone, I say."

But James Eland stood like a statue, with his hands clutched together and his face convulsed with passionate grief. The rage and malice had died out of it, and my heart, in spite of myself, went forth to him in deepest pity. Presently he spoke in hoarse, trembling accents.

"Master Carew, if I have wronged you in thought, I ask your pardon. It is scarce the part of a high-minded gentleman to steal away from her home a maiden, as you have stolen Mistress Winifrede. If as she says—and God knows I trust her word—she is your lawful wife, proclaim her as such before the world, nor give occasion to the tongue of the slanderer to touch her fair name. Fare you well, Winifrede. I go broken-hearted, to cherish your memory as a precious thing till death."

Then with faltering steps James Eland passed through the wicket gate and vanished in the gloomy shadows of the coming night.

The noise of voices had brought old Peter and Kate to the garden from the back premises where they abide. I heard my husband say, "We have had a vagrant here threatening my life. Make the gate fast, Peter, and here, Kate——"

That is all I remember. I had swooned in Hal's arms, and I found myself, when I recovered consciousness, in my bed, Hal watching by me, and Kate holding burnt feathers to my nose, and urging me to drink the potion she had made ready for me; and then a flood of tears, and folded to Hal's breast I was comforted.

THE CROSS FARM, WIDDICOMBE, *September* 22.

Yes, I am here again, with dear Pen. I must shortly tell what has happened.

Two days after the terror of that night Hal told me he was summoned with his troops to join the Earl of Devon's trained band, and he might be away for many months.

Dame Carey had been called to her daughter, who lay ill at Plymouth, and Hal said he could not leave me in the shortening days of autumn alone in our bower.

To go back to the High Street was, by reason of James Eland, impossible. I was for resting where I was; but Hal did not relish the thought, and he proposed that I should go to Widdicombe and take shelter there till his return, when he said he would take me to Widford and face his father's wrath.

"He will soften when he looks at you," he said. "But it is Joan I dread. Joan's tongue is like a sharp rapier with a poisoned tip when she is angered."

And thus tenderly cared for and mounted on a soft cushioned pillion I began my journey to Widdicombe. It could not be done in a day, and we staid a night at a hostel two miles t'other side of Exeter. Here Hal parted from me, and sent me forward with two of his trusted servants, who were silent and scarce looked at me, or made any sign, except to hand me refreshments and guide the horse on which I rode with care over the rough road.

I did my best not to weep when Hal folded me to his breast for the last time, but do what I would I

sobbed bitterly till he said, "Sweetheart, this gives me bitter pain to know I grieve you, but sure you would not keep me from duty to my King?"

"No, no," I faltered, "no, but it has been such short happiness, and now sorrow of heart. And I shall be in a part of the country where your father may find me out, and your sister and———"

"Nay, the old man is well-nigh bed-ridden, and Joan does nought but fast and count her beads—do not fear, they lead the lives of hermits, and seldom go abroad."

Well-a-day, ah! well-a-day, so we parted, and I bear about me a heavy heart.

Last night Pen came to my chamber and knelt by my bed; my pillow was wet with tears, and she bade me trust her with my secret, which however she guessed.

The manner of my return to the farm was sufficient, she said, and she only longed to be assured I was a lawful wife.

I started up at this and said with heat,

"How dare you think it could be otherwise?" Then I could no longer hold back my confidence, and I told her all—all.

"The chapel at Widford," she repeated, "and who was the priest?"

I knew not, save that Hal had brought him.

Pen sighed, and said, "A papist dare not of free will join the hands of two of another faith; but I pray that the marriage be ratified by authority."

"It was all duly certified," I said, "my name writ under Hal's on two sheets of parchment. Can you

misdoubt my husband's word — a noble true-hearted gentleman?"

Pen was silent, but she held me in her kind arms, and soothed me till I fell asleep—much as a mother would soothe her child.

Dear Pen, and old Tor, they are my great comforters in this time of banishment from my true love. But I have scarce strength or heart to take long walks with Tor. Only once have I reached the little sheltered pool where I gave myself to Hal, and then I wept so bitterly that Tor whined and pushed his nose up against my shoulder as if to ask what ailed me. I shall not go thither again, not till Hal returns.

October 1.

Master Fulford went to the market at Exeter yesterday, and brought word that my Uncle was in great wrath with James Eland. He had left him to go no one knows whither. "And," said Master Fulford, "he got a hurt in a brawl, so that his right arm was all but useless. A drunken brawl, so Master Barter would have it; and then there was a mighty quarrel, and James Eland flung the last three months' wage at Master Barter, who said he might go packing for all he cared. But he does care, and he never thought he would take him at his word, for he is sorely put to it to get along without him. Mistress Ellis raves against him, and the house seems in an evil case."

"Did my Uncle send me any message?" I ventured to ask. Then Master Fulford laughed and said, "I can't say he did; when I spoke of you he got mighty deaf and never answered, but Mistress Ellis said you

were welcome to keep away as long as you wished, for all she cared; and you are welcome to stay here as long as you will—eh, Pen?"

"Winifrede knows that she is welcome," was the answer.

This was comforting, but there is one person who eyes me with no kindness, and I avoid him as much as possible. But Master Amos Angel is continually at the board—supper or dinner well-nigh every day. He takes care to feed the body well, albeit he preaches so much of the spirit, and the danger of the flesh lusting against it. I cannot abide Master Angel, and when he fixes his eyes on me, I feel my colour rise, and I could almost think he had my secret.

October 28.

It is by God's mercy I am here to tell the tale of what has happened, and I have had to wait some days before I could steady my hand, or calm my thoughts, to write in my book the history of that day of wrath and dread, which has filled this district with fear and trembling.

It was on Saturday week, the twentieth day of this month, that I essayed to go forth on the moor with my faithful Tor.

The heat was so great that we could not get far, and I sat down on a rough bit of rock fanning myself with some large bracken leaves I plucked on my way.

Tor lay outstretched with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, panting, as if for life.

A labourer passing by bid me good-even, and said,

"The air is like to choke one; it be like the mouth of a coal-pit, mistress."

It was indeed a true description, and I could scarce breathe for the sultriness of the air.

Presently a party on horseback rode past, and a gentlewoman called to me to inquire if she was in the right road to Widford.

My heart failed me, for another lady on the same saddle said laughing, "Sure, Joan, we are not like to lose our way on this moor we know so well."

"It is a short cut I want to make, for a storm brews, and these fellows seem like geese, not knowing their right hand from their left." Then in a loud sharp voice my husband's sister Joan screamed to the two men in attendance, "You blockheads, cannot you say whether right or left is the shortest way homeward? I vow I shall die of heat, it is enough to choke me; and I hear thunder growling in the distance."

I had now risen from my seat and approached the ladies' horse.

"There is a sign-post, madam," I said, "just where the moor dips into a hollow. You will see that Widford is written on one of the arms."

"Come, there is some sense in this," Joan exclaimed, "but what are you doing, child, on the moor alone?"

"Nay," said the other lady, "she has a guard in her dog. I would not answer for any one who dared to go too near her, with that protector. May the blessed Virgin protect you, child," she said as she rode

off, "and hasten homewards, as we must, for a storm is surely at hand."

I saw the badge of the Carews on the sleeve of one of the servants, and I felt no doubt that the lady who had spoken kindly to me was the lady of high degree, whom they would fain Hal had married. She looked older than my husband, though not so much as by a score years; but she had a sweet face and voice, while Joan looked a vixen, and I felt how terrible it would be for me when the moment came for Hal to take me to Widford, and present me as his wife.

The heat seemed to grow more and more fierce through that sultry night. Thunder grumbled and lightning played in the heavens in wide sheets of pale blue flame, but no rain fell. Sunday morning dawned calm; the people who watched the weather about the place said the storm had passed over seaward, and that we should feel no more of it.

The sun gleamed through a grey curtain of thin clouds, and we believed that a sharp shower which fell about noon was the tail of the retreating storm. Alas! we were mistaken. We were all gathered in the church for evensong, when a terrible darkness fell over us. Master Lyde could scarce see to read the second lesson, and by the time he had said "Lighten our darkness" we could not see our nearest neighbour in the pews.

I drew close to Pen, who, overcome with the heat, had not gone to the meeting-house that day to hear Master Angel's long praying and preaching, and whispered,

"Is it the day of judgement? Oh, Pen, I am frightened."

"Raise your heart in prayer to God, dear child," Pen said, "and ask to be kept quiet."

When Master Lyde mounted the pulpit and was trying to proceed with his discourse, there was a terrible and fearful noise, which was like to deafen us, and a great flame, with smoke and a strange choking smell, and a great cracking of the glass of one window, and then we were all on our knees and crying out for God's mercy.

Near to us Mistress Lyde was all afire, and a gentleman by her side, though in like case, seized her and put out the flame.

Then came a crashing of stones falling through the roof, and all expected the church would come down on our heads, and not one would be left alive. In my poor heart was the thought, Oh! is this the judgement of God on me for my secret marriage? And words forced themselves into my very soul, the words we had read in the Psalms not long before: "He gave them their desire, and sent leanness withal into their soul. So the earth opened and swallowed up Dathan and covered the congregation of Abiram, and the fire was kindled in their company." God gave me my desire, I would take my own way, and He is angry with me. Presently, the lightning and the thunder being passed, Master Fulford stood up and said, "Neighbours, in the name of God shall we venture out of the church?"

And Mr. Lyde answered, "Sir, let us make an end with prayer, for sure it is better to die here than in another place."

Many would not heed but rushed out, carrying the wounded, yes, and the dead, with them; but Penelope

held me close and said, "Let us stay while Master Lyde prays." And looking back I may say how noble was the conduct of our minister; only God's grace could have kept him calm as he was. For from his high place in the pulpit he could see the ruin and the peril; his own wife burnt, a maiden we all knew by sight killed on the spot, a man thrown with such force against a pillar that his head was knocked to pieces, and the very pillar against which the pulpit stood turned coal black and fumes of sulphur rising from it.

Mr. Lyde's few words of prayer and calling on God done, Pen and I and Master Fulford left the church. Passing along we found the bowling alley all torn up as if a plough had passed over it, and oh! sad sight, Tor lying there dead. Dear faithful Tor had come to the church to find out what had happened to his master and to us, and the lightning had struck him. His rough hair was all burnt as if by fire, and he lay stretched out on his side motionless. Although thankful for our own deliverance, to weep over poor Tor was but natural —as for me, I felt as if he had been my sole friend in the spring days of love and hope, when I had those blissful hours with my lover, before the cloud came— before I had married him in secret. For, reason with myself as I will, it is ever in my mind that I should not have consented, but waited till he could claim me as his wife before the world.

The last few days have been occupied with burying the dead and tending the wounded. The news of the disaster have been sent straight to Exeter, and the Bishop and Archdeacon sent word they are coming to inspect the ruins of the church.

Many from the whole countryside have come for that purpose, and every heart has been touched with sympathy for Master Lyde and the poor sufferers and mourners. Do I say every heart? Nay, it was more than I could endure patiently to see Master Angel turn up the whites of his eyes and say, "Alas for the blind leaders of the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch? I see here the just judgement of God on him who has been leading these poor sheep in the wilderness to the poisoned springs of false doctrine and popish errors."

"It is you alone who would dare to speak thus," I cried. "There is not a soul here who was in the church that day who does not give the heartiest meed of praise to our good minister. Forsooth, if you had stood in his place, Master Angel, you would have taken to your heels and left others to perish for aught you cared!"

"Oh, Winifrede, Winifrede," Penelope exclaimed, "you are over free with your tongue; you should crave Master Angel's pardon."

"My dear sister in the Lord," Master Angel said, "do you think the foolish words of a poor deluded maiden can offend me? Nay," he said, in the drawling tone I hate to hear, as I fled from the room, "I do but pity her, for she is truly in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity."

We made Tor's grave in the orchard, where the sun shines on it, and he rests in peace. I cannot help it, oh! I cannot help it—when I went to-day to see that the turf had been well rolled over the grave, I cried bitterly, for Tor was a good friend to me—and I loved him well, dear Tor.

THE CLOSE, EXETER, *November*.

Little did I think that the visit of the good Bishop to see the ruins of the church would bring about a change in my position, and that I should return to Exeter with him.

But so it came to pass; and I must now record what has happened, and with a lighter heart, as regards my own concerns, than I have felt for many a day.

The Bishop and Archdeacon, with the Secretary and Chaplain, made a minute inspection of the ruins of the church, the report of which was to be drawn up and despatched to the Archbishop Laud.

The Bishop showed great emotion when he looked at the ruins and heard from Master Lyde an account of that awful Sunday.

He stood by the new-made graves of the four who had been killed, and he administered consolation to the survivors and sufferers.

He took up his abode at the Rectory, and there would fain administer the Blessed Sacrament to poor Mistress Lyde, who was yet in her bed; and our dear Minister invited any of his flock who would wish to attend.

Trembling and uncertain as to whether I had any right to present myself, I did at last give in my name to join the solemn service, and if ever a poor soul joined in that confession of sin it was I in the hush and stillness of the sick-chamber. But before the service the Bishop caught sight of me, and told the Chaplain to ask for my attendance in the parlour below, as he would fain speak with me.

I scarce knew how to obey the order, for sinking of heart, but I followed the Chaplain to the parlour, and there awaited the coming of the Bishop.

"Ah, little Mistress Bridgeman," he began, "I have a request to make to you. My dear child, Mrs. Rodd, lies ill; she craves to have your presence with her; and her mother and I would fain humour her. The coach returns to Exeter to-morrow, and I would ask you to ride thither with us. My dear daughter has heard nothing of you of late. Master Rodd went to Master Barter's shop, and heard you were at Widdicombe, and that you had been with a gentlewoman at Exemouth."

"Oh, my lord," I exclaimed, "I must needs pray you to hear the confession of an overcharged heart." Then I, kneeling before the Bishop as he sat in the large carved chair by the hearth, in faltering tones, asked leave to tell my story.

"I have yet ten minutes ere the preparations in the sick-chamber above are complete, and I will listen to you as a father would listen to his child. Take courage, hide nothing, and your Heavenly Father will draw nigh with the assurance of pardon and peace, if you are truly penitent."

The Bishop listened without a word, till I had done, then he spoke. "My daughter, you have erred; for as my Lord Bacon saith, 'When two paths lie before the Christian, one strewn with flowers and another rugged and full of thorns, if the choice is given, it is ever safer to take the rougher path.' But there remains now but one course. I must insist on your husband acknowledging you as his wife to his father. I blame him greatly; he has taken undue advantage of the youth and ignorance

of one, whom on that ground alone he should have forborne to tempt. Inquiry must be made of your marriage in the chapel at Widford. I must examine the document you speak of ere I pronounce judgement, but I have my doubts."

The words filled me with fear.

"Doubts, my lord," I gasped, "doubts?"

"A Popish priest performing the ceremony by stealth, and joining two of another faith, or I would prefer to say of another communion, has run a great risk of illegally performing the same. But take courage. I will see you righted before God and man. Where is Master Carew at this moment?"

"In London, my lord, with a troop of my Lord Devon's train-band."

"I go thither next week to consult His Grace the Archbishop on this matter of the destruction of the church, and I will, I warrant, give Master Carew my views on his conduct."

"Oh, my lord," I pleaded, "he is not to blame. His father is so given to fits of passion that he feared that he might die in one, did he tell him of our marriage, or even of his desire to wed with me. His sister has a sharp tongue, and both are Papists."

The Bishop shook his head.

"Only cowards fear a woman's tongue," he said. "I fear me Master Hal is a craven, but I will not be too severe on him for your sake, little Mistress Carew."

Then the Bishop lifted up his voice and prayed, and made me say after him a few words of penitence, and then he blessed me, saying, "Daughter, go in peace."

The worst part of my ordeal is to come; for the Bishop says he shall insist that Hal shall bear me to Widford, and acknowledge me before his father and the servants and retainers, of whom there are but few, as Hal has raised as many as he could muster to serve in the train-bands.

I have written to Hal, the good kind Bishop bearing the letter for me. Alack, I dread his reply; he will be angered against me, and I feel as if that would be harder to bear than aught beside.

I parted from dear Pen with many tears, and I felt misgivings as to her happiness when she told me she was to be the wife of Master Angel. He will prove a tyrant, and I grieve for dear Master Fulford, who will have but a sorry time of it when he has taken up his quarters at the Cross Farm.

It was strange to me to ride into Exeter in the Bishop's coach, and stranger still to be set down at Mistress Rodd's and not at the mercer's shop in the High Street. I have not dared to go thither yet.

Indeed I go little abroad except to the service in the Cathedral, which becomes more and more a rest and balm to my troubled heart. For troubled it must be, till I have my husband's answer to the letter sent him by the hands of the Bishop.

I found dear Mistress Rodd so sick that I think she cannot live. But at times the bright colour on her cheeks and the light in her eyes deceive those who watch her. Her spirits vary with her feelings, and sometimes after long, long fits of coughing she bids me send for Mistress Hall, for that she thinks the end is near. Again, she seems after a sleep so cheery, and

plays with her boy, and talks to me of the next Eastertide, when she will go with me to Widford, and be my guest as mistress there. Mistress Rodd has no reproaches for me; they all fall on Hal, so that I often beg of her to say no more till I hear from him.

I read much to Mistress Rodd. She loves to hear me, and I delight to think that Master Buckingham has so taught me to love the words of the Holy Bible that I can read it with understanding. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* and *Defence of Poesie* are also favourite books, and so is Master John Lyly's *Euphues*. Mistress Rodd often discourses about her father, and she bids me fetch volumes of his works, which are many, and cull from them wise and witty sayings. Especially does she love to hear passages from one of his oldest volumes, which being not so clear printed as books of late years, are hard to read.

One day Master Rodd brought in a gallant who had come to him to settle some point of law. He was full of airs and graces, dressed in red velvet, slashed with buff satin, his cap with a plume, his cloak turned back with the same colour, and his love-lock fastened with a bow of riband, in the middle of which shone a diamond. His curls all heavy with scented unguents which made us near sick to smell.

This gallant one, Sir Hubert Wynne, had come fresh from Court, and talked of all the grand friends he had there, but he could tell us little of the great matters which were now in most men's minds; Master Hampden's trial for one, the state of Scotland concerning the liturgy, the constant growth of the Puritans, their arrogance in invading churches and demolishing what they called

Popish images, thrusting the altar from the chancel to the midst of the church. All these things were nought to Sir Hubert Wynne, and Master Rodd said when he had taken leave, with all manner of bows and grimaces,

"If this is a sample of the stuff the King's friends are made of, it will be a woful thing for him in the struggle which I verily believe is not far off."

Then Master Rodd said, "There is a fine description of such a fellow in your father's book, sweet Moll, *The Characters of Virtue and Vice.* It is his very portrait though drawn many a year ago." Then Master Rodd fetched the book and read aloud the description of the "Vainglorious."

Mistress Rodd was so pleased with the likeness, that she made me read it again and again after Master Rodd had left us, saying, "My dear father has a wondrous power of satire, and he can see the humour of a thing. When I have heard my mother ask all innocently, 'What makes you laugh, dear husband? I see nought ludicrous,' then my father would say, 'Nay, dear heart, to expound a jest is to destroy it, and you might perchance say that the fool laughs at his own wit.'"

I was so taken up with the description that suited the grand gallant who visited us several times, that I have got the old book and write here the concluding passage:

"To conclude, he is ever on the stage, and acts a glorious part abroad; when no man carries a baser heart, no man is more sordid and careless at home. He is a Spanish soldier on an Italian theatre, a bladder

full of wind, a skin full of words, a fool's wonder, and a wise man's fool!"

It doth seem indeed that Sir Hubert carries a base heart, for he has cheated Master Rodd of his lawful fees, and gone back to Court having gained his cause by Master Rodd's skill, with his pocket full of money, which he will belike squander on more love-knots and costly lace.

Ah, my heart tells me that my Hal is not of this sort, and I bear about silently the weight which his silence causes me, and speak not at all of one whom my best friends seem ready to blame and none to praise.

November 26.

I went yesterday to my old home in the High Street, and asked Dorothy Ellis leave to ascend to my chamber and gather together my books and a few possessions.

I found my Uncle deafer than ever, and Dorothy Ellis more full of cranks and sour as an unripe whort on the moors.

The Bishop bade me tell all whom it concerned that I was married to Hal Carew, and I dreaded to do so.

I need not have feared; to Dorothy Ellis it seemed welcome news, to my Uncle as indifferent as if I were an alien and a stranger. He stared at me as I related my story, and every now and then made a hollow of his hand at the back of his ear, saying, "Hum—eh? what?" and the like.

At last I showed him my ring, and he nodded as if it were any ordinary bauble.

I knew of old that he was one of those who hear better than they pretend, and so I thanked him for keeping me from my childhood, and said I should trouble him no longer, that I would fain have been a more dutiful niece, and that I craved pardon for aught by which I had offended him.

Only a grunt came in return, and then I curtsied and was leaving the room when he called, "Stop!"

I turned back to see him routing in a chest where he kept, as I knew, brocades and satins and taffetas, which had been tarnished or damaged.

He drew out a folded length of blue and silver brocade, carefully peering into the folds to satisfy himself that on every one there was a little spot, as I afterwards discovered, and then he handed it to me.

"A gown for you, and I wish you good luck, and a pocket full of money; which is more than I've got, so you needn't be looking for my death, as bringing you a fortune."

Could any farewell be more unseemly? It was in my heart to throw back the brocade in his face, but I thought better of it. If he is discourteous to me, I need not follow such an evil example, so I curtsied again, and said, "I thank you, good Uncle," and left the close stuffy chamber for the last time.

Dorothy Ellis was watching for me and eyed the brocade curiously.

"You will have enow of fine gowns, without robbing your poor Uncle of what he can ill afford," she said.

A laugh sounded near, and I saw Will Thornton had heard this remark.

"If he is poor, who is rich?" he said, "and I know who is looking out for his money."

"You are an impudent young villain to dare to say as much," Dorothy screamed.

"Oh, ho! the cap fits then," was the immediate reply.

I waited to hear no more, but went up to my old chamber in the roof.

Strange were my feelings, a curious mingling of pain with joy. Here I had dreamed my first sweet dream of love; from here I had stolen out to meet Hal, and here I had made my vow to be his, and his only for ever, and through weal and woe—that vow will I keep.

I busied myself gathering together the few books and papers and the scanty wardrobe I had left behind. As I did so the mirror James Eland had given me caught my eye, and I put it in the bundle. Poor James Eland, what is his fate? If I could speak with Will Thornton alone I would fain enquire of him, but Dorothy Ellis is all ears and eyes, and I fear to attract her notice.

I stood by the window, where I had so often looked down on the High Street with its throng of passers-by on market days, and on the familiar Guildhall, where knots of folks talking over the affairs of the city are always gathered. The pigeons that I had fed had deserted the place, for none came, and it was the hour when I was used to spread the crumbs.

Presently there was a flutter and a faint coo, and then the white pigeon fell against the casement and in another moment lay on its back on the floor dead. Starved or hunted to death! It was the very same

pigeon. I knew it by one little touch of fawn colour on its left wing.

I picked it up and held it to my bosom, but it was too late, it never moved again. I will carry it to the Close, I thought, and bury it in the little garden behind Master Rodd's house.

Pen said that a bird coming in at a casement was an ill omen. Was this an ill omen, was it—could it be, that I was to be deserted like the poor white dove, and die—die starved for want of that which I hunger for, more than a bird hungers for food, love, Hal's love! When will he write and come? Oh, when?

December 31.

I have had but little heart to write nor indeed time to do so for many days, and now being come to the last week of this year, so fraught with joys and sorrows to me, I must sum up as shortly as may be what has happened.

Soon after my last entry here, which I see tells of the death of the poor hunted white pigeon, dear Mistress Rodd grew much weaker and could scarce leave her bed. The gambols of her fine boy ceased to be a pleasure, and he was carried off to the Palace by his grandmother and only visited his mother at times. All that could be done was done for my dearest Mistress Rodd, but death drew nigh and none could stay the approach. It was passing strange to me to find how she clung to me, commending often her boy to my care. "Love him, Winifrede, and bring him up in God's faith and fear," she would say, "promise to be ever a friend to him; my poor Bamfilde, he will be motherless when

a mother is most needed. I would not grieve if my husband took another wife, and I should have been glad had that wife been you. Now, alas! I know full well it cannot be, you are the wife of another."

Yes, indeed! I thought, but had I been free, I could not have married a grave cold man like Master Rodd.

As I write the word "cold" I feel reproached; for sure no grief was ever greater than his, when at last he suffered himself to see that his wife was leaving him. He held out to the last that she would get better in the spring-time, that when warm days came she would mend.

It was not till shortly before Christmas that he ceased to talk of plans for her journey, to drink in the soft breezes of the sea at Dawlish, where a friend, one Master Hoare, had offered him a cottage above the strand where the fisher folk ply their trade.

The Bishop was absent in London till near the middle of December, detained there by many grave matters as to the Church.

The King forced the service book upon the people of Scotland, then revoked it, and by this change of purpose made fresh trouble. When the Bishop returned he brought news that two Archbishops and six Bishops were excommunicated, and six others deposed.

"And," said the Bishop, "time will show that this wave of discontent and violence will flow southwards, and the mitres here will be toppling from many heads, mine with the rest, belike!"

I was scarce able to listen to this and much more from the Bishop, who had called me from Mistress

Rodd's chamber the day after his arrival from London, to speak with him in the parlour below.

But his mind was fuller of these great matters than of mine which were small by comparison. At length he said, "I have had speech with your husband, and I have looked into the matter of your marriage. It will be right and lawful that I should join your hands according to the rites of our own Church. When a Papist weds with one of another faith it is ever expedient to repeat the ceremony either in the English Church or another Church, as occasion requires. Do not look so frightened, dear little Mistress Carew," the Bishop said kindly, nay tenderly. "The fault lies not at your door. See! I have brought you a letter from your husband. I can forgive you for your surrender to him, he is a right gallant looking man, and I would back him to win in any fair fight. But though brave as to the risk of life, or pain of body, I fear me he is a craven, or he would have gone proudly to the old man his father, and said 'Here is my wife.'"

How often I have read that letter the Bishop brought me, and watered it with my tears; it breathes love and devotion, and yet Hal is not come!

After that summons to the Bishop I scarce left dear Mistress Rodd. She would not let me out of her sight, and I found a solace in being near her and listening to the words of faith and trust which fell from her lips.

She bid farewell to her boy on Christmas Eve, and roused herself to give him a toy and a box of comfits. Bamfilde is but a babe of eighteen months, and he fixed his large wondering eyes on his dying mother,

held out his fat hand and stroked her cheek, and then held up his little gown and hid his face, and then peeped out again, as she had taught him many a time, and laughed his merry childish laugh, saying one of his few words "Peep-Bo."

The Bishop who held the child in his arms turned his head away, and I saw a tear roll down his furrowed cheek. "Kiss dear mother," Mistress Hall said presently to the child, "and say 'bye-bye.'"

"A long—long good-bye," the mother said, "carry him away, I can bear no more. Oh! it is hard! Pray, dear father, pray for me and for my boy." The Bishop was ever ready to hold communion with God. Those who only knew him outside can have small notion of his saintliness, and the wonderful power of his words in bringing to poor burdened hearts the presence of the Divine Comforter.

From that moment of bitter pain in parting from her boy, dear Mistress Rodd lay quiet and peaceful, often with a smile on her lips, always with a look of restful tenderness in her eyes for those she loved, her brothers and sisters and her husband, who bowed with grief could not trust himself to utter any word.

It was Christmas morning when Mistress Rodd called me, "I hear the angels sing Glory to God on high—it is so beautiful—so lovely—Winifrede—Hark!"

I had been sitting by her side all night, and turning the light of the lamp on her pillow I saw a strange look on her face. I roused Mistress Hall and the Bishop, and touched Master Rodd on the

shoulder. He started up and went to the head of the bed.

"The angels' song," she said. "Father, do you hear?"

"Yes, it is the angels' song, sweet Mary," he said, "they have come to take you home."

"Home! Ah! yes—home!"

Then the Bishop said the commendatory prayer, and a silence fell, broken only by the low sobs of us who knelt around—but for her, rapture and joy, as the Christmas chimes broke out on the frosty air, and we who were left could only echo the words which fell from the Bishop's lips as he put his arm round his wife:

"We sorrow not as those without hope, dear wife; let us thank God that our Mary is at rest."

It was on the fourth day after her death that Mary Rodd was laid to rest in the Cathedral, and her young sister Ann, who had been absent in the household of a gentleman at Plymouth, was one of those around her grave.

Ah! that dark and silent grave—try as I will, I shudder when I think of it—and weeping bitterly I heard as in a dream the words of faith and hope that Christ is the Resurrection and the Life.

But death is so dark and fearsome and life so bright that I cannot choose but love life and shrink from death. I have been brought very near it since this year began. The storm which killed four people close by me is yet fresh in my memory, and I was spared! Mrs. Rodd, scarce five years older than I am, is taken, and I am left! I pray God I may feel more

ready than I now do when Death draws nigh. Now I only long to live, yes, even if separation from Hal, and sorrow and trial are before me, yet I wish to live. Is this wrong? Is it because I am conscious that I am not fit to die? I cannot tell; but I would fain be honest, and thus I must say again I dread death and darkness and the grave. It is light beyond, the light of God. I would fain believe—but yet I cling to the sunshine and the fair beauty of the world; and I cling with all my might to the love of my husband, to my brave noble husband, Hal Carew.

WIDFORD HOUSE, *February*, 1639.

It fell out according to the Bishop's wishes, nay commands.

On a January day, when the old Norman towers of the Cathedral were all picked out with snow, and the blackened stone had a white fringe edging every turret and fretwork and every mullion and buttress, I was married in my lord's private chapel to my love and true knight, Hal Carew.

The Bishop blessed us fervently, and we only delayed our journey hither till the snow which was at no time thick had melted.

Mistress Hall could scarce part with me, and she said I must ever think my home would be with her, if I needed a home.

"It was a promise to our Mary," she said, "that you would befriend her boy, and that promise will be sacred, I well believe. My little Nan is but a child, though she has numbered seventeen summers; the youngest of the family is ever a babe in her mother's

eyes." This was true in respect to Ann Hall's case, and there were in her all the whims and conceits of a spoiled child. It was for this that she had been sent forth to Plymouth; for her sisters and brothers had less patience with her than their mother.

We reached Widford in the chill twilight of a February evening, and Hal felt me tremble as we drew nigh. "Now do not be a little fool," he said; "sure if you could trust me and take that ride in the night long ago, you can trust me now."

"Ah! that ride, Hal! I would I had not taken it."

"Now peace on that score," Hal said; "if the milk is spilt we can't pick it up again, and it is idle to make an ado about what can't be cured."

I had found out ere this that Hal liked to forget the past; and I—I cannot quite forget.

Did he love me less than by that moorland pool with its fringe of heather? Did he love me less than in the Bower Cottage in those past days of bliss? I dare not ask this question, nor would I suffer a thought of distrust to enter into the heart that is wholly his.

Then we drew up before the great stone entrance of the house; the door was thrown wide, for Hal had sent the groom on before to announce his coming.

A low fire, nearly burned out, was on the hearth, and the place was silent and dark.

"Bring torches," Hal said, "and light the lamps; we can scarce see our fingers." He spoke like one in authority, and the servants hastened to obey.

Did they know—did any one know of my coming? I thought. Two amongst them knew, the two faithful servants, who had knelt in the chapel with me, and

who had brought me from the Bower Cottage to the Cross Farm in the autumn of the last year. These two men made me a low reverence, and one taking the torch went before us along dim passages, to the foot of a flight of stairs.

Here a lamp hung, and Hal stopped and looked at me. "Loosen your redingote," he said, "let them see you first with your hair shining like bronze and gold. Nay now, Winifrede, be my winsome lady, and not a poor silly little trembling thing. Remember you are my wife."

I did as he bid me, and forsooth my hair was in such loose disorder that it fell right over my figure, and the coif which had held it back under my hood had fallen with it. Hal looked at me, and smiled. "This will do," he cried, "now," and then he took my hand, and knocking at a door, a shrill voice, Joan's I knew, said,

"Who is there?"

Then Hal walked in still holding my hand in his, and straight up to a chair by the hearth, where, propped up with pillows and muffled in all manner of coverings, his head swathed in thick cloths, sat a small wizened old man—Hal's father.

"Father," Hal said, "I have brought you my wife, and your daughter-in-law. Kneel, Winifrede, and ask his blessing." Then followed aught but a blessing. I could scarce write here all that the old man said; his eyes were aflame, his lips trembling, his whole frame shaken with passion.

"Wife! daughter!" he screamed, "I will have none

of her. You are to wed Mistress Ley; you have brought scorn on her by your desertion—you ——"

So violent was the old man that Joan said, "Begone, Hal, nor kill your father, nor palm off this wench as your wife. Hoity-toity! I have seen her somewhere. Why, she is a farm lass by Widdicombe. I saw her the day of the storm, or the day before. Take her whence she came, Hal, and do not think to cheat me."

Hal spoke up then, put his arm round me and said, "My wife is one I am proud to own. The Bishop of Exeter married and blessed us, and so, Joan, I bid you understand Dame Winifrede Carew is to be thought of here as mistress, and you will have to give up the house keys and do as she wills."

"The little upstart! the poor foolish upstart! Nay, Hal, you may depart whence you came. Dame Carew forsooth, what next?"

"That I cannot answer," Hal said laughing. "But as I was honoured by the sword of the King laid on my shoulder not a month ago, and dubbed Sir Henry Carew, it must needs come to pass that my wife shares my honour, and is henceforth Dame Winifrede Carew."

Joan seemed struck dumb now; and Hal, seeing his advantage, went on.

"Travellers need their suppers—when will it be served? Now, my winsome lady, we will go and seek our apartment, and good Mistress Friendship, who will act according to her name. Come, Winifrede, let us begone to our own quarters."

We were essaying to do so when from behind the

arras at the far end of the chamber a lady stepped out. Her mien was dignified and noble, and her face exceedingly sweet, though she was neither young nor fair. I remembered that I had seen her on the moor, riding with Joan Carew, and she remembered me. Very gentle was her voice as she took my hand in hers, saying,

"Tired and cold, poor child—come to my chamber, where there is at least warmth—and a welcome."

"Do you know who it is?" Joan screamed in her harsh voice—"it is the viper my brother has brought to sting his poor aged father with bitter pain!"

"Nay, nay, Joan," Mistress Ley said, "I call her more like a dove, to bring peace, and not contention, by her looks. Is she your wife, Hal Carew?"

"Yes, madam, my wife—twice wedded—once in the chapel below, once in that of our good Bishop of Exeter, not a week ago."

"How can you take her hand and fondle her," Joan said, "when my unworthy brother has turned you off for this penniless chit of a Puritan! Oh! it is maddening!"

"Nay, Joan," Mistress Ley said, "that is too strong a word. Hal never turned me off, for I was never on! But Hal knows I am his friend, and that I will befriend his wife also."

"And may God reward and bless you, Marjorie Ley, and give you a hundredfold for all your good charity to this dear wife of mine. Go with Mistress Ley, Winifrede, and I will stay behind and try to stem this torrent of words and soothe my poor old father."

I learned that night, if I had never learned before, how beautiful a thing is the renouncing of self for others and for God. Never shall I know a nobler woman than the lady who, regardless of aught but blessed charity, took me to her heart that evening and comforted me. I told her all my story, and she listened with the same look of tender sympathy in her eyes which seemed like an inward light of her soul shining through. And when I asked, trembling and afraid of what the answer would be—"Oh, madam! Did my husband ever come to you as a suitor?" she replied,

"Dear child, he came as a boy comes to an elder woman to tell his griefs and give his aspirings vent. He did at one time desire to be received into the communion of the true Church, in which blessed communion I was born, and have lived, and shall die. Poor Master Carew and Joan had themselves been received, and pressed it on Hal, and even urged it on him. I did not, for I misdoubted their motives, and I feared what might follow. If the motive be impure, what can be hoped of the deed? It has pleased God to endow me with much wealth and a fine estate, an orphan from my childhood, a near neighbour of Widford, and beloved of Hal's dead mother, who was one of the saints of God."

"So Mistress Carey told me when we lived at the Bower just within her gates—that happy, happy time!" I said, "never to come again."

"Was it indeed so happy?" Mistress Ley said sadly. "Let us believe, by God's grace, happier are in store."

So much passed on this first evening, more since,

between Mistress Ley and me. She pays constant visits to Widford—her rooms are always ready—she is the Lady Bountiful of the two estates, and in Hal's absence she looks into both, for the lands join. Mistress Ley has only an oratory at Ley Park, but the chapel at Widford is old, and had fallen into disuse till Hal's father was received into the Roman Church.

Strange it seems that I have found friends, loving friends, one a Puritan, the other a faithful daughter of the Reformed Church, in which faith she died last Christmas Day, and now one full of grace and goodness, a Roman Catholic, or, as they are called, a Papist! Yet, is it not true that faith of any kind without works is dead, and with works of love and charity, alive?

Joan fasts, and is kneeling in the chapel telling her beads continually; and yet she is scolding and rating every man, woman, and child near her at every moment she spares from her devotions, now stricter than ever as Lent has begun.

V.

"This man is right," ye say. "That man is not right." "This sound; that rotten."

And how so, dear Christians? What! for ceremonies and circumstances, for rochets or rounds or squares?

Let me tell you, he is right that hath a heart to his God, what forms soever he is for.

The Kingdom of God doth not stand in meats and drinks, in stuffs, or colours, or fashions, in noises, or gestures; it stands in holiness and righteousness, in godliness and charity, in peace and obedience.—BISHOP HALL.

Widford House, May 1.

A YEAR has passed since that happy May day—but it is only fitting that my husband should leave me for the Court, where he seems to be much in favour. But nevertheless I am very sad at heart. This house is like a prison to me—I now think of the chamber in the roof at Exeter as a pleasant abode. I wander through the galleries and dreary chambers like an uneasy spirit.

If it were not for the comfort of Mistress Ley I should sink utterly; and why? Sure it is distrustful of me to be so sorrowful: brighter days may come.

I have seen dear Pen once and visited Master Lyde at Widdicombe. Pen is now, as I expected, but a slave to Master Angel—and dares not do aught without his leave. Master Fulford is no more master in his own home, but he is kind and cheery as ever he was.

Master Angel rated me soundly, for living with Papists, and said that he wished for no dealings with me who doubtless was one at heart.

"I should not play the hypocrite," I said. "Were I a Papist, you should know of it."

Thereupon Master Angel said, "Methinks those who go through a secret form of marriage must find the part of hypocrite easy to play!"

I grew very angry and returned with much heat, that I did not choose to be thus spoken to by a sower of dissension in a once peaceful parish, I, who was the proud wife of Sir Harry Carew!

Pen's entreating look stopped me from saying more, and I felt that for her sake I must keep away from Widdicombe.

Master Lyde showed me the church and the repairs which are nearly completed. The pillar is still blackened, and Master Lyde said it would so remain, that it might be a perpetual reminder to the people of their deliverance in that awful hour.

Good Master Lyde is much troubled by Master Angel.

"He is no angel in this parish," he said, "and preaches his doctrine and sows discontent broadcast amongst the people. There will be a bitter crop to be gathered in soon. It is a trial of faith to see many of my good folk in this parish attending the meeting in the large barn of the Cross Farm, and forsaking the paths of peace; and one Master Coxe of Sandford is well-nigh as bad. This man, Angel, frightens them by saying that the storm was the judgement of God on those who were in the church listening to false teaching of a wolf in sheep's clothing—and so forth.

"Ah, well-a-day!" Master Lyde said, "these are evil times, and the Puritans are continually gaining ground

in this kingdom while those in high places do not stem the torrent with wisdom. Rather they break down the barriers with their ill-advised measures, and there will be a destroying flood ere long."

"My husband thinks," I said, "that the King holds the hearts of the people, and that they will support the dignity of the Church and the Crown."

"He is young and hopeful," Master Lyde said sadly.

Here we were interrupted by one Master Hill, the village schoolmaster.

He had a carpenter with him, who bore a large slab of wood in his hand which he craved leave to fit into the wall of the church. It was printed in close lines with some verses written by Master Hill to keep the event of that fearsome Sunday ever before the eyes of the people.

"Methinks," Master Lyde said, "the blackened pillar will do this—but as poor Roger Hill was one of those struck dead, it is, I doubt not, a solace to his brother to see these lines put up on the wall."

Master Hill followed me from the church and begged me to accept a copy of the verses—for, said he,

"I have spent leisure hours in making copies to present to such as were in the church; and I know you were one, Mistress Winifrede."

"Nay, not Mistress Winifrede any longer," Master Lyde said; "good Master Hill, this lady is now Dame Carew, the wife of Sir Harry Carew, of Widford!" Master Hill craved pardon for his mistake; and I, taking the slab on which the lines were written, begged to

contribute a gold piece for the cost of the tablet and the putting it up on the church wall.

"That was prettily done, Dame Carew," Mr. Lyde said, as Master Hill, with many bows and respects, departed.

June.

I have had a dear loving letter from Hal sent by special messenger. He talks of my joining him in London and says he shall be proud to present me to the King and Queen Marie; but oh! that is a very distant day; I could not ride on horseback, no, nor in a coach now. Hal left me in March, and this is June—alack! how slow the time passes without him. Mistress Hall is no scribe, and I hear but little from Exeter—there my thoughts live when they are not with my husband.

I find less solace in my books than I did, and even writing, which was so great a pleasure, tires me.

I see but little of Joan. When I do see her she rates me for laziness, and told me the other day I ate the bread of idleness, and set me a task of tapestry work which I blotted with tears—and I pricked my finger sorely.

July 10.

Yesterday was a brighter day to me than many I have spent of late, for Mistress Ley returned from Plymouth, and her guests are Sir Gilbert Redvers and Dame Dulcibel Redvers.

He brought me news of the Court and of Hal—he will be here ere long.

"And is he well?" I asked, "and happy?"

Dame Dulcibel laughed.

"Hal Carew knows nought of unhappiness, my child; he is besides petted and made much of, and the Court is merry without, though there are heavy hearts within it. Your husband is not one of these. He is a courtier and a soldier, and he lives in the present. I never knew any man who had so little care for the future. Mistress Ley has known him since he was a boy; and sure she can bear witness to his light-heartedness and happiness in the moment. However, Hal will be with you ere long; he has business in Cornwall, where there is a great resistance to the King's demands for money. The Cornish men are tough fellows, Sir Gilbert says, and will hold out to the last against injustice."

Then Dame Dulcibel rallied me on my sorry looks, and said I must take care not to lose my beauty, for all men prized good looks, and husbands liked their wives to shine and testify to the world that they had shown good taste.

These words of Dame Redvers went like an arrow to my heart.

I have just been studying my face before poor James Eland's mirror, and forsooth, I am pale and heavy-eyed. Will Hal think so when he comes?

August 1.

The longed-for moment came and went; my husband returned, for a few short days on his way to Cornwall, and he will be here again as he rides back.

If my face is pale and peaked, as Dame Redvers says, Hal seems to love me no less.

He was so tender and good to me, and bade Mrs. Friendship to look after my special comfort in the coming time of trial.

The only thing—shall I write it here?—yes, for truth must be written or nothing written—the only grief is, I could not get Hal to talk with any seriousness.

I do so fear death and what is coming on me, that I longed to tell him everything, and get his comfort.

But he will not be serious—he turns off the matter with such words as "Die! no, why should you die? You will be all well by Christmas, and we will have a grand time in London, with masques and merry-making."

"Oh! but, Hal, I cannot think of that yet, not yet. So much must come first, and I am frightened, and think if I never see your face again! I have no one but *you,* Hal; but ——"

"Now then," Hal said, "what *but* is it? 'ifs and buts' are poor game. Put away all silly fancies, my winsome lady—and you shall come and shine like a star at Court, and make me proud to say, 'This is my lady-love, Dame Winifrede Carew.'"

He kissed me then, and on this last time I tried to speak gravely to him, he fetched a casket and took a silver key from a drawer in the little cabinet, which stands in my chamber. Fitting the key into the lock, he opened the casket, and showed me all the precious stones which were his mother's, some shining diamonds and rubies and a string of large pearls.

"All will be yours, sweetheart—Joan has her share, and these are yours."

But I could scarcely fetch a smile as he put the necklace round my neck.

"I have one I prize more," I said, "your first gift to me."

"Well, this shall not be the last. How the pearls match your neck," he said, "it is as white as a lily. Come, no tears. Why, Winifrede, I might sit down and mope because I may be run through the body by one of these Cornish knaves who are resisting the King's will. Not I! And there is a friend of yours who would gladly see me lying dead before him—I'll not give him or any one else the chance. The notion of that villain thinking he could get rid of me with his poor puny arm—fit to stroke and fold silks, but not to handle a sword. It was fine to see him rolling in the dust, where he had hoped to see me," and then Hal laughed. "Is he still in the shop in High Street?"

I could not laugh, and I answered, "No one knows what has become of him; I would fain know."

"Ah! a tender place still in your heart for him?"

"Oh! Hal," I said, "I can scarce bear to think that I caused his ruin; for he would have had a good place in my Uncle's trade but for me. I cannot choose but pity James Eland."

"Do not waste your pity, dear love, on such an object. I could thrash him now for daring to lift his eyes to you—a worm looking at an angel and desiring notice. Forsooth!"

Then Hal went on to talk of many things, and all to cheer me and make me hopeful.

I saw him ride off the next morning with his troop, looking so gallant and gay, rising on his fine bay charger to wave his plumed cap at me with a smile. The servants all gathered in the hall, and Joan was there and Mistress Ley. I did my best to smile to the last, but it was too hard a strain for me. All things grew dark and black, and I knew no more till I heard Mistress Ley's voice say,

"She is come round; leave her to me, poor child, poor child!"

Mistress Ley was and is my good friend, and urged me to return to my old employments and to go with her to carry broth and comforts to the poor, which she said I should find a solace.

It was through the kind zeal of this good friend that I began to take more interest in my books again —and I found in the library here many ancient works which would have gladdened the heart of dear Master Buckingham.

September 24.

I was called down to-day to see a gentleman who enquired for me.

"Does he bring news from my husband?" I asked, "is he one of his messengers?"

"Nay, madam, the gentleman is a clergyman—he wears a velvet hat, bands, and a cassock."

I went down half expecting to see the dear Bishop; but instead it was his son the Archdeacon, who brought me a message from his mother Mistress Hall, who would fain know how I did, and whether I had good tidings of my gallant husband.

I was overjoyed to see the Archdeacon, and to hear of dear Mistress Rodd's boy, whom I craved to see again.

"He is fat and well-looking," the Archdeacon said, "and lives almost wholly at the Palace, a wholesome inmate for little Mistress Ann, who can no longer take all the spoiling to herself."

The Archdeacon laughed and asked me if I did not agree with him, that her deposition from the pinnacle of youngest child would do Mistress Ann no harm.

The Archdeacon said he had come on a mission from his father the Bishop, to enquire into the doings and sayings of that schismatic, one Master Benjamin Coxe of Sandford.

"He has lately been venting doctrine in his church, or rather chapel—which is dead against Episcopal government. I have come in the Bishop's name to demand a copy of the sermon, and shall, I warrant, not return without it. The country is full of these arrogant schismatics, and we must be rid of them by some means, or we shall have the Church fall about our ears, and we who hold high office in it, will be vagrants begging our bread. My mother bid me say," the Archdeacon went on, "that she is ill pleased that you should be in the house of Papists, albeit they are your husband's flesh and blood."

He started and looked round at the arras which hung over the door.

"Has the arras ears?" he said, "I thought I heard a rustle."

I knew Joan was not too proud to be an eaves-

dropper, and I looked with anxiety at the arras—but it did not stir.

"Well, do not let these Papists catch you, little mistress," the Archdeacon went, "nor tempt you to hear their idolatrous mass. Keep steadfast in the truth of our Church purged not a hundred years ago of the errors which had grown like fungi on a noble tree. On the one hand are dangers from these Papists and from the Puritans on the other; the Papists lying quiet, like foxes in a hole, watching their time to spring. Don't let them catch you in their toils."

"Indeed, sir," I answered, "I am not worth their trouble, it seems; and moreover my husband is firm in the faith of our Church, and it was by the Bishop's will that he brought me hither."

"Yes, yes—but have a care. You are but a child, though married."

"Nay, sir," I said, "I am not a child in years, I am near twenty-one."

"Well, appearances are against you," the Archdeacon said with a laugh. "Now I must pursue my journey, and visit, amongst other places, Widdicombe, where I hear there has been a noble work of repair carried on since the storm, and Master Lyde's wife has been spared to that worthy good man."

I wondered whether Mrs. Friendship would take on herself to send in a grace cup, and other refreshment to the Archdeacon. I knew as a token of respect it ought to be offered to a guest, and yet I dared not take on myself to order it.

To my relief the servants came in with the large gilt cup duly filled with wine; and almost at the same

moment, the arras at the further end of the chamber parted, and Joan appeared.

"Papists, sir," she said with a profound curtsey, "do not forget the curtsies due to a stranger, nor do they desire to entrap the young, or force them to the idolatrous mass, as you are pleased to call it. Drink, sir, and if not to the health of the aged owner of Widford and his only daughter, I pray you drink to the health of this poor child's wrong-headed husband, who is more to blame than his wife, whose only fault was no doubt caused by the notion of being raised from a humble position to that of a Dame Winifrede Carew."

Then with another sweeping curtsey Joan was withdrawing, when the Archdeacon said,

"I know, madam, that differences of creed should not make us forget what is due to the courtly manners of Christian folk. I beg to thank you for your hospitality, and in the name of my venerable father and mother, I commend this young lady, your brother's wife, to your kind care, till such time as she can join her gallant husband, who is now, as I hear, zealous for the honour of the King, in the neighbouring county of Cornwall."

I think Joan looked somewhat shamefaced at the way in which her remark had been taken, and certainly she went behind the arras again looking somewhat less important than when she came out from it. It was plain that she had been eavesdropping, and I was glad I had not had time to say aught against her, which would have but fanned the flame of that dislike she bears me.

November 30.

I open my book for the first time since the day when I recorded the visit of the Archdeacon, now seven weeks ago—weeks of weariness and lassitude which preceded and followed my child's birth. It was on All Hallows Eve, the household collected round the fire kindled on the hearth in the hall, and throwing nuts into it to watch for good or ill omen, that Mrs. Friendship went amongst them to tell of the birth of the young master's daughter, and as I hear, that I, her mother, lay at the gates of death.

Messengers were despatched for Hal "haste post haste," and for a physician from Exeter. Mistress Ley and good Mistress Friendship watched all that night and for many that succeeded it.

Little by little I have heard from Mrs. Friendship what happened.

Hal came, and I did not know him, or make him any sign. Joan came, and sobbing cried to me to forgive her for her crabbed behaviour.

Good Mr. Lyde was sent for, to baptize the babe, but I heeded not. And of all that scene I have but a strange confused memory.

It would seem that my spirit had floated between two worlds—the Angel of Death whose form I dreaded drew near, and I knew it not.

The Angel of Life bore me back once more to consciousness, and I felt no gladness and no joy in my first-born child.

Slowly, very slowly, the mother love has awoke in my heart—but once awakened, it is strong, and oh! how sweet.

My babe was in Hal's arms when I first seemed to be ware of her presence.

Mistress Friendship said that one day before, in the hope of rousing me, he had carried her to my side, and I had wrung their hearts by asking what babe it was.

Then, said Mrs. Friendship, Sir Hal turned away with a great sob, and giving her the child, said—"I have lost her—my winsome lady—take the child away—I cannot look at it—it has cost too dear!" My fever ran so high that they cut off my hair, and now James Eland's mirror does show a poor little changed face—no more like the face I saw in the moorland pool where the yellow flags were looking at their image, than a snowdrop is like a full-blown rose.

Hal was soon in all his wonted spirits again.

That day I said, "Is it our babe, Hal?" he was like to cry for joy, and I was folded to his heart while he called me all the old names of our early love, and said I should be soon well, and should go to London with him, as he said, to keep Christmas-tide.

Mrs. Friendship shook her head and bid him mind "I was not well yet."

No, nor am I well now—I care for little beyond sitting with my babe on my knees by the fire—and as I listen to the winter wind howling across the moor and moaning in the trees, I have only a longing to be quiet and never go abroad.

They were somewhat puzzled what name to give my babe.

Hal would fain have her to be called after his mother with my name added.

The double name is in fashion since the Queen

came, and she is often called by both,—Henrietta Maria.

"Let her be Winifrede Maria," Hal at last decided. "We will give her the names of the two best women who ever lived—her mother and her grandmother."

I am well satisfied, but to prevent confusion I shall call my babe "Maria." Spoken softly, with our hard English *i* pronounced as *e*, there is sweet music in the name.

My little Maria, God keep her safe from the shoals and quicksands which are spread for women in these days!

She is a fair and somewhat tender child, though like her father, a likeness which shows even in these her infant days.

But it is always so, Mrs. Friendship says—I have never seen an infant before, to take any heed of one. Mistress Rodd's boy, at the time when I had him so often in my arms, was a big stout child of nine months, and my little one is of another mould, and but seldom lifts her voice to cry heartily. It is more like the gentle bleat of the young lambkin in the meadows in the spring.

It is well she is not a boy. The birth of a son and heir to Widford would have caused dissension as to the creed in which he was to be nurtured, and Joan and her father would have considered they had a right in him. She, my babe Maria, is mine—mine only—and they take but small heed of her.

THE PALACE, EXETER, *March* 25, 1640.

I came hither with my babe and Mrs. Friendship's daughter Alice, who is to be henceforth my attendant and nurse to my child.

Hal brought us hither on a soft February day, and though I was unwilling to brave the journey, I am the stronger for it.

I think to be again with dear Mistress Hall and to see little Bamfilde, and talk of dear Mrs. Rodd with her mother, has been a solace to her and to me.

I could not regret leaving Widford though things have rather bettered there since my illness.

I have carried little Maria to her old grandfather more than once, and he has taken kindly to her in her innocence and helplessness.

A babe has a strange power of softening hard hearts, and when I bade my father-in-law farewell, he raised his hands and blessed me and the child.

As to Joan, she has been very busy over the health of the babe, talking as wisely as if she had had children of her own. But Mrs. Friendship says that is common with single women. They always like to set married ones to rights about their husbands and their children and the management of their estate and health!

If my babe had swallowed half the potions Joan was continually bringing to ease her of wind in the stomach, or to make her sleep, and to cool her head in teething, the child would not have been alive now!

But I contrived to put away the draughts and powders, and kept her feeding boat filled only with pure milk from the cow.

Mistress Ley was in my confidence and so was Alice Friendship, and many a secret laugh we have had together when Joan has said exulting,

"The child's eyes are brighter, she is much easier, and you need not fear convulsions now, and all from that powder which was ground fine by my own hand out of a snail-shell with a little aniseed and jalap, mixed according to a recipe of my grandmother's."

The nauseous compound had never passed my babe's lips, so her brightened eyes and quiet slumber were not brought about by this means.

Yet I am glad to have left Widford in amity with those there, instead of animosity.

Joan treated me like a fool, it is true, but after my illness she did not carp and pick quarrels with me. When I said this to Mistress Ley she smiled saying, "They must be clever to make a quarrel when only one is in it," and adding, "It would be hard indeed to quarrel with you, little Winifrede."

This makes me think how much spirit has died out of me since the days in the High Street, for sure Dorothy Ellis and I had many a passage of cross words.

It is very sweet to be here, and Mistress Hall delights to see little Bamfilde stroking my babe with his great strong fingers and kissing her, saying, "Pretty, pretty."

She talks to me much of the dear one who is gone, and says I can enter more into her feelings than others.

"Little Ann," she says, "is young, and was not much in the company of her dear sister; and even the Dean's wife cannot feel about her as you can, dear Winifrede."

Hal left me here and is preparing an abode in London. He begged Mistress Peterson to get her mantua-maker to fit me out becomingly with gowns and hoods and lace aprons and caps meet for my presentation at the Court. Then he had all the jewels in the casket burnished and set up by a goldsmith in the High Street; and he seems so glad to think of taking me into the big world of grand folk that I must try not to dread it.

Hal has also begged me to learn the steps of the Sarabande, the Minuet and the Gavotte, and I have gone through some lessons with little Mistress Ann, who is taught by a dancing master with other young gentlewomen.

It is late in the day for a wife and mother to go through all this, but if Hal wills it, I submit.

I have paid one visit to the old shop in the High Street, but my welcome was so scant, once was enough.

Dorothy Ellis has married my poor old Uncle, and bade me remember that she was mistress now, and that it was no use my hanging about the place, for what little my poor old Uncle had to leave was hers!

Such meanness and rude behaviour is hard to forgive, but I who am Hal's wife need not be troubled on that score.

As I was leaving the shop I heard footsteps behind me, and turning, I saw Will Thornton.

"Have you any news of poor James Eland?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "do you want to hear it, Dame Winifrede, or are you too high and mighty now, to care what became of a mercer's apprentice?"

"I wish James Eland nought but good fortune," I said.

"Well, he is gone into the East Country; news was brought by a travelling pedlar whom he bid call here, and see me. He is making a fortune, or on the way to make it, with a crape and silk factor at Norwich. He is a strict Puritan now, the pedlar says, eschews the vain world, and never looks at a fair lady. No doubt he would cast up his eyes, and denounce those fine clothes you wear now, and call them the livery of the Evil One."

Will Thornton was ever given to be too free with his tongue, while poor James Eland treated me with respect through all, except when his ardent passion got the mastery of him.

I made Will Thornton a stately bow, and thanking him for his news turned away as quick as might be, down the lane leading to the Cathedral Yard.

April.

The events of my life, how great they seem to me, and how small and scarce worthy of record when compared with the many grave and big matters with which every man's—aye, and every woman's heart too—should be moved.

Mistress Hall confides to me her anxious cares for the Bishop, her dear lord. She says he is an old man now to be pushed into controversy, and there is much fear that his last book, *Episcopacy of Divine Right,* will bring him fewer friends than foes.

There is a great onslaught made by the Puritan factions at the Bishops; and the Archbishop, His Grace

of Canterbury, is the mark for the shafts of their bitterest hatred.

April 30.

My husband came from London yesterday, and Mistress Hall questioned him closely on what was said in high quarters as to the Bishop's book.

The great news is, it seems, that Parliament, which met scarce three weeks ago, is like to be dissolved.

The King is dissatisfied with the attitude of many of the members, and after eleven years governing without the help of the Parliament, he finds the yoke heavier than he can bear. The next vexed question will be whether Convocation should, or should not sit, when Parliament is dissolved.

The real truth is, Hal says, that the Archbishop and the King have done what seemeth good to them.

"For my part," said Hal, "I say, let them have it their own way. I hear the Lord Chancellor says it is lawful for Convocation to sit irrespective of Parliament, and grant subsidies if needed."

"It is an ill-advised step," Mistress Hall said. "I look on this as another shaft levelled at the Church and the King."

"Tut, tut, good mother," the Dean said. "We must take strong measures to meet these giants of misrule and anarchy:—nay, I am well content that His Grace the Archbishop should hold his ground for the safety of our Church, which means the safety of the King and the realm."

Mistress Hall was ever full of good sense and calm

judgement, though not a learned woman, or of any parts which might bring her into much notice. But I always perceived that the Bishop, though he might seem to differ from her, relied on her far more than might at first sight appear.

We were all at supper in the great hall at the Palace when Hal was thus relating what he had seen in London of late, and much talk followed which I need not try to note here.

But I remember how gently dear Mistress Hall answered her somewhat arrogant son-in-law, and how wisely.

"Methinks," she said, "it is well to measure the strength of an enemy ere the attack is made. It may be that the Puritans know their strength, which makes them think themselves sure of victory in the coming struggle."

"Well! well!" said the Dean, "we will settle that part when the struggle is imminent. Many of their boasts are but empty, and they are craven at heart. Witness Master Benjamin Coxe, who, when brought before His Grace, ate humble pie at once, vowed he was a true son of the Church, and loved his life too well to lose it by ejectment and starvation."

May 15.

This month seems ever to be an eventful month to me.

I depart at dawn to-morrow with my babe Maria, Alice Friendship, and a strong body of Hal's much-trusted men, on the road to London.

We shall be some days on the journey, resting at

Taunton on the morrow, and then on to Bristol if my strength holds out. Hal is so full of life and gladness that I try to hide from him how sad I feel at departure from Exeter.

Mistress Hall has just been into this chamber where I am writing. She chid me for sitting up so late, and glancing at my book, she said, I was a great scholar, for I wrote a hand like any clerk.

"Whereas, I," she said, "can but pen a few lines with care and pain to my dear lord when he is far from me, which is oftener than I would desire."

Then Mistress Hall went on to say:—

"Make the most of the early days of wedded life, dear child. Many a time and oft I look back to the peace and bliss of our Hawstead home. I could laugh now to think how I cried when my dear spouse asked in vain of his patron for the added ten pounds, which would have made it easier for us to fill the little mouths which were looking to us for support like so many hungry birds. 'Bread shall be given us and water shall be sure, sweetheart,' my husband said, and bid me trust and not be afraid. And how surely was his faith rewarded. His departure to the Court, his sermon before Prince Henry, his fame as an author, his learning as a scholar, his pure life as a divine, his skill in theology, all brought him into the notice of those in power, and he could afford to be above asking for ten pounds from Sir Robert Drewry. Ah, well-a-day! Dear child," Mistress Hall said, "it is sweet, though sad, in old age to look back: may you have ever cause to say, as I can say, that amidst all the changes and chances of this mortal life, a husband's love has never failed."

Then Mistress Hall, ere she embraced and left me and kissed little Maria asleep in her cot, bid me remember that for my own sake, and for the sake of the dear Mary who was gone, wherever she abode, here at Exeter or elsewhere, I should find a welcome, and if I needed it, a home.

The solemn tones of the great bell of the Cathedral have just sounded twelve strokes. I opened the casement and looked forth into the night.

The great towers and buttresses of the Cathedral are standing out against the deep blue sky of the summer's midnight. Stars are shining like a hundred eyes of love looking down on the city wrapt in slumber.

There is a faint whisper in the trees, and the foot-fall of the watchman which breaks the profound silence.

The foot-step draws nearer, and pausing at the old gateway of the Palace the watchman calls his wonted cry,

"It is past twelve o'clock, and a fine starlight morning."

Yes, another day has dawned, and my last day in the city which is well known as "The Faithful City."

The words of a Psalm rise to my lips:

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

"It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early and eat the bread of carefulness; for so He giveth His beloved sleep. Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage, and gift which cometh from the Lord."

So closing the casement gently that I may not

awake my babe, I look at her in her soft, infant slumber, and my last words written at Exeter shall be:

"For the husband and the child God has granted me, I give thanks to his Holy Name."

I have no continuing city here, but I seek one to come.

BOOK II.

VI.

"Stone walls do not a prison make."

IN THE STRAND, LONDON, 1641.

THE time is past when I could write in this book all the little events of every day.

Since I came hither I have been too much bewildered with the strangeness of my new life to find quiet moments for my own pleasure as in the upper chamber in the High Street in Exeter and at the Cross Farm.

In such days as these in which I live, it may be well that I should record some of the grave events which are passing around me. Events of greater import than my first going to Court, my dress, or the masked ball—my constant sight of the great folks with whom Hal is so well acquainted, and who take heed of me for his sake.

I know full well I have not the manners and fashions

of a lady about Court, and Hal has as much as told me so.

I complained to him of a free speech made to me by a gentleman in Her Majesty the Queen's household, and he only laughed and said I must not take compliments too seriously. "I pay a dozen such every day, and profess the deepest admiration for fair ladies," he said. Then Hal rallied me on my grave look and said I should end in being a Puritan, he verily believed.

The babe prospers well. Alice Friendship is a careful nurse, and my happiest hours are spent with my child, who is wondrous quiet for her age. Her father says she is to be a scholar like her mother.

Hal is always jesting, he is so merry and lighthearted, and grows handsomer as time goes on.

I have had a welcome visit from Master Edward Hall, the good Bishop's youngest son, who brought me tidings at his mother's bidding of the family.

The Bishop himself is come to London, to remonstrate against this order made in the House of Commons that Commissioners should be sent into the different counties to despoil the churches, smash the pictured glass which is so beautiful and dear to many eyes, and with hammers and pickaxes break in pieces the images of holy men and women, and above all of the Blessed Lord Himself upon the Cross.

Master Edward told me that the Bishop was now engaged in a war of words with fanatics called Smectymnuans, who are flinging abuse at the *Humble Remonstrance for Liturgy and Episcopacy,* which has found favour with the King.

It would seem the Bishop has a powerful antagonist

in one Master John Milton, whose weapons of controversy are so sharp and keen, that the Bishop has need to sharpen his also.

It is wonderful to think how on these matters all seem ready to bite and devour one another, and they call it in the cause of religion!—it bewilders me to think of it.

March.

The windows of the chambers we live in look out on the river, towards which turf slopes, and paths strewn with gravel are cut. The scene is a lively one, for many barges and craft of all sizes pass to and fro, and many such belonging to the nobles and gentlemen of the King's household are moored along the banks.

Alice Friendship carries my little Maria out, in the spring sunshine, to watch the gay folk, and the pretty graceful swans, which come up to be fed with bits of cake and bread.

The hum and noise of the City reach our ears from the further side of the house, but yesterday there was a great angry roar and Hal came in about noon to say the Commissioners of the Commons had torn down St. Paul's Cross with their violent reckless hands, and that they were like angry beasts of prey let loose.

There is nothing but lawlessness everywhere, and it grows and increases every day. Strafford's head will fall, and then the fury of the people will not be assuaged but will be the more dangerous.

May.

Hal ordered me to prepare a fitting dress to be present at the marriage of the little Princess Mary to

the son of the Prince of Orange. Hal always busies himself about my gowns and chooses the colours he thinks suit me best. I was to be escorted by his troop to Whitehall Chapel, and I was to ride thither early to be in my place in good time.

I was just ready to start and was kissing my babe, who held out her little hands to clutch at the band of pearls and sapphires which held my veil in its place. But Hal put her back somewhat roughly. "I warrant," he said, "you would let that little miss tear the jewels from your head rather than make her cry. Aye," he said, "you may roar, you shall not act the Puritan to your mother's finery."

He took Maria in his arms the next minute and kissing her said,

"You shall go to Court one day in the finest gauds your mother can get for you, my pretty daughter!"

One of the men came in now to say my Lady Redvers was below, and that she would fain bear me company to the chapel at Whitehall.

I had not seen Dame Redvers for many months; she now came up the stairs and making a profound courtesy said,

"Well done, my winsome lady—why, Sir Hal, you have need to be proud of such a wife to take to Court."

"And of such a fair lady as yourself," was the ready reply. "Forsooth, I feel as if I were a thorn betwixt two roses, one red the other white. But where is Sir Gilbert?"

"Oh! pleasing himself with some of the French ladies of the Queen's following; you need no lesson in this, Sir Hal—you are as gay a gallant as ever rode to Court."

"Nay, now, my winsome lady—why look so grave?" Dame Redvers said, tapping me on the cheek with her fan. "Are not all men alike, aye, and all women too? Here and there one after your pattern, but more after mine. Alack! Alack!"

Dame Redvers might well be compared to a red rose, her colour so rich and glowing, and her eyes as bright as the diamonds which clasped her throat. She wore a train of ruby-coloured velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and a petticoat and stomacher of primrose satin, the last covered with pearls and the long point finished with a brooch of emeralds. Her hair was dressed after the French fashion which the Queen has brought to England, falling in curls on her neck and confined with a band of rich lace and jewels, from which the veil hung over her shoulders and below her waist.

Dame Redvers, who is a head and shoulders taller than I am, looked down on me with a strangely tender glance. Her words might be gay and careless, but her face belied them. It was sad and scarcely less wistful and full of longing than when she leaned from the casement at dear Mrs. Rodd's house in the Exeter Close long ago.

"You look like a lily in that white and gold brocade, child," she said, "and pearls for ornaments. One might say you wanted more colour, but I see you have sapphires with the pearls, that match your eyes. What a little hand it is!" she said, taking one of mine in hers and kissing it. "Yes, Sir Hal, your wife is as pure as one of the pearls she wears; prize her while you have her. Do you hear?"

"I give no sign to the contrary, do I, sweetheart?"

Hal said, "but cease, we must away, for I have to fall in with the troops to guard the line of route to Whitehall when I have seen you to your places."

As we passed along it was yet early, but not too early for the crowds collected at every turn.

We heard the cry of "Strafford to the block—to the block with all traitors!" Then angry howls as the name was passed from mouth to mouth: "Strafford, Strafford to the block! and with him Laud!" shouted another voice. I was thankful when we reached the chapel at Whitehall, and the comparative stillness there was a relief for a short space.

But soon the seats were filled with the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and there was much chattering and laughing which was to my mind unseemly.

Two gentlemen made their way to our seats, and it was easy to see they were devoted admirers of Dame Redvers. Presently on the other side I saw Sir Gilbert escorting a grand lady bedizened and attired in gorgeous array, and Hal had another in charge—with whose company he seemed well pleased. Is it indeed the fashion of all gentlemen, as Dame Redvers said? I would rather have had my husband at my side, and soon after I scolded myself for my folly, for Hal came over the chapel and bending over me, said,

"They are all asking who the little lady in white and gold can be, and my Lady Carlisle said, when I told her it was no less a personage than my wife, 'You have won a prize surely, Sir Hal.' Now will not this please you, Winifrede?"

"I am pleased already," I said. "I am content if you prize me, I want nothing beside."

And now the blare of trumpets was heard, and there was a rustle of expectation as the great people approached. Savage yells and shouts from outside made Hal say,

"It must be the Queen's mother, Marie de Medicis —the rebels hate her and think her the root of all evil."

And he was right, for soon this lady slipped up the chapel to the raised seats by the altar, and there was a half frightened, half defiant look in her dark eyes, as she crossed herself again and again and made genuflexions to the altar.

This very display was enough to enrage many who were present against her.

The King came soon after, leading his little daughter by the hand, with the grace that none can rival. Poor little Princess! she is but ten years old, and she looked so innocent and tender in her fair bridal garments that my heart went out in pity to her.

Next was the Queen leading the little Prince of Orange, who is scarce eleven years old. Like her mother the Queen looked ill at ease, and the smile with which she returned the respectful greetings of those on either side as she passed up, was forced and unnatural. The royal children, the two young Princes Charles and James, came next.

The Prince of Wales is very dark and swarthy with coal-black eyes, but he did his part as he followed his mother by smiling and bowing and that with marvellous grace to all the spectators, and looking up at our place he made a profound bow, and Hal whispered,

"The Prince has early learned to discern true beauty; I give him due honour for it."

The service was performed by several prelates (the Archbishop is, alas! in prison), and soon the two children were pronounced man and wife. Alack, poor little ones! they cannot know their own hearts, and what sorrow may be in store for our little Princess Mary.

Was this in the Queen's thoughts as she folded the child to her breast, regardless of the many eyes that were on her? Did her mother's heart whisper that the little Princess Anne who died last winter was safer than her sister, in the heavenly Kingdom? Tears were on her cheeks, and there was an indescribable sadness in the King's face as he too kissed the little bride.

As I looked on His Majesty I felt that it was no wonder there were many, aye, thousands, ready to die for him.

But sure he will spare his sometime friend Lord Strafford, nor yield to the clamour raised for his head. Thoughts of him in his prison were present at that marriage and lying like a weight on the King's heart, I well believe.

May 3.

Hal came in with news this evening, disastrous and alarming.

"The wretches," he said, "have broken into Westminster Abbey and pillaged it, leaving scarce a part that is not defaced and despoiled. And all the time yelling like ravening wolves for Strafford's blood. We have closed the Abbey, but the rebels are filling Dean's Yard and the streets, fighting and shouting, like the mad fools that they are."

May 12.

"It is all over. Lord Strafford is dead." I scarce ever saw Hal so much affected, when he said these words. "Aye! child," he exclaimed, "we have fallen on evil times. I must get you and the babe out of this town, for who can tell what may come next?"

"Not to leave you!" I cried.

"It will have to be separation, Winifrede, for this state of things cannot go on. The King must needs gather together his loyal subjects and trample these rebels in the dust. He must raise the standard soon or late, and would to God it were soon. But he is not strong, he is swayed by every breath that blows."

One blessed chance is that the Queen's mother took fright and has gone off to Holland. She was like fuel to a smouldering fire wherever she appeared.

"I saw Strafford die," Hal said. "There was a vast concourse before the scaffold. It must be a grand possession, Winifrede, to have faith like his, who could declare, 'I thank God I am no more afraid of death, but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.'"

"Aye, it must indeed be a strong tower of refuge to feel the Lord near in the darkness of death," I said. "I have often dreaded death; not so much now as formerly—but I could not say what my Lord Strafford said from my heart."

"Well, well," Hal said, throwing off as is his wont heaviness and care, . . . "we are both young, and we need not be disquieted yet, and if I get a sword-thrust in fair fight I hope all will be well with me."

We stood at the open casement together as Hal

spoke thus, and from the river came shouts from the barges which were taking back to Richmond and Hampton many who had come to see Lord Strafford die.

Some were waving their hats to others on the banks, and shouting,

"His head is off! His head is off!" with savage and triumphant joy.

August.

The King is in Scotland, trying to make peace there. False peace, for it is bought with gold; what ill advice he must have followed!

September 10.

Hal brought good news, and sure it is time we had somewhat pleasant to think on, that His Majesty has been so well satisfied with our dear Bishop that he has in gratitude for his defence of Episcopacy made him Bishop of Norwich. This will bring him and the whole family perchance to London, and I shall see them. Dear friends! to whom my heart clings.

October.

I seldom venture out of doors now, but read and write and sew in my chambers, which are spacious and pleasant, with no companion but my little Maria, who grows in beauty and loveliness every day. Alice Friendship brings in tidings sometimes of the world so near and yet so far off, and I have a chance visitor now and again.

The Queen is at the Palace of Oatlands with the Royal children, and but a small number of the Court is at Whitehall. I find the quiet and retirement any-

thing but irksome. I have tasted the once desired sweets of company with fine folks, and I have worn fine gowns and been to maskes, and dancing and I have had my fill. The only thing I desire is to have more of Hal's society, but he cannot be here often, he has so much upon his shoulders, drilling the train-band under his command and taking journeys in the counties to stir up loyal feeling and to incite the gentry to have their yeomen ready for the struggle—which is now deemed inevitable. Hal finds the disaffection very wide spread, and the Puritan faction much increased and daily increasing, supported as they are by Parliament.

December 29.

I scarcely think I ever had greater honour done to me than yesterday. I was seated alone, as is often the case, studying a book in French which had been given me by one of the Queen's ladies, when Alice Friendship came from her ante-chamber and said,

"My Lord Bishop is ascending the stairs, madam. My Lord Bishop of Exeter."

"Nay," said a voice, so familiar and so dear, "nay, forsooth, it is the Bishop of Norwich now." And then with all his wonted kindliness as I knelt for his blessing, the Bishop raised me and kissed me on the forehead.

"I am an old man, Dame Carew, and must needs rest ere I talk, for my breath is tried by yonder steep stairs. I have two serving men guarding me in the street below, and in sooth we poor Bishops need a guard; we none of us know whether our heads or our mitres are in most danger."

My servants, for I have two besides Alice now, came in with refreshments, wine and cake, and the dear Bishop seemed well pleased to quaff a draught from the cup and taste some of the cake. "And how fares it with your husband?" the Bishop asked, glancing round, "and the babe, how fares it with her?"

"My husband, my Lord, is absent on the King's service, beating the county of Essex for troops, or rather with many other gentlemen testing the loyalty of the county gentlefolk."

"Aye, and how does he find it?"

"He finds much to cause alarm, my Lord," I replied.

"I'll warrant he does," the Bishop murmured. "Well, Dame Carew—Winifrede I choose rather to call you as one did who is gone from us, my never-forgotten and dear daughter, Mary Rodd."

"And I never forget, my Lord," I said, "her sweet life and her holy death; it came all before me on Christmas Day, with the sound of the Christmas bells, and the memory of her words as she said she heard the angels' song."

"Dear child! dear Moll! but dear as she was to our hearts, her mother and I can rejoice that she is safe out of this turmoil and disturbance, and shaking of Church and Throne—I could almost say—a shaking to their fall, only the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

"How is the boy, little Bamfilde?" I asked of the Bishop.

And he said he was a goodly child, fat and well-liking, and his grandmother was spoiling him as she had never spoiled her own boys. "'The weakness of old age' quoth she. The other day Bess Peterson

said she was making a whip for her own back! a whip poor Bess will not have the chance of making for hers —for she is childless, and the Dean would fain have boys, aye, and girls too to send to the right-about," and the Bishop laughed.

Then he went on to tell me in his own rare style, of what had happened yesternight in the House of Commons. The substance of it was that the Grand Remonstrance insists chiefly on the King's misdemeanours as the results of his having encouraged so-called Papist intriguers, and re-producing Popish superstition. Nought could more inflame the King than these aspersions. And the fury of the framers of the Remonstrance is all aimed at the Bishops.

"To think of the misguided folly of the people! We Bishops are faultful, not faultless men, but sure we are more to be trusted than the fourscore blind guides which, in London, are leaders of the blind; instructors who are cobblers, tailors, and such like trash, who teach their congregations to defy the government by their mother the Church of England and to match Papists and prelates together like oxen in a yoke."

Then the Bishop told me of the scenes enacted in the Houses of Parliament, which are scarce to be believed if not witnessed; "for," said he, "the rabble, under the pretence of presenting petitions clamouring for vengeance against the Archbishop still lying in prison, pour forth foul abuse on the Bishops as they pass, crying out,

"'No Bishops, no Bishops!'

"And only last night it seems that these rebels said they would pull us limb from limb. It was grow-

ing dark and the torches lit, when my Lord the Marquis of Hertford came up to our bench, and saith he, 'These people vow they will watch your going out and will search every coach for you with torches, so you cannot escape." Despite messages sent down to the House of Commons with orders for preventing such riotous behaviour, nought was effected, and when the House rose we prayed the Lords with some earnestness that they would look to our safety.

"This entreaty from so many of us, like me, aged men, moved the Earl of Manchester to undertake the protection of the Archbishop of York and his company, and under their shelter I got me safe to their lodgings. As far as I know, the rest by secret passages and far-fetched ways reached home. But forsooth, we have resolved to venture no more to the House till better assured of our safety. I have been in consultation with His Grace of York, and he has given us lodgings, and we agree we shall not go over to the House again. We are now framing a petition and protestation to be presented to His Majesty and signed by the body of Bishops, as many as are at hand. It is hoped the Speaker will, after that His Majesty has had it, present it to the Lords in their sitting on the morrow."

After this the Bishop spoke to me of many private matters, of the costliness of his removal to Norwich, and that Mistress Hall with her baggage and servants was on the way thither, he hoped, and that albeit he was satisfied to change Exeter for Norwich, as a token of the King's favour, yet his heart misgave him that in the East the tide against Episcopacy might rise higher than in the West of the Kingdom.

The Bishop asked to see my babe ere he departed. I fetched her from the cradle, and though in sweet slumber she opened her eyes dim with sleep and looked up at the face bending over her, then she gave a little pitiful cry, "like Moses of old in the rushes," the Bishop said; "she cares not to see a stranger looking at her."

Then he blessed her solemnly, taking her in his arms and rocking her gently to and fro. Maria was, it seemed, satisfied; the cry turned into a little rippling laugh as she stretched out her hand and stroked the Bishop's face.

"There!" he said, giving her back to my arms, "did you doubt if I could quiet a weeping babe, Mistress Winifrede? Many a time at Hawstead I have paced the room with Bob and Joe, two lusty fellows they were, who refused to lie quiet and let their mother sleep. Grey-haired men now!" and the Bishop sighed, bidding me farewell with another benediction. When he was gone, Alice Friendship came to replace Maria in her cot saying, "even for the Bishop's blessing it was too hard to awake a sleeping child, troubled too with her double teeth and restless enough, as she knew to her cost at nights." Nurses are apt to be peevish if they are meddled with regarding the children, and I could forgive Alice her somewhat saucy and pert words.

But I sat long in the dim chamber lit by one lamp, and fell to thinking of the Bishop as a father and a husband.

I could not even imagine Hal pacing the room with Maria when she cried, but then we cannot all be cut to the same pattern. Hal is a soldier and a courtier,

and has weighty things demanding attention other than a wailing child!

Yet, I am lonely at times! I listen for the sound of his step on the stairs, and the weeks go on, and he does not come.

I went to the casement a few minutes ago, and looking out saw torches flaming by the river and barges still passing full of people, if I can judge by the sound of voices.

Once—there rose a strain in a solemn dirge-like tone, and I knew it was a company of Puritans on their way to or from some meeting house. It drew near, and louder—then further and fainter till silence reigned —soon rudely broken by other and more discordant voices, shouting, "Away with the Bishops! To the Tower with the Bishops!"

Few who join that cry know aught of its meaning or its significance. One passes it on to another, and a great flame is kindled by a little spark.

1642, *February*.

The events of the month of January have been so strange and full of omens for the year of which it is the fore-runner that I must strive to gather my thoughts and write down here what has happened.

It was at nine o'clock on the night of the 30th day of December that I, going to the casement, saw the sky red with an angry light, and heard a great ringing of bells and distant shouting.

The river ran with a lurid glow as it reflected the flame which lighted with a horrid glare the murky sky above.

"Something has happened more than usual," I said; "run, Alice, to the serving men's hall, and bid them go forth and inquire." Ere she had time to do my bidding, Michael Bond, the elder of the two servants, came hastily into my chamber crying out,

"The Bishops are sent to the Tower, madam, and the Bishop of Norwich is one. I have seen one of his servants, who says in the bitter frost of this night it is like his master will die of cold in a bare room in the Tower."

Alack! what news was this, and I helpless to do aught for my dear Bishop's comfort.

The night passed slowly, and the hubbub raised by the rabble had scarce died down when the grey wintry dawn broke.

About noon Hal to my great joy came home. I was overjoyed to see him, for despite the goodness and trustiness of his servants who have been loyal to me as their mistress from the first, I felt lonely and unprotected with only my babe and Alice Friendship to bear me company. Even Hal was full of gloomy fears and forebodings, though confident that if once the King raised the standard he would crush those who had dared to defy him.

Hal was out most of the days, returning late and as it seemed to me always with fresh cause for fear.

"True and loyal as I am to His Majesty," Hal said, "he is lacking in the commonest wisdom. After attempting to arrest the five members he should take to the sword at once; instead, with the Bishops in prison he is suffering the renewal of the bill for depriving them of their votes in the House of Lords. Mad folly!

and due to evil councillors; the King has forgot his father's oft-repeated exclamation, 'No Bishop, no King,' and he will prove it is true."

It was on a soft February day that Hal coming quickly in asked me if I would like to visit the Tower, for he had gained permission from the lieutenant and governor for Mistress Hall to do so, and I might accompany her. I had no notion that Mistress Hall was in London, and I was overjoyed at the thought of seeing her and weeping with her if needs be over this trouble. Hal manages all things with cleverness and speed; he bade me put on my long black cloak and hood furlined, and be ready when Michael Bond gave the word for me to descend the stairs to the hall below. I sate in eager expectation of the summons and could scarce restrain my impatience.

At last I found myself conducted by Michael Bond down the garden where many people were collected, talking of what was going on or what would come to pass, and at the landing place Hal was awaiting me.

I stepped into the barge, and there I found Mistress Hall.

"A strange meeting, dear child," she said; and now I was lost in wonder at her quiet calm manner. "We must assume cheerfulness, dear child, if we feel it not. My little Nan would have broken into weeping at sight of her dear father a prisoner. If my Mary had been on earth, I should have sought for her company, but failing that support I ask for yours in her place."

So touching a tribute was this to the love I bore Mistress Rodd that I could only press Mistress Hall's hand and promise to do as she bid me.

I heard from her that she had travelled for two days in a coach to London from Exeter with her daughter Ann, a large baggage waggon following on the way to Norwich. The Bishop had ordered her to put things in train for removal of the goods and chattels, and that he would see her in London, and join her in the forward journey while Master Edward Hall and the servants should proceed to Norwich beforehand.

"And now I find him in prison and set fast there by the machinations of wicked men—but I can trust in God!" Mistress Hall said, "thus I am not utterly cast down."

The Tower looked extra gloomy as we neared it, for the day was dark and doleful like our feelings.

I thought of those who had passed under those frowning portals, of whom Master Buckingham had told me, to go out no more; of the fair lady, the Queen of but a few days, whose learning and goodness he bade me emulate, of the many victims of a cruel King's tyranny, chief almost and foremost, Sir Thomas More, and near our own time, so near as to be in the recollection of Mistress Hall, Sir Walter Raleigh.

We were suffered to pass the first gateway, which is near the river, but there was great drawing of heavy bolts and clanking of warder's keys, and as the great iron doors closed behind us, I could not help shuddering.

But I had promised Mistress Hall to be calm, and indeed I should have been ashamed to falter when she, advanced in years and full of sorrows, walked bravely onwards with a firm step, and erect mien, through the

ranks of soldiers keeping guard, who suffered us to pass on the word being given by Hal.

It did not fail to strike me that the salutes made to my gallant husband were not over-respectful, and I fancied, nay, I am sure, I heard a mutter from one,

"One of the fine gallants, see his love-locks."

I thought we should never reach the place where we should find the Bishop, so many were the corridors we passed along and doors made fast with bolts and bars.

At last pacing up and down a straight courtyard fenced in with high walls we came upon the venerable and familiar figure we sought.

A door in the wall opened and shut behind us, and two of the guards who had escorted us stationed themselves against it as if escape were possible!

"Well, dear heart," the Bishop said cheerily, embracing his wife, "you have found me in a different sort of palace from that of Exeter or maybe of Norwich."

"But it is only for a time, dear husband," Mistress Hall said; "under no pretext can you be kept here; it is not possible such tyranny should go unavenged, and you will be set free to come and go."

"It does not seem like it yet, dear wife, but mind, I am here, with my brethren who are all confined in other parts of the Tower, for no fault save loyalty to the Church and the King."

The Bishop turning quickly said, "Ah! Mistress Winifrede, and Sir Hal. I am right glad to see you; come into my chamber and I will give you an account of yesterday's proceedings." Hal and I stood back, thinking we might intrude on the sacredness of this

meeting between husband and wife, but the Bishop repeated,

"Come in! come in, see! one chair for my wife, a stool for Dame Winifrede, a seat on the truckle bed for Sir Hal; and for me, I can balance myself on the edge of this rickety table, which fairly represents another seat I have!"

The room was bare of all comforts, and but a small log of wood smouldered on the narrow hearth.

The Bishop gave the log a kick with his foot, and when Mistress Hall exclaimed, "You will sure catch a rheum here, dear husband," he replied,

"I am better off than most of my brothers in adversity save my Lords of Durham and Lichfield, who by reason of age somewhat greater than mine are committed to the custody of Black Rod."

Then the Bishop began to recount what had happened on the day before. It would seem that the Bishops all prayed to be put on their trial for high treason, being well assured not even by false swearing it could be proved against them.

"Two hot-headed ruffians," the Bishop said, "one well named Wild, had made fearful accusations against us, but though we had counsel ready at the bar yester even for our defence, it was ruled it was too late for them to be heard, we should have another day! which day, so I believe, will never come. We were all penned like sheep waiting the slaughter, in a strait place before the bar, that, it seems, the whole House of Commons might glut their eyes on a parcel of old men on their tired feet all that afternoon, in torture, sweating and struggling as we were pressed from behind by a merci-

less multitude. When dismissed we were in a still greater danger. The night was pitch dark, and our barge struck the bridge with no small force. But God was with us, and here we are once more awaiting judgement."

"Oh, the villains!" Hal exclaimed, "these base villains who now swarm in the House of Commons! There will be no peace till they are crushed out as we crush vermin that torment us!"

"Gently, gently, good Sir Hal," the Bishop said; "there is ground of complaint, and there are valiant and true men, if so be fanatics amongst them. I am too old now to cherish or indulge in railing, to which, as God knoweth, I have had at times sore temptation; but to pray is better than to rail, and so let us before we part, dear wife, ask help of the same sure Refuge."

Few were the words the Bishop said, beginning with the Collect he always loved to use. It is that for the Sunday called Quinquagesima, and with true fervour did the words fall from those venerated lips as he prayed that the most excellent gift of charity might be poured into our hearts.

Then he lifted his voice in the Psalm for the twenty-sixth day, which day it was, and bade us say it with him as in the chapel at Exeter we had often said it at Daily Prayer.

Wonderful it is to note, how often the Psalm appointed for the day suits the time and place and our need. And sure on this day it was proved to be so.

Righteous art thou, O Lord, and true is thy judgement.
The testimonies that thou hast commanded are exceeding righteous and true.

My zeal hath even consumed me because mine enemies have forgotten thy Word.

Thy Word is tried to the uttermost, and thy servant loveth it.

I am small and of no reputation, yet do I not forget thy commandments.

Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth.

Trouble and heaviness have taken hold upon me, yet is my delight in thy commandments.

The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: O grant me understanding, and I shall live.

After the Psalm the Bishop pronounced the benediction, and sorrowfully we left him in that cold lonely prison. As we seated ourselves again in the barge, I saw a few quiet tears fall from Mistress Hall's eyes.

I put my hand in hers, and she said, "Trouble and heaviness have taken hold of me, dear Winifrede, but I do not forget His commandments."

Mistress Hall had gone to the Bishop's lodgings in Dean's Yard, and great was her joy when the news came that he was suffered out on bail by the intervention of the Earl of Essex. But her joy was of short duration. It seemed that the Bishop, always delighting in fresh air, had gone to breathe it in St. James' Park forthwith.

Passing through Westminster Hall on his return, many of his acquaintance welcomed him back to his liberty. Alack! evil eyes were upon him as well as friendly ones, and thus the report flew that the Bishops were let loose, and the Commons forthwith sent an angry expostulation to the Lords, demanding why they had dismissed so heinous offenders without their knowledge or consent. And scarce had the Bishop taken

rest in his lodgings when messengers came with the news that he was to return with his brethren the Bishops to the Tower. It was a sore trial, Mistress Hall told me, but she said, "My husband did not flinch; he kissed me tenderly, saying, 'Farewell, sweet wife; whence I came, thither I must go back again, with a heavy but I thank God not an impatient heart.'"

March.

The Bishops are at last free, but it has been decreed by the House of Commons that they being delinquents of a very high nature all their spiritual means should be taken away, and only an allowance made to each Bishop for his maintenance, and our Bishop's share was only four hundred pounds per annum. With this strait income, burdened with costs of removal, the Bishop has departed to Norwich, to take possession of the Palace there and to begin the duties which devolve on him.

April.

Public affairs grow worse and worse, and our private ones are not cheerful. Hal was summoned back post haste to Widford to his dying father, the day but one after the liberation of the Bishops. He returned last night, and his troubled face shewed me he had no good news.

Little Maria climbed on his knee, and he kissed her hastily saying,

"Poor little one, there is nought but penury before thee!"

Then I took the child away, her innocent prattle not being acceptable to her father in his dejected mood.

Hal soon opened his heart to me, and indeed I cannot wonder that he is sore vexed and troubled.

His father has bequeathed all the monies to his daughter Joan, cutting off Hal with a scant maintenance. Widford being entailed—that is, by law to descend from father to son—he possesses it. Joan has dismissed all the servants, and the house will be deserted. She has betaken herself to a community of Papists in Cornwall, for there has been a raid made on the Church of our own faith and on the Papists in Devonshire, and the Commissioners have been at their mad acts of destruction.

The private chapel at Widford was scented out, and there is scarce anything left there but the four walls.

"A nest of Papists," the officer in command cried, and proceeded to attack Mistress Ley's mansion. Her private oratory was forcibly entered, and stripped, while the old shield on the gateway which had weathered the storms of hundreds of years was torn down, because it bore the Ley arms, which had been granted them in the times of the Crusades, and are a cross with three stars and the motto "In hoc signo."

Could fanatics go further?

By Hal's report both places, Widford and Ley Grange, are deserted and will probably fall into ruin.

Mistress Ley has abundant means, "for," said Hal, "there is no unrighteous father nor spiteful sister to grasp the money; but she told me she felt bound to depart for a time, and that she would befriend Joan, for," he added, "she needs it, poor soul!"

"She does not merit it," I cried, "but oh! Hal, it is I who have brought all this trouble on you. Had

you chosen another wife, your father's indignation would not have been roused against you."

"Well," Hal said, "it is done now, and nought can change it. It may be that these disturbances over, I may so far recover myself as to support you and the child as befits your rank, but now I scarce know which way to turn."

Hal was called away soon after we had supped, and I was left to think over all he said with a heavy heart.

Yes, it is done now, and nought can change it; if he had only added that my love had made the balance equal—but ah! alack, alack!

Now it is weak-hearted of me to let great tears fall on the paper, and thus there is a sad blot on the page, which Master Buckingham always abhorred to see.

April 26.

. . . . So far yester eve, when Michael Bond opened the door of the chamber and announced "My Lady Redvers." I was right glad to see her, and yet sorry she found me weeping.

"Now, silly child," she said, "of what avail are tears? I have done with them long ago. I might weep buckets full, and not wash out the pain. Hearken, little Winifrede, I have found the longed-for fruit somewhat bitter to the taste; if it is the same with you, find as I do something sweeter."

Dulcibel's handsome face had lost the look of wistful sadness and had grown hard and almost defiant.

"Come," she said, putting her arm round me, "what is amiss?"

"Hal is disinherited," I said, "and his sister has got

the monies, and only the house and lands of Widford are left, which Hal cannot keep up with the small means in his hands. And oh!" I said, "it is all through his marriage with me; if he had only married Mistress Ley, this would never have happened."

"Married Mistress Ley! he would have tired of her in a year, a woman near twenty years older than himself. No, no, I know enough of Hal Carew to know he is not one of the steadfast ones of the world. But when all is said, what man is to be trusted?"

I did not like to hear Dame Dulcibel speak thus, and though I tried to hide it the pain at my heart grew with her words.

Presently her mood changed, and she took my Maria in her arms and kissing her fondly said,

"You have one consolation I shall never know. A childless woman may well envy you. And such a lovely child! she will turn the heads of many a gallant with those eyes!"

"Nay," I said, for Maria is very sharp, though scarce three years old. "Do not flatter, to be good is better than to be fair."

Dulcibel laughed.

"That is not the creed of the world, I fear me, as you will find out soon or late."

May.

When Hal came home again a month later he said the war was imminent, and he must make other provision for me and the child, as he could no longer afford to keep the chambers in the Strand for us, and

moreover he must take the two men servants to join the troop which he commanded.

"Redvers," he said, "has despatched his wife to her old uncle, Amos Meredith in Cheshire, and I must find some place of refuge for you in like manner."

"I will do as you please, dear husband," I said, "but I would sooner be near you."

"Near me? you cannot follow me to battle; nay, Winifrede, do not be foolish," for I was crying in spite of myself. "Come, sweetheart," Hal said, with a sudden change from indifference to tenderness, "better days will come, and these rebels settled, we shall have peace and who knows plenty?"

That was a happy evening. Hal was like the Hal of an earlier time, and I promised to do whatsoever he thought fit and right, and put on a cheerful face which God knoweth was not the true index of my heart.

July.

The end has come of my life in London. All things stand ready for departure, and I do but wait Hal's summons.

Little Maria is in joyful case; she busies herself with peeping into the packages and jumping on the bundles all waiting in the ante-room.

I know not as I write whither I am going, and Alice Friendship asks mournfully if she shall ever see her mother again or her home.

I know not what to answer, but I told her if she wished to leave me she must do so, and perhaps she might get a passage in a stage waggon to Exeter.

This brought a flood of tears from Alice, and a

protestation that she would never leave me or the child.

Poor Alice! in casting in her lot with me, she did not think that such evil times were at hand for us.

I must put away my book now for I always pack it safe in a leather bag with my Prayer Book and Bible and quills and paper, so that it may be ready at any moment. Where and when shall I open it again?

VII.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart are Thy ways.

He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to the city where they dwelt.

PALACE, NORWICH, *September*, 1642.

I CAN scarce believe the truth of the two words I have just written at the head of this page in my day-book, closed in London, as I see, in July, and opened again two months later in the ancient city of Norwich.

I made ready according to Hal's orders to start at any moment, with my child and Alice Friendship, and I was preparing to go forth, not knowing whither I went, and only striving to keep a quiet heart, and faith alive, that the hand of our Father in heaven would guide me aright.

That faith has not been belied. When Hal came at last with the summons, he was followed by the youngest son of the Bishop of Norwich, who bore in his hand a letter from his mother.

It was but short, but with what thankfulness did it fill my heart!

DEAR WINIFREDE:—We have tidings that your husband being called to serve the King, you are left desolate and have no home.

Our son Edward is deputed by his father to gather up from the lodgings in Dean's Yard some volumes, papers and the like, of which he stands in need. He will return forthwith in the stage waggon bearing with him the missing and valuable properties. Come with him, dear Dame Carew, with your child and your faithful servant Alice Friendship, and know this, whatever betides, you have a welcome and a home with us, till God himself provides you with another.

I borrow Nan's hand to write this, as you well know I am no scribe. My good lord and husband sends you his blessing and prays you may have a safe journey hither in these unsafe times, and may the Lord guard you, is his prayer and mine.

ELIZABETH HALL.

This letter I have copied here, fearing such a token of the worth of true friends might be lost.

Hal was as well pleased as I was, and it was arranged that we should repair in the early summer dawn to the yard in Cheapside, whence the stage waggons start on their journeys. I had some fear lest Master Edward Hall might be less willing to undertake the journey with us than were his good parents to propose it, but he had courtly manners, and if he felt reluctance, he did not show it.

I knew full well that the sight of tears fretted my husband, and I tried to be brave.

But that last night when I knew at dawn the parting must come, my heart failed me.

The perils of war were before my husband, for the whole City of London, and the counties from north to south, are now sure that war must come.

The militia are rapidly enrolling, and my Lord Warwick has the command of the fleet. Money is sorely

needed, and they are raising a loan in the City, to which women, Hal says, are bringing their wedding rings.

He made a feint of taking mine from my finger, and said, "Shall it go, sweetheart?"

"Nay," I said, "not while I live, the posy forbids: For weal and for woe."

"Poor child," he said tenderly, "the woe has been the greatest for you."

"Nay," I said again, "it will be ever weal, while you love me." Then I could not help it, I threw my arms round my husband and whispered,

"Hal, do you love me still? Sometimes I have fancied——" He broke off my words abruptly. "Fancied! do not be given to fancies, they do not befit a learned lady like you," and then he laughed, called me a little fool, and toyed with my hair, and stroked my cheek as in days past in the Bower Cottage at Exmouth. So sweet it was, to be called "my lady Winsome," to feel his arms round me, to hear a hundred endearing words, that my heart felt light of a sudden, and these our last hours together were happy hours. Even as the river is calm and smiling in the sunshine, within but an inch of a sudden fall over a rocky precipice, where all is tumult and noise, and the little boat that has trusted to the smooth water, is engulfed and wrecked.

Early as it was when we made our way to Cheapside, there were many people in the streets. All faces wore an anxious, some a stern expression. Women were talking in high pitched voices, and the keepers of the shops were betimes at their doors.

We found Master Edward already in the yard, and

two gentlemen were talking to him of the state of the City.

The monstrous propositions made by the House of Parliament were discussed, but I listening discovered that there was a division of opinion.

The King has a strong party in the Parliament, and many great and good men are of that party: Falkland and Hyde, and good Sir Edmund Verney, who has declared that having eaten the King's bread for thirty years, he will not now basely desert him.

The stage waggon was long in starting, so that the pain of parting with my husband was lengthened out, but it came at last, and as the big heavy-laden coach lumbered out of the yard, I saw Hal with the morning light upon his face, wave his farewell to me, smiling at the child in my arms.

I tried to smile in answer to him, and I managed to restrain myself till we had fairly turned out of the yard, and then clasping little Maria close, I let my tears have their way.

A terrible dread overcame me, and haunts me still, that I may never again see the noble form of my gallant husband as I saw it then with the early sunshine striking athwart his heavy curls, and sending out sparks of light from the hilt of his sword—a sword soon to be drawn in the service of the King.

The journey was long and toilsome, and my child got restless and ill at ease, while Alice Friendship grumbled at every jolt, and said she was sure she should be shaken to pieces and never get to Norwich!

It would be ill-spent time and space to go through those three days of travel, with any detail.

We stuck fast in ruts again and again, and all had to alight while passengers and coachman and guard laboured to get the coach off again. Heaps of refuse as we passed through small villages and towns made frequent hindrances, and the inns where we tarried to sleep on the road were none of the best.

Master Edward Hall had the cheerful brightness of his father, and made light of all difficulties.

He had a merry jest ready in return for grumbling, and kept up the spirits of the passengers in a wonderful fashion.

He rode mostly on the roof, and several times he would have little Maria handed up to him, take her on his knee and divert her by counting the geese on the common or the pussy-cats at the cottage casements, and throwing down farthings to the white-headed urchins who always came screaming and shouting out of the cottages as the stage waggon rolled on.

We slept at Newmarket on the first night, at Wymondham the second, and an hour before sunset on the evening of the third day, Master Edward bade me look out, for I should see the spire of Norwich Cathedral.

The flat country bounded by the sky, in one great circle, was a strange sight to my West Country eyes used to blue hills and knolls, and craggy tors and broken ground.

There were ripening cornfields and rich meadow land and fields of turnips, and straight roads, stretching on to the city over which the lofty spire kept, as it seemed to me, watch and guard.

That spire was indeed a contrast to the old Nor-

man towers of Exeter as it pointed to the glowing sky of the August evening.

It seemed to bring my poor heart a message, that I must lift my eyes heavenward instead of earthward.

As we got near to the city we saw many orchards with heavily laden boughs of apples, and the cottages and houses of the gentry had fair gardens round them.

Master Edward Hall bade me look at them, and said,

"Some folks call Norwich a city of orchards and gardens, and not without reason."

The stage waggon stopped at an inn in the market place, and here two men-servants awaited us from the Palace. They stowed the baggage in a small handcart, and I was glad to walk to the Palace after so long and wearisome confinement in the stage waggon.

Little Maria and Alice Friendship seemed also glad to be free from their imprisonment, though Alice protested she could not feel her legs, they were so cramped.

Little Maria felt hers, for she capered and danced with joy as she stood on the paving stones of the inn yard.

We passed through the market square, and Master Edward Hall bade me notice the noble Church of St. Peter's Mancroft, and the buildings, which flanked a slight rising of the ground, and were built of flint masonry peculiar to this part of the country.

In truth I felt as if I were in a foreign land, the voices of the people so strange and high pitched, and even the dress different, and the women's caps of thick stuff with flapping frills.

We went down a narrow lane where however much business seemed to be done, and then came to a large open space and an old burial ground called Tomb-land. Several fine red brick houses surrounded it, and two grand gateways led from it—into the close.

The great gates are locked at night, Master Edward Hall says, and we are all prisoners.

He bade me look at a mighty grand coach which was passing along with outriders and pursuivants.

"It is the Howards' equipage," Master Edward said, "on the way to the Duke's Palace, which is somewhat finer than the Bishop's, I warrant."

We passed under one of the fine gateways, called the Erpingham gateway, and soon were at the Palace, which is entered on this north side of the vast Cathedral.

I need not have had a sinking of heart as to my welcome.

Mistress Hall was ready to receive me with outstretched arms, and Mistress Ann seemed not ill disposed towards me.

"The good Bishop is absent on a short tour of inspection of the churches near Norwich," Mistress Hall said, "and is at work as if he were as young as Ned here." Then Mistress Hall embraced Master Edward again, and asked somewhat anxiously if he ailed aught. "Nay, mother, I am in robust health," he said laughing, "and so is little Maria. I call her my little ladylove," he said, turning to meet Alice Friendship, who was coming slowly along, carrying Maria, and saying, her legs could scarce support her, she was as stiff as buckram —she gave the child into Master Edward's arms and sank down on a bench in the wide hall.

"Welcome, little lady," Mistress Hall said; "sure she does London air credit; she is as fresh as a flower in May."

The Palace is a spacious dwelling and under the shadow of the Cathedral. When little Maria was asleep that night in her bed close to mine, Mistress Hall came to my chamber, and looking round asked if all were for my comfort, then smiling she laid her hand on my book and the bundle of quills, and said, "I see you are yet making a friend of your day-book."

"Yes," I replied, "dear Mistress Hall, and if on many pages, as I fear, things unworthy of record are noted down, there are some which may be well writ in letters of gold, and they remain as tokens of your goodness to me and mine. And there is, above all, much that tells of her whose love for me first brought me such friends as my Lord the Bishop and you—dear lady. In this extremity whither should I have gone with my child, had you not opened your doors?"

"And my heart," was the quick rejoinder.

"You will make me of use," I said, "let me not lead an idle life. I must needs have work, or I shall be dreaming too much of the dangers which beset my husband."

Then Mistress Hall told me that the Bishop had been received in his new see, with more respect than he had hoped for, and that already his sermons so full of wisdom and fire had attracted many to hear him. But there can be little doubt that the whole city and county is teeming with Puritans, and that a double amount of grace will be needed to govern the see of Norwich, at this juncture.

September 3.

News has been brought that the King has unfurled his standard at Nottingham, and that he feels secure of victory if the parliamentary force under Essex meet the royalists in open field.

September 10.

A messenger from the army with a letter for me from my dear love and husband!

He seems so filled with the heat of the coming conflict, and hungry for victory against the rebels, that he can scarce understand the racking anxiety which I endure on his account.

Hal writes as a boy might write of a struggle at wrestling or fencing; not as a father and husband, who may soon make his child fatherless and his wife a widow.

But Hal must ever be light-hearted, and maybe it is as well that he is not given to melancholia and forebodings like me.

September 23.

I have found much consolation in the services at the Cathedral, and listening to the discourses of our good Bishop; I wander through the close with little Maria and Alice Friendship, and as the yellow leaves fall from the trees, so hopes of an earlier time fall with them. My heart is often filled with fears, which may be without reason.

October 2.

A strange thing has happened to-day. I was walking down the close to the ferry at the lower end and watching the slow river flow past, when the man came

out of the old gatehouse, which abuts on the banks, and asked if I would choose to cross.

A broad-bottomed boat was fastened by a chain to a thick post at the bottom of three or four wooden steps, and I thought it would be pleasant to go over in it to the farther side.

I stepped down; the man unmoored the boat, and taking a pole which he thrust into the water, in no part deep, pushed the boat across. "Where does the path lead?" I asked him. He told me, to a high road on the right, which was a road to Yarmouth by the village called Thorpe. But, said he, "There is a narrow lane which takes you to the road above, and you get a fine view of the city from this point. I often pull folks over in the summer to walk up to the copse which lies alongside of the way."

"I will return," I said, "in an hour. Shall I find you here?"

"Aye," he said, "and if not in sight you can hollo, and I shall hear." When the boat had gone back I felt a strange sense of loneliness, such as I had never felt when I had dear Tor to guard me on the Devonshire moorland far away.

I looked right and I looked left, and no one was in sight. Then I hurried up the lane, shut in by two high hedges, which was steep and rugged enough, and reaching the top, found myself in a path through a copse of tangled shrubs and trees above the city, which lay as it seemed in the bosom of orchards at my feet.

East Country folk would call this height a hill: to me it was, after all, but a gentle eminence. To my right hand indeed rose what was more worthy to be

called a hill, covered with gorse, and inviting me for a climb. My old love of such exertion seemed to possess me. It was many a long day since I had taken such a stroll; the air was keen and fresh, the autumn sky overhead clear, and the sunshine lay on the roofs of the city and Palace below me, while over all the tall spire of the great Cathedral stood up as if on guard.

I felt a sudden thrill of life and health, and pressing on reached the foot of the hill, and began to ascend. Divers paths lay between the gorse bushes, and I took one which brought me to the brink of a steep pit of yellow gravel, whence voices came to my ear—men's voices, in somewhat angry tones. I then felt I had come too far alone and unprotected, and was hastening away when I was to my terror followed by two men who demanded who I was, whence I came, and if I had turned eavesdropper. One took me roughly by the arm and said sternly,

"Answer! did you hear aught as you stood on the edge of this gravel pit?"

"No," I said, "let me go. I heard nought but rough loud voices and could not distinguish words."

"Is that a lie?" said the other man.

"I do not tell lies," I said.

"You look like one of these gay women who make lies their trade, with all your finery. What are you doing here?"

"I am the wife of Sir Harry Carew," I said, "now with the King."

A groan greeted the words, and a third man appeared from the pit.

"Here's the wife, so she says, of one of the servants

of the King; if she has overheard our deliberation, it will be the worse for us."

"I heard no word," I said, but my poor heart began to beat so that I was near suffocated with terror.

Sure I had done a wild and foolish thing to go so far in a strange place unprotected.

"I beg you, sirs," I said trembling, "to suffer me to pass. I am an inmate of the Bishop's Palace with my child."

Another groan and a rude laugh greeted my words.

"Bishop forsooth, Bishop! we want no Bishop, and it will go hard with this old man, who has come hither where he is not wanted. Bishop indeed! So you are his friend, and your husband the King's. Well, we must keep you here till we have made pretty sure that you did not eavesdrop. Come, no lies, did you or did you not overhear our consultation?"

The man's grip had never slackened on my wrist—I knew to struggle was useless. I could only pray for deliverance.

It came, and here is the strange and most wondrous part of my story!

Just as I was feeling like to swoon, while the pain of the rude clasp on my wrist was all but unbearable, a man's figure appeared on the heath above the pit, and a voice called,

"Hold! what are you doing to that gentlewoman?"

The tone of the voice was familiar. I knew it was James Eland's.

He leaped down and was at my side in an instant. My back had been turned to him, but now as the villain who held me in his grip released me I fell

backwards and was caught by James Eland's strong arm, and he looking into my face cried out,

"Winifrede, Mistress Winifrede, am I dreaming?"

I struggled to my feet, and James Eland, steadying me with his hand, turned to the men and said sternly,

"You cravens, to molest a gentlewoman! stand off, and let me hear you ask pardon for such an offence."

"Indeed, sir," the chief of the offenders began, "we found this young woman had listened to our deliberation which we were holding below. Of that deliberation you are aware, and these are only your friends who meet in the Lollards' pit on Mousehold-heath."

"My friends! nay," James Eland said, "I would scorn to call a man my friend, who could thus terrify a respectable gentlewoman."

Then James Eland turned to me, saying,

"I will take care you are not further molested, madam, if you will tell me whither you desire to bend your steps."

"To the Palace," I said. "I am a guest at the Palace with my child; I strayed away unconscious of the distance, and I may well repent it."

"I will gladly protect you thither," James Eland said, "but let me warn you, that these are not times for gentlewomen to roam about without sufficient guard."

I had never seen James Eland since that night at Exmouth, when in the skirmish with Hal, he had been wounded in the arm. I could scarce see in him a trace of the mercer's apprentice. He had a strangely

added dignity about him. I was not slow to see as I walked by his side, that he wore the strict garments of the Puritans; his hair cut close to his head, his collar of thick white stuff, and the inner sleeves of his black surtout turned up with a ridge of the same.

But if his garments were changed so was his face. There was a look in it I had never seen in days past, a grave stern look and yet withal a sadness, which was shown especially in the lines round his firm closed lips. We walked down the hill at first without speaking, but afterwards I broke the silence by asking him how he came to be in Norwich. He told me all with no reserve. That after he had left my uncle Jeremy Barter, on account of a wound in his arm, he had gone forth not knowing whither he went; then he said, a pedlar he fell in with who had often hawked the refuse silks and stuffs from my uncle's shop and travelled over the country, told him he was bound for Norwich, where he had dealings with a great factor of a stuff something between silk and stuff, for which he employed many looms, and was a man of substance.

"It pleased the Lord," James Eland said, "to guide me to this city; and to be by this man's good offices named a competent judge of various stuffs, to this worthy gentleman, who is a true servant of God, and a hater of forms and ceremonies, and supporter of the people called in derision Puritans and Roundheads. I cast in my lot with this good man Master Hickes, and God has prospered me. I am now sharer in his large profits, and I am often called upon to publish the Word of life in the meeting-house."

Now there was something in James Eland's manner and speech which commanded respect, unlike the self-conceit of Master Amos Angel. The whole man was changed, and I could but confess it to myself. "My arm is yet stiff," James Eland said, throwing back the loose upper sleeve of his surtout. "I cannot bend it from the elbow, as you see."

"I see," I said, "and I know how it chanced, but it was in fair fight."

"I do not deny it," James Eland said; "the Lord has humbled me since then, and I acknowledge that His ways are just and righteous. Now this much of myself, Mistress—I should rather say Dame Carew, and what can you tell me of your own welfare?"

"Alack!" I said, "I bear about a heavy heart. Sir Hal is with the King's army, and they are looking for a battle continually. Dangers must needs beset him, and thus I can but be full of fears, but God will defend the right!"

"Aye!" said James Eland, "without that faith, many hearts would fail."

"For the Church and the King," I said, "is the cry of all loyal hearts. What were those men discussing, that they feared I should overhear?"

"Nay, I cannot say, if I know. My lips are sealed."

We were at the ferry now, and standing on the bank James called for the ferryman.

The broad-bottomed boat came over the stream in due course, and James Eland handed me in.

"I say farewell here, Dame Carew. I do not frequent palaces nor cast in my lot with prelates and prelacy, but if I can at any time serve you, rely on me,

for I would, if the Lord pointed the way, serve you even to death."

"Nay, be not so solemn, Master Eland." I tried to speak lightly; "things will not come to such a pass, I trust, and I thank you for your courtesy and kindness shown me to-day."

The stolid ferryman stood with the pole against his shoulder, expecting James Eland would jump into the boat, but finding he did not do so, he pushed off.

I noted that James Eland stood with his hands clasped together, and as the space between us widened, I heard him pronounce one word, *"Divided."*

He stood thus motionless, till I had stepped up the steps on the further side, and then turning I saw him walk away still with clasped hands and bowed head, slowly but with a firm unfaltering tread.

Something has marvellously changed James Eland. Is it this Puritan truth which he holds? I cannot answer that question, but he looks like one who would be a staff to lean on in time of need. Poor James Eland!

It was not so in the days of his apprenticeship to my Uncle Jeremy Barter at Exeter.

October 26.

We were all at morning prayer in the chapel, and had sung the first four Psalms for that day, when the clattering of horse-hoofs was heard in the yard, and, regardless of the sacredness of the place, a messenger entered the chapel and gave a paper into the Bishop's hand, and sank down exhausted on a bench.

One of the servants fetched him water, and the Bishop seeing he was recovered read aloud the tidings.

A pitched battle has been fought at Edgehill near to Banbury. The advantage on our side. Our loss less than the enemy.

H. CAREW.

My heart beat so loud that I heard it as the words fell from the Bishop's lips.

He raised his hand and uttered a few words of thanksgiving, and then in his own clear voice, still trumpet-like in its tones, and unshaken by age, he continued the next Psalm, which was indeed as if written for our special need that day:

If the Lord himself had not been on our side, now may Israel say, if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick, when they were so wrathfully displeased at us. Yea, the waters had drowned us, and the stream had gone over our soul.

Never can I lose the remembrance of the Bishop's voice, as he uttered the last verse of the Psalm:

Our help standeth in the name of the Lord who hath made heaven and earth.

In the hall of the Palace the household waited for further news, which the messenger who bore my husband's badge on his arm, when recovered from his hard ride of so many miles, gave us.

"My master has not been touched," he said to me.

"Did he send me any message?"

"His greeting, madam, and you are to take courage, for Essex's men cannot stand against us. They are routed at once."

My heart craved for a few words of love, and I

again asked if Sir Hal had entrusted the messenger with no private letter for me.

"No, madam, nothing beyond the paper I gave to the Lord Bishop; it is a marvel he wrote that much, for all was confusion on the field, and there was a hubbub and getting help for the wounded, and burial for the slain."

Several of the gentlemen in Norwich who were eager for tidings on hearing that there had been news at the Palace hastened to the spot, and Hal's letter was handed from one to the other, and his servant questioned as to what he knew as to the future movements of the King's army.

The King will fall back on Oxford, it is thought, but nothing is known. While all were talking and were saying one this thing and another that, I withdrew to my chamber, where I found little Maria playing with some wooden figures Master Edward Hall had given her, as if there were no care and no sorrow in the world.

Her merry laugh as she made one of the figures topple over, with a ball she aimed at it, struck my ear as I entered the chamber.

I caught her to my heart, saying, "Father is safe —father is safe!"

Instantly the child looked up at me and of her own accord said,

"Don't cry, mother, but thank God." This was somewhat extraordinary for a child of such tender years. If only Hal had written me one word!

I have penned a short letter to him, for the servant returns at once to his master. He is not one of

the old and trusty servants, but a young man whom I did not greatly like.

When I gave him my letter, and he promised to take it to Sir Hal, he said,

"Sir Hal is in good case, madam, no need to fear for him; he is the life of the army, and was jesting and laughing after the battle as if he had only just risen from a well-spread board, rather than from a sight of killed and maimed around him, which made Sir Faithful Fortescue lecture my master for lightness of behaviour. But Sir Faithful is a Puritan at heart, and the marvel is, he deserted the rebel army as he did."

November 20.

Since the day when the news of the battle of Edgehill reached me, I have been scarcely beyond the gates of the Palace, nor do I care greatly to mingle with the guests who come and pay respects to the Bishop and his family.

My little Maria knows her alphabet, and Mistress Hall has given her the horn-book, perserved with loving care, which dear Mary Rodd once used.

It often troubles me, that I cannot fulfil my promise to little Bamfilde's dear mother, but Master Rodd is of a reserved nature, and prefers to keep the boy and train him in his own way—avoiding any request made by his grandmother that she might have him here for a space.

The length of the journey from Exeter and the separation from the boy may plead Master Rodd's excuse—when he refused to permit him to come under safe convoy to Norwich for Christmas-tide.

November 24.

Our Christmas-tide bids fair to be anything but jocund. I was passing through the hall this morning, when I saw the Bishop in earnest talk with a gentleman.

The gentleman was dressed in a plain but handsome suit, with no lace at the neck or sleeves, and his hair, parted in the middle, fell in curls but was not of great length, and there was no lovelock tied with riband to hang over his shoulder.

This struck me as unlike the gentlemen who frequented the Palace, and yet he was not after the appearance of a strict Puritan like James Eland.

The Bishop spoke in his accustomed kindly tones to me, saying,

"Come hither, Dame Carew, and let me tell you this gentleman is one of whom Norwich folk have reason to be proud, Dr. Thomas Browne."

The smile with which these words were greeted was a remarkable smile. It was like the lighting up from within of the whole countenance.

"At your service, Dame Carew; your daughter, my Lord Bishop?"

"Nay, sir, nay; the dear friend of a daughter taken from us four years ago, of whom I spoke just now, who was smitten in her early youth of this same fell disease."

"Yes, I remember," Dr. Thomas Browne said, "but take courage, my Lord, please God, we will use means which shall restore your son to health. We physicians never lose hope, but cherish it in our own hearts and in the patient's. In ours, it is an incentive to the care-

ful study of the disease; in theirs, the cordial that shall serve to keep a brave front against the enemy."

Then with a courteous good-morning Sir Thomas Browne was gone.

The Bishop then beckoned me to his own chamber, and sinking down in his chair, he said,

"Ill news, ill news, Winifrede; we have, as you know, been full of fears as to our dear son Edward's cough and spare habit. I have consulted Dr. Thomas Browne, and though to Ned and to his mother he spoke cheerfully, he has bid me, if not in so many words, prepare for the worst."

"Oh! my Lord," I cried, "how is it that God so grievously afflicts you? I cannot understand it, you His true and devoted servant."

"Hush, hush, Winifrede! Nay, it is not for us to question the wisdom and love of God, though my grey hairs seem like to go down with sorrow to the grave.

"Did you note the physician? he is a wonderful man, an expert in many curious researches, and has but lately married a very fair and stately lady, one Mistress Dorothy Mileham. He presented me with a copy of his *Religio Medici,* on which Sir Kenelm Digby has made sundry strictures, and there I find a somewhat vehemently expressed desire, that marriage was not more necessary to men, than to trees. An instance this of the inconsistency to which we are all prone, for he has now contradicted himself, and eaten his own words!"

Then the Bishop looked somewhat earnestly into my face and said, "Are you grieving at this long separation from your husband, Winifrede?"

"My Lord," I said, "it is hard to bear and——"

"And what?—hide nothing from me."

But I was silent; no, not even to the Bishop, scarce to the pages of this book, dare I confide the doubts which oppress me.

Idle rumours, no doubt, come from Oxford, where the King is stationed in quarters for the winter, idle tales to which I would reproach myself for taking heed. Mistress Ann is ever disposed to plague me, and how different she is from her sainted sister! She calls me a mope and dull, and a Puritan at heart, because I do not wear my finest gowns, and no ornament but that one precious pledge of the first sweet love of my life, the single string of small pearls. I know not what beset me yester eve when Alice Friendship brought out my silver and blue brocade, and said it was a shame to keep it in the chest, and the long lace apron with the blue riband bows—I bid her take it away, nor let me see it again, and saying,

"I will wear the grey taffeta, and the white bodice if you will, and you shall pin my veil with the sapphire brooch, but I will not put on Court finery till Sir Hal comes."

"Humph!" Alice Friendship said, "I vow you might as well be a widow outright. I shall soon see you gowned in black with weepers—what avail all your fine garments when you appear like a nun in greys and whites? and as to waiting for Sir Hal—you will have to wait a long time—he will not be here yet."

Something in my heart told me Alice was right, and I knew full well others beside Alice thought Hal tarried long, and that they wondered thereat.

But I reproved Alice Friendship sharply for her pert speech, and bade her remember the respect due to me and her master, Sir Hal Carew.

"It's because I love you I can't hold my tongue," she said, and she burst into weeping, and sobbed out that she craved my pardon, and then as often before I forgave her, for doubtless she means well.

January, 1643.

Sure no year ever began with greater gloom.

After this interview with Dr. Thomas Browne,—it may be that our eyes were opened,—but certain it is Edward failed in strength, so that none could be blind to the truth.

Like his sister, he had variations which deceived us all at times, and it was hard for his mother to bring herself to believe that she must part with him.

He was about in the household to the last day or two, writing for his father some needful letters,—as had been his custom, and as I think hiding his weakness to save him pain.

Strange it is that as the Christmas chimes were ringing on Christmas Eve as on that Christmas Eve four years ago, Edward Hall breathed his last. His mother was with him, but no one besides. He had not cared for anyone but her to be near him, and so painless was his departure that she had not time to call his father and Ann, and the faithful servant Peregrine Pond, ere he too, like his sainted sister, had heard the angels call, and had gone to swell the notes of praise in the Heavenly Kingdom.

Again, as in Exeter Cathedral so in Norwich, was

a grave opened, and again the Bishop in his old age had to consign to it a dear child in the very flower of his youth, and one of good parts who already was Artium Professor at his College of Exeter, at Oxford. It is wonderful to me to note how the Bishop bears his sorrow. He is troubled on every side too, by the disaffection in the city—where the Puritans are gaining ground daily.

"The Bishop is busy with his pen, Winifrede," Mistress Hall said to me sadly, "and he is trying to calm the fears of some of the good people. Ann is filled with the praise Master Gascoigne Weld lavishes on her. Poor lamb! she has no thought beyond the present, nor would I damp her joy. My sons and their wives, and my daughter Elizabeth and her husband the Dean, must needs have their own cares and pleasures; but I cannot forget, and seek only to have my heart where my treasure is."

March 16.

The Bishop's faithful servant, Peregrine, came to me this morning, bearing a letter in his hand, saying significantly,

"The messenger waits to see you, madam."

My thoughts fled at once to Oxford and Hal, and my trembling hand could scarce unfasten the cord which bound the sealed letter.

"The letter came from a townsman, madam, and is not brought from any far distance."

This I know was really said by Peregrine to calm my agitation.

When opened the letter contained but few words:

I crave a few minutes' audience of Dame Winifrede Carew, on matters of importance which I beseech her not to refuse. I await her answer with all respect. JAMES ELAND.

"Where is the man who brought the letter?" I asked.

"He came to the back entrance, and he is in the hall which opens on the kitchen."

"Bid him come round to the front of the Palace," I said. "I will hold no underhand conference."

"I will ask the messenger to repair to the ante-room of the great hall, and bid him wait your coming, madam."

When Peregrine was gone, I stood irresolute with the letter in my hand. The tone was respectful, and I had confidence in James Eland, yet I felt a shrinking from a colloquy with him alone, recalling the past, and his impassioned love for me, which had carried him away, so that he had even a deadly conflict with my husband.

I need not have hesitated. When I entered the ante-chamber, I found James Eland standing by the casement, looking out on the walls of the chapel which could be seen from it.

"Madam," James Eland said, turning with a bow profounder than is usual with the stiff-backed Puritans, "I came to warn you, that trouble is nigh at hand."

"Do you know aught of my husband?" I cried. "Is it ill news of him?"

"Nay, madam,—I know nought of him, nor greatly care to know!" it was bitterly said, and he added,

"I am not like to forget him, as I bear about with me a token, which forbids me to forget," and again

James Eland threw back the loose sleeve of his surtout and pointed to his stiff arm.

"If your news, sir," I said, "has no reference to Sir Hal Carew, it can scarce concern me deeply, but proceed."

I spoke proudly, and meeting James Eland in his own formal manner, yet my heart smote me, when I saw in his face that same wistful sadness which ill-befitted one of his years. A part perchance of his gloomy creed which tries to take all sweetness and beauty out of the good gifts of God.

When at last James Eland opened his mission, all my selfish thoughts and fears vanished in a sense of shame. He came to warn me, and through me the Bishop, that he had many enemies in the city, that the Parliament were sending troops to Norwich with Commissioners to seize the goods in the Palace, and that the four hundred pounds income, which had been allotted to him in the autumn of last year, would be taken away.

"This house," James Eland said, "will be a scene of tumult and confusion. The Bishop may have scant provision for his family, and your presence may be a burden. I therefore propose to you to take up your abode with a true mother in Israel—one Mistress Rebecca Rainbyrde, who will shelter you and your daughter from harm. She lives in the Potter's Gate and has a roomy house near the meeting place of the faithful. She ekes out her living by receiving those ministers of Christ who come to preach peace to this poor city."

"Peace!" I exclaimed, "nay, rather war, and if, as

you say, this woman ekes out a scant living by such means, you prove she is poor, and what can she want of me, my maid and child, to swell the cost of living?"

James Eland was silent, and the stern lines in his face deepened.

"You would fain say, only you dare not say it, that you are offering me an asylum for which you are to pay. No, James Eland, I would sooner eat a dry crust with my friends here, than dainty food, with which you furnished the board, you, my husband's enemy!"

He quailed a little as he said in a low troubled voice,

"But your friend, Winifrede."

As my name left his lips, his face was convulsed with what looked a veritable spasm of pain, and I pitied him.

"Do not think more of the scheme, James Eland," I said more gently. "You must see it is an impossible one for me to consider. I thank you all the same for your kindness, and I am grateful."

"Thank *me!*" he repeated, bitterly, "*grateful*,—but enough," and he prepared to leave the room, but I said,

"Shall I repeat your warning to the Bishop and his family?"

"I leave it in your hands"—then pausing and speaking as if with a great effort, he added, "Though you spurn my offer now, it may be that driven to extremity you may need my poor help. Should it be so—remember I am ready to serve you till death"—and then the next minute I was alone.

Oh! what constancy and truth is here! I thought, and I repented somewhat of my hard words and proud mien.

As I passed out of the ante-chamber I found Master Gascoigne Weld in the hall, who is often a guest at the Palace and as some think a suitor for Ann Hall.

He is a fine gentleman of good rank in the county, and I thought I would take his counsel as to whether the Bishop and his sons should be told of James Eland's warning.

Master Weld is a very jovial man who ever sees the bright side of things. He listened to what I had to say, and asked my authority.

"One Master James Eland," I answered.

"Oh, ho! then he, being a Puritan of the Puritans along with Master Hickes, the factor in silken stuff, may have some reason in what he says. How is it, Dame Carew, that you knew this would-be saint?"

"I had acquaintance with Master Eland long ago, sir; he learned his business in Exeter, where the uncle who brought me up was a mercer of good repute."

"Ah! is that so? The Bishop is away preaching at Catton and Tivitshall, I hear. No need to alarm Mistress Hall and her daughter. We will wait till my lord returns and his chaplain along with him."

Then we repaired to the large hall where the board was hospitably spread at noon, and where all were welcome.

To-day there was a large company, and much talk as to the distracted condition of the country. To all this I listened eagerly—for the movement of the King's army means to me Hal's movements.

Two of the Bishop's sons have been at Norwich of late, anxious to console Mistress Hall for their brother's loss. Master John is next him in age, and greatly beloved; he has the same fair complexion, and his colour comes and goes too quick for health.

Master Joseph Hall is of a stouter build, and has a loud voice, which makes itself heard.

I now heard him say that the King is not in a hurry to leave Oxford where the Court has no ill time of it, and since the Queen has come back from Holland, with a load of arms, the spirit of all concerned rises, and they say the next open fight will be decisive, and win for the Church and King.

"To think of these pig-headed fellows in Parliament sending a demand to the King to return forthwith, and they are trying to force my Lord Essex to march on Oxford. He dare not do that, for he had a taste of what well-disciplined troops could do at Edgehill," said Master Joseph Hall. "I wish to heavens," he added, "Norwich was as faithful as Oxford is, and the cities of the West, notably Exeter, well called the Faithful City." Then Master Weld exclaimed,

"Come now, sir, we have loyal hearts in Norwich; I know at least a dozen of our leading citizens and county esquires who are ready to fight for the King. The Puritans are the thorns in our side with their mean underhand ways, plotting and scheming, and as I believe sending up messengers to assure the rebels, that they are ready to help them to smash every church in the city. We still see them yet, taking aim at the vane in the Cathedral spire, with their blunderbusses and

muskets, the vane being in the form of a cross." And then another gentleman laughed and said,

"If there's a cross, there's a cock a-top also! and the rascals would think that sacred to Saint Peter belike." A laugh still louder went round at this, and I thought how little jests and little foolish matters come to the front when near, while great and serious ones, when at a distance, are cast aside.

Would Master Weld, I marvelled, give any heed of what I had said to him in the hall and let the Bishop's sons know of what James Eland had informed me?

But he gave no sign of so doing, and a horn blown at the Palace gate made Master Weld exclaim,

"That is a post—post haste," as a second blast was blown on the horn.

Every eye was turned to the door, for in these times none knows what news may be on the road.

"Letters from Oxford," Peregrine Pond said as he presented a packet to me.

I opened it eagerly, and found a letter addressed in another hand to the Bishop, writ by one of the clergy who were in waiting on the King.

My own letter I could not read with any eyes upon me, and taking leave of Mistress Hall I left the board, and retreated to my own chamber, pressing it to my lips. How often, how often have I read that letter, missing something, craving for that something, reproaching myself, and angry with myself, and yet——

The letter tells me that the King, finding my Lord Essex has feared to advance on Oxford, is despatching a part of his forces to the West to strengthen the hands

of Sir Bevil Granville, who has brought about a rising for the King in Cornwall.

Hal is in command of one band of this force, and is much honoured at this token of confidence placed in him. He bids me take courage, and says all will soon be settled, the rebel forces crushed and then no more war.

He hopes I am in good health, and little Maria also, and bids me not to let her forget him; he hopes further I do not need money with such good friends at hand.

This is strangely inconsiderate of the real state of affairs. I have in short scarce any money left, and cannot pay Alice Friendship her full wage.

I have all my fine gowns and jewels, and unless Hal can send me money, I shall have to bargain for them. I could not beg of the dear Bishop, whose income is very scanty for his needs as Bishop of Norwich.

I had time to answer Hal's letter, for the messenger had to rest after a long hard ride of many miles.

I had a care how I wrote, knowing there is nothing Hal affects less than sadness and melancholy. I wrote therefore as if I were well at ease, and Hal will never know how often I had to stop to brush away a falling tear, which by making a big blot would betray me. Hal hates tears, as I well know.

I took little Maria with me to the hall, when I carried my letter to the messenger, and let her deliver it into his hand, saying as I bade her, "My dutiful love to my dear father." The messenger laughed, more than was seemly I thought, when I asked how Sir Hal Carew bore himself and if he was in good health.

"He was never in better case, madam," he said, "and he is the favourite gallant, I'll warrant you, with all the fair ladies, and," he added after a break, "gentlemen also as a matter of course, though he has had a skirmish with one, and got the best of it."

The man's manner displeased me, and I thought him too free in thus speaking of his master, so I did not lengthen out the interview, but withdrew with as much dignity as I could command. His words were like a sword thrust through my heart, and yet why should they so offend me? Ought I to grudge my husband happiness because I cannot share it with him?

May.

I must try to set down here what has happened since the day when James Eland came to warn me of coming danger.

It has been like the raging of a fierce storm, and through all the dear Bishop has been like a rock which the waters may assail but fail to shake.

Verily, though an old man and full of years, he is fuller of the strength and wisdom which cometh from above. In the words of the Psalm, he is not afraid in these perilous times.

The household in the Palace were rudely awakened from their slumbers on the twenty-sixth day of March by the clatter of horses' hoofs at the outer gate, loud voices demanding entrance, and continued pounding and hammering at the gate, as if to break it down. I threw on my cloak and hood hastily, and going down the wide stairs I saw the Bishop was before me with the servants and Master John Hall who was still at the

Palace. Mistress Hall, feeble and alarmed, was endeavouring to follow her husband, from whom no danger could separate her, when he signed to her to go back, calling to Mistress Ann to take charge of her mother and not suffer her to descend into the hall.

Mistress Ann was crying out to know what it all meant, and Mistress Hall entreated me to run and find out.

Meantime the noise without increased; there was an angry parley heard between some rough-spoken trooper and Peregrine Pond.

I kept near the Bishop and Master John and some of the servants, and saw a tall man struggling to get a pistol from the hand of Peregrine. And now it is hard to tell as I would fain tell it—how without a loss of temper, though sternly, the Bishop asked the man's business at such an unseasonable hour when the day had scarce broke.

Without a gesture of respect the man, as I know now called Wright, a London trooper, said,

"I am here to search this house in the Parliament's name. I demand free entrance to carry out the order."

"You are not over-courteous, sir," the Bishop replied. "Let me inquire what you seek in this Palace?"

"I seek arms and ammunition and——"

Master John Hall leaped forward now and said,

"How dare you thus invade the Palace of the Lord Bishop, you infamous villain!"

"Hush! Hush! my son, nor bandy words with this poor man; he is but the tool doing the work to which others, more to blame than he, have set him."

A loud laugh broke from the trooper, who said scornfully to John Hall,

"I am not like to heed what a baby-faced fool like you choose to say;" then turning to the Bishop he said, "Joseph Hall, called Bishop of Norwich, I demand instant admission into this house."

"You shall have it, sir. Follow me. The steps of an old man are like to be slow, and I cannot hasten, but I will myself show you my store of arms. Fetch the two muskets, John; they may be somewhat rusty from want of use, but they may be recovered from that fault!"

John and Peregrine Pond did as they were bid, and the Bishop taking the muskets in his own hand said,

"Here, sir, are the only arms I possess—of ammunition there is none."

"Do you think we are fools enough to believe that?" the man said, pushing roughly past the Bishop. "I have orders to search the house from top to bottom."

"Fulfil these orders, sir, and I wish you a more fruitful errand."

Then this man Wright proceeded to the cellar and garret, forcing open chests and trunks and holding up some of the Bishop's robes to ridicule, tossing one to one of his men, saying,

"Here forsooth is a fine nightgown for you!"

"Drop that garment, sir," the Bishop said, his eyes flaming with righteous indignation. "It has been used for holy offices. I command you to desist."

The wretch threw the robe aside, and gave it a kick with his great trooper's boot, saying,

"Sacred! You'll see what you call sacred matters destroyed ere long."

Next the men went to the stables and seized the horses, leaving one as an act of what he called grace, saying rudely,

"I spare one horse, as I see your old legs can scarce carry you—but a jackass would suit better for the purpose."

This jest was received with a shout of ribald laughter, and then going into the kitchen the troop demanded meat and wine, and sat consuming them till two o'clock when they departed.

We had hardly recovered from this uproar when the sequestrators arrived at the Palace and read a notice that the Palace and all the estate of the Bishop was to be seized, and they proceeded to make an inventory of the furniture and goods and chattels.

The wearing apparel was about to be included, but the sheriff and aldermen gave opinion that this should be spared.

The whole to be put up for public auction—library of books and household stuff. And now our hearts were cheered by the goodness of Mrs. Goodwin, a gentlewoman who, though she knew not the Bishop, yet was so moved to compassion for him, and his family, that she actually prayed to be suffered to buy the goods at a set price.

This matter was so speedily and quietly settled that it was scarce known till it was concluded.

Divers stationers came to view the Bishop's books, but were not forward to purchase, and again a friend arose to stand on the side of the Bishop: one Master

Cook gave his bond to the sequestrators and was surety for their value.

After this followed untold vexation as to the income to be set apart for the Bishop. The allowance which had been agreed on, was prohibited, and the Committee of Sequestration declared they had no power to pay the one-quarter sum of one hundred pounds and that Mistress Hall must send up a petition to the Committee of the Houses of Lords and Commons for a fifth part to be adjudged her, for the maintenance of herself and family. But after distress and uncertainty, this all fell to the ground, and at this moment, as I write, there is nothing left to the Bishop but what may accrue by ordinations and institutions which award him a certain sum.

And never did I know the Bishop carry himself with greater dignity and yet meekness towards his persecutors. His sons were vehement against these men, and the Archdeacon of Cornwall, who had, it is said, attacked Mr. John Milton with abuse in his father's name but not with his knowledge, raged against those who could thus strive to bring low that hoary head; but throughout the Bishop and dear Mistress Hall have been following in the steps of that Divine Master, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

"Age has tempered the steel," the Bishop said, "wherewith I was so ready to wage the war of controversy. I hold as firmly as ever the blessed Faith of the Church, but I feel less and less bitterness against my adversaries as the years roll on."

I have besought my good friends to let me go forth with Maria and Alice Friendship, and try to earn a

subsistence, for Hal sends me no money and has never writ me one word since that letter sent by the messenger from Oxford.

Cornwall is so far off, I know, many days' journey, yet by some means or other I could wonder that he makes no effort to tell me of his welfare.

June.

Being determined to be less burdensome for maintenance on my good friends, I bethought me of selling some of the rich brocades and velvets, which I shall belike never need again. I hear of a shop in the street near, the Great Hill of Saint Andrew, where a good price is given for stuffs of every kind. My two chests had not been touched by the marauders when they searched the place, and my possessions were all safe.

The jewels I will not sell till sore need; they belong to my husband's family, and I hold them as it were in trust for my child—his daughter. I bade Alice open the chest, and I chose me three of the finest gowns, one which I wore when little Princess Mary was wed to the Prince of Orange, and two wimples of satin, and an apron richly trimmed with lace. I made these into a bundle and, saying nought to a creature, I rose betimes on a fine morning in June, and passed through the Palace gateway and took the road to St. Andrew's Hill.

There were but few passers-by, and I found my way by asking a question here and there of women, who were sweeping out their doorways, and who, if they eyed me curiously, did not look unkindly at me.

One said she knew Master Martin's shop well

enough; he dealt in many wares and was an honest man.

Then this poor woman said, "You look young to be abroad so early, the city is full of folks who go forth picking quarrels about Heaven knows what. Church or meeting, law or Gospel, it's no odds to me. Master Martin is a wonderful upholder of the meeting folks, and there's a meeting-place behind his shop. God bless you, my dear!" this good woman repeated, "have a care of yourself, for you have a fair face, and such faces have brought trouble before to-day."

Am I still fair and young? I thought as I wended my way. And then as in a strange vision before me was the pool on the moor, purple with heath and gorse, and a face looking up at me, from its clear waters, in all the joyousness of youth, yes, and its loveliness also. Why should I hide the truth, as I write? I know I was fair to see, and if I am fair even now, beauty is God's gift. Alack, alack! a gift, as that poor woman said, which oft brings trouble.

The old dealer at the shop just on the steep slope of St. Andrew's Hill came out from a chamber behind it. He brought back to my memory my Uncle Jeremy Barter's shop in Exeter High Street. But no two men could be so unlike, as my Uncle and Master Martin. His face was all alive with kindness and goodness, and when he untied the bundle I laid on the counter, he stroked the contents gently with his hand saying, "You are young to be abroad so early, selling such fine goods; are they yours?"

"Aye, indeed, sir," I replied. "These are evil

II II II

times. My husband is fighting for the King, and I and my child are in need of money—rather I should say I am living on the kindness of friends who can ill afford to shew it."

I did not say what friends, I thought it best to withhold so much. Mr. Martin bade me sit down, while he considered what he should give me for the fine clothes: and as I sat a little back from the front of the shop I heard a voice from the chamber behind, raised in prayer.

I knew the voice, it was James Eland's. Soon it ceased, then stillness and silence, and then a few worshippers came out, for the most part working-men and women.

I shrank behind a bit of arras which partly hung across the door. I heard the people exchange a greeting with Mr. Martin, and then James Eland came forth. He did not see me, but as he passed through the shop Mr. Martin called him.

"Here, master," he said. "You are as fair a judge of stuffs as any man in Norwich—what do you say to these?"

"Whence do they come?" James Eland asked.

"Yonder young woman owns them and wants to sell them. I suppose it is all right and honest—she says she is the wife of a man fighting for the King and is in want of money."

I expected James Eland to come to me, but he did not. He fingered the stuffs, he smoothed the lace on the apron, and then, after deliberation, said,

"These are worth a good sum—if you do not care to bargain for them I will do so."

"Nay, nay—I will buy them:" and then he named six pounds sterling as the sum.

"Ten is nearer the mark," James Eland said, and then there was a long whispering and muttering.

Master Martin hesitated. Presently he called to me to come near the counter.

"I will give you ten pounds sterling for these, young woman, and I am sorry to see you in this plight."

My pride rose.

"I am the wife of a gallant gentleman in the service of the King," I said. "The need of money will be short-lived, but I accept your offer."

The money was paid me forthwith, and tying it in a leather pouch I was bidding Master Martin good-day when he said,

"Have a care, Mistress, there are some rough villains lurking about, and you are young to be unprotected in the streets with a bag of gold."

"I thank you, sir, for your caution," I said, "and can tell you I have no fear."

James Eland had withdrawn to the step before the shop, and as I passed out he said,

"I beg leave to bear you company to the Palace gates, Dame Carew. I had news from Exeter last night which concerns you."

Again my heart misgave me, and I said,

"Not of Sir Hal—not ill news?"

James Eland smiled.

"Your thoughts ever jump to the same point. No, it is not ill news, at least not grievous news. Your Uncle Master Jeremy Barter is dead, and he has left the business to Will Thornton with the stock in hand.

The monies my informant saith are Mistress Dorothy's by his will and testament."

"It is only what I expected," I said. "Mistress Dorothy has striven for this end for many years."

"It is a gross injustice to you," James Eland said. "Now, once again I say to you, I have wealth, say, will you not take some of it? Surely better than selling your garments."

"We have settled that point," I said, "I pray you do not refer to it again. I will take no money from you. My heart is sore for the treatment my good friends are receiving from those with whom you consort. I cannot think well of anyone who supports them in their usage of a saint like the Bishop, much less take favours from his hand."

"Be it so," James Eland said, "I must be content to be misjudged by you as I have ever been. I will to my latest breath rise in defence of freedom of religion, and I abhor the tyranny of Episcopacy. But, Winifrede, I equally abhor these rough and summary proceedings taken against the hoary head of an old man! But I stand on the side of the Lord, against the evil counsels of those who would force men to accept a form of prayer and an iron rule of prelates and priests in the place of the gospel of grace preached by men whose hearts are turned to God and who can say within themselves that they are saved from the wrath to come."

"And," I asked, "do you dare to say such men as the Bishop are not saved?"

"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of the Lord, nor would I sit in judgment on Joseph Hall or any other prelate—God is the Judge."

Then James Eland went on to tell me, with an eloquence which amazed me, how his life was changed since he was the mercer's apprentice at Exeter. He spoke of a bitter sorrow and a furnace of afflictions out of which he had come by the grace of God. He said he had left my Uncle's shop ready for any deed of sin, when he was arrested by a Spirit of God in an out-of-the-way village, some twenty miles from Exeter—even Widdicombe on the moor!

"There my wounded arm was tended," he said, "and the fever of body and soul quenched. I lay for many days in torture of body and agony of soul, and then the Lord drew nigh and spoke peace to the sinner. And the woman to whom I owed this healing of wounds of body and soul alike, was one Penelope Angel of the Cross Farm, Widdicombe. She nursed me as a mother would nurse her prodigal son, and her love for one I loved, and her sorrow of heart on her account, knit us in a bond of true friendship."

The name of Penelope called up many tender feelings, and I begged James Eland to tell me if she was happy.

"Yes, happy in entire surrender of her will to God!"

"Where is her husband, that hateful man, who made religion odious in everyone's eyes?"

"He was at that time preaching through the country. I do not think his wife has aught but trouble connected with him. Her old father Master Fulford would shake his head sadly when he was mentioned, and say, 'It was a bad day's work when Pen married him.'"

"And does Penelope love me still?" I asked. "Oh! I would like her to know I love her as I ever did."

"She thinks perchance as many have done, that the lady of Sir Harry Carew is lifted high above those whom she once lived with in familiar intercourse."

"High above!" I repeated. "Ah me! rather say I am brought very low." We were near the gateway of the Palace now, and James Eland stood with his hand on the large knocker, two blows of which would bring the porter to open it.

The light of the summer morning shone on his serious face; he did not attempt to take my hand, nor make any sign, even the ordinary signs of courtesy and kindness.

Instead he raised his left hand and said solemnly, "The Lord bless you, and keep you, the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace. Farewell—Winifrede."

Then as he turned away my eyes followed him till he reached the corner by the old wall which surrounds the Palace pleasance.

Here he paused. He did not wave his hand or his cap, but stood for a moment gazing at me, then passed out of my sight.

True, the religion that is real transforms, nay transfigures the man, be he Puritan or be he Bishop. True, the quarrels and dissensions, the persecutions for difference of creed, and modes of service, belong not to religion as some suppose, but to the frailty and folly of man's sinful heart. I can feel James Eland is a servant of God, even as I feel the dear Bishop is His servant, for, sure, both bear the marks of His service in their lives.

VIII.

"Cast down, but not destroyed."

1644.

ANOTHER year has opened—for many months I have been so occupied with striving to render assistance to dear Mistress Hall—in such little matters as I am able —that my journal has been neglected.

Mistress Ann has been away with her sister at Exeter, conveyed thither by her brother John, who at the close of last year felt the keen Norfolk winds so affect his breath that Dr. Thomas Browne recommended the softer climate of Devonshire.

Then I have striven to be what a daughter should be to my good friends, assisting in household matters —and I am proud to say sometimes employed by the Bishop to write out for him pages of his constant work —letters—and other matters of the kind.

Never did I feel more grateful to dear Master Buckingham for all he taught me than when the Bishop pats my head if I take him a fair copy of some sermon or appeal, or work for publication, and praises me saying I write a clerk's hand which he who runs may read.

If I am tired at times and sad at heart, yet all labours for my lord and dear Mistress Hall are labours of love.

It is useless to deny that I carry about with me a secret sorrow—that many and many a time when little Maria lies sleeping by my side, bearing the likeness to

her father perhaps more in slumber than when awake, I gaze at her till tears rain on her fair face, and entreat the Lord to grant me patience and faith.

I begin to feel almost as a widow would feel, for hope of Hal's return grows faint. There are rumours of great shifts to which the Cornish men are put, and many losses have been reported during the past winter.

"Will father never come home?" little Maria said to me last night, when she repeated the daily prayer of "God bless my dear father and keep him safe, and bring him back to me and mother,"—"'poor' mother," she added, for she felt a tear on her folded hands as they rested against my knee.

Darling child—she knows not why "poor mother" so truly fits the case.

I am not slow to notice that Mistress Hall ceases to say,

"Is there yet no news of Sir Harry?

She ceases to put the question which can have no answer.

But I am conscious more by her manner and that of the Bishop that it is in their hearts, if Hal is alive, sure he ought to find means to relieve my anxious thought.

Many people come and go to the Palace, and as far as may be the Bishop still welcomes them to the board at noon—though the fare is homelier than in other days at Exeter.

Master Gascoigne Weld is often here, and Dr. Thomas Browne, who grows daily in my esteem. There is in him a noble grace and dignity—and how his eyes search, as it were, the very inmost self. I could almost

fancy that my secret sorrow was known to him. And yet the gaze of those earnest eyes from under the thoughtful brow, is ever kindly—nay, even tender.

Much talk I heard of the great assembly at Westminster, "beginning," quoth Dr. Thomas Browne, "with nine hours' praying and preaching, which ought to have brought about something more to their taste than the continued success of the King's forces."

Then came the subscription of the Scotch Covenant, and it has been decreed that the covenant shall be taken by all persons above the age of eighteen.

And soon we were again in great trouble at the Palace.

The Bishop had, as chief pastor, pursued his even and wonted course—the laying on of hands as befitted him to do in his sacred office.

Again we were all aroused at an unseasonable hour by loud and vehement knocking at the gates. Alice Friendship came to me with a scared face, saying, a band of armed men were shouting loudly for admission with a message from Mr. Mayor and the magistrate.

I had been in the sweet sleep which comes at dawn, after a time of watching and restlessness; but I rose at once, bid Alice have a care not to wake my child, and hastened below, as I had done on the first occasion of this unseemly rioting.

I found the Bishop in the ante-room with Peregrine Pond and the two serving men—the household had perforce been reduced since the shameful refusal of the poor quotient of the income allotted to the Bishop for bare maintenance.

He put his hand forth and took mine, saying,

"Hinder my wife from coming hither. Ann is absent—and there are no children to be hurt by whatsoever happens, thanks be to God."

Presently a message came from the Mayor that he must see the Bishop on important business, and that these people must have an entrance forthwith, or they would force it.

"Nay," the Bishop said, "I would know the folk better ere I admit them, but I will hear their messenger."

Then two men came up with an insolent bearing, saying they had a writing from Mr. Mayor, which must be read and answered by the Bishop.

The paper was thrust rudely before the Bishop, who lost not a whit of his dignity—and after a few moments he said,

"Sirs, this paper contains a challenge of me—for breaking the covenant in ordaining ministers—and requires me to give in the names of those which were ordained by me—both before and since the covenant. Sirs, let Mr. Mayor know that he has been misinformed by those who have drawn this paper from him—and to-morrow I will send a full answer."

"Nay, nay, that will not suffice, no writing—you must appear yourself at the Guildhall, no false plea will be accepted."

"You are ignorant of the courtesy, nay, respect, due to my office, sirs—and I ask you if ever you heard of a Bishop of Norwich appearing before the Mayor. I know my own place, and I will take the way to answer this writing as I see fit."

Then the Bishop bowed—and something in him

seemed to strike awe on those rude men, for they departed quickly, and soon I had returned to dear Mistress Hall to assure her all was quiet.

But alack! for the fury—aye, and folly of those wild ignorant people.

Only a few days later, another band of these men came to the gate, and the porter holding bravely against them, they proceeded to clamber over the walls, and demand to search the house for delinquents. Again, on the day following, the sheriff and an alderman with a crowd of followers came to the chapel, searching, they said, for idolatrous pictures and images.

So ignorant were they, that they called the figures of some ancient Bishops in the windows popes, and said they must be destroyed.

The Bishop treated this with a lofty scorn, but promising to remove the offence, he sent for plumbers and had the heads taken out of the glass, and hid away in a safe chest in the cellar, and ordered round bits of white glass to be fastened in their stead.

But such scenes followed in the Cathedral, as even as I write of them, I can scarce believe that I have witnessed. It was vain to stay the fury of these zealots—these cruel and ruthless foes of all that was sacred and beauteous in the vast Church. All day we who are within earshot, heard the smashing of glass, the beating down of walls, the wresting of iron and brass from the graves, the hewing and hammering of fair carving and goodly fret-work. Then they fell upon the organ, and were tooting and piping upon the pipes, torn from their places.

When the market day came round, and the city was

full of country folk, it was as if every one had gone stark mad.

A profane procession stalked through the streets, displaying the trophies of their wicked despoiling of the sacred House of God.

Organ pipes were blown on, and one man trailing a cope in the mire, with the leaden cross sawn from the Green Yard pulpit carried before him, dared to imitate in impious scorn, the tune and words of the Litany, from a service book in his hand.

Then there was a great burning of all these things at the public cross, and shouting and rejoicing which resounded through the city and reached our ears in the Close—while the flames leaped up to heaven and cast a ruddy glow upon the battlements of the old Castle.

Insult followed insult, and the Cathedral was filled on what is called in Norwich the Guild Day, with musketeers, drinking and smoking as freely as if they were in an alehouse.

It is wonderful to me, and to all who know and revere the Bishop, that he can stand up under such a storm.

"The heathen have come into Thy inheritance," he said one day—"and verily Jerusalem is a heap of stones."

June.

All this history of misrule and wild disorder has been written at odd times during the last weeks and months—and now we are in still worse case.

The Bishop was advised to hold on at the Palace, as long as possible, but Master Corbet—may God for-

give him for his persecution—has determined to turn him out of the house.

In vain Mistress Hall begged to pay rent of the house which the Committee have for their meetings, her prayer is treated with contempt.

The meetings of these people must be henceforth held in the Palace, which is, they have the impudence to say, roomy and public, and suited to their purpose.

They have served on the Bishop notice to quit at midsummer, and I know not what would have become of the family, had not a good and charitable neighbour, one Master Gostlin, a widower, offered to void his house in the Close and make a home for us; and thither we depart on Midsummer Day.

My heart is terribly oppressed, when I think that I am a burden on those, whose shoulders are so heavy weighted already—but I have the comfort of knowing I can help somewhat in tending dear Mistress Hall—and, as she says often, taking her Mary's place.

My child too, is her delight, and a gleam of brightness in the gloom arises from Master Gascoigne Weld begging for Mistress Ann's hand in marriage—and he will, he says, repair to Exeter and receive her in marriage from the house of her sister, Madam Peterson, the Dean's wife.

I have thrown the money given me for my gowns into the common stock, and that has been—if unknown—a small help. I remake others of my garments to fit little Maria. All the pride in my own looks, which I know I had once—is gone. I would fain be clothed like dear Penelope—and the only fair possession of my youth that I wear and prize and kiss nightly, as I kneel

in prayer for Hal, is the string of pearls—the first token of his love for me.

Has that love cooled? am I forgot?—shall I be as Alice Friendship says—in all respects but name, a widow? Oh! cruel thought—haunting me by day, and in my dreams by night!

But—no more of this—I tell my trouble to God—and as a Father, He pities me.

Amongst other little services I can render to my dear afflicted friends is the helping the Bishop to collect and bring in order his written work—not yet in the hands of the printer. I have copied fair *The Devout Soul,* and he is busy upon a remonstrance addressed to the divines at Westminister. This I write for him, and I am reaping the benefit of Master Buckingham's practice of making me set down on paper what fell from his lips.

How wonderful it is to see the Bishop in these times of distress—composing books which will bear witness to those who come after him that he sought peace and diversion from carking care, by leading others to quiet thoughts of contentment and patience in adversity. *The Modest Offer of Some Meet Consideration* is all but completed, and it is full of the same wit, and knowledge, and teeming with his desire to avert the dangers which threatened his dearly prized Church. In his most serious pages there are sparks of humour, and yet he did not once dip his pen in gall.

Only yesterday, he said to me as I laid down the quill, for a short space—my hand being somewhat stiff and tired,

"Child, I have learned much since the great con-

troversy which I waged against the Smectymnuans; I see, how just soever the plea be, I find such is the self-love and partiality of our corrupt nature, the quarrel is enlarged by multiplying of words."

And this is now the rule of the Bishop's dealings with his pen and spoken words. His sermons are full of a holy earnestness, but Mistress Hall says the fire and heat which made his words burn in younger days is not in them now.

And then Mistress Hall will speak of Hawstead—and her pride in her dear lord's eloquence, and the joy with which she heard his sermon before the Prince Henry had been noticed with such praise in high quarters.

Not less his sermon from St. Paul's Cross—when a listening crowd, with upturned faces, would stand for an hour, as if beneath a spell.

"All over now," Mistress Hall said, "all over. St. Paul's Cross destroyed, the high and mighty of that time brought low even to the dust—and my husband persecuted and hunted like a poor stag,—yes, hunted to his death—if these Norwich folk could have their way. Oh! Winifrede, I ask myself, why did we ever leave Exeter and come hither for this?"

I cannot answer the question—I ask it of myself a hundred times—with others more nearly concerning myself which can find no answer in this life.

BOOK III.

IX.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that now goeth forth weeping and beareth *good seed* shall doubtless come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him.

AT HEIGHAM, NEAR TO NORWICH, 1647.

IT was on Midsummer Eve, 1644, that the Bishop, taking Mistress Hall by the hand, walked out of the Palace for the last time.

Those who saw that "exodus," as he himself called it, can never forget it.

The Bishop's calmness seemed to be shed on all around him. But oh! the cruel shame of turning out of house and home an old man, who, with his aged wife leaning on his arm, passed across the close in the twilight of the summer evening to Master Gostlin's house. Mistress Hall's head was bowed, but the Bishop's was raised; there was in him no sense of degradation, rather of the uplifting of the martyr for conscience' sake.

Despite our precaution that this going out should not be made public, there were groups of people loitering about to see how the hunted Bishop bore himself.

It must have been somewhat galling to certain of them to note with what a noble mien and brave air he met his trouble.

"Take courage, dear heart," I who was behind him with Maria heard him say, "take courage. This is God's will—the wrath of man is but suffered to bring about what He deems right and good."

But dear Mistress Hall only bowed her head still lower, and so with slow steps we passed beneath the blooming lime trees to the shelter of Mr. Gostlin's roof, with Peregrine Bond, one Margaret Hatley but recently entered the service, and another Edmund Campion.

And now after so many months, nay years, I must take the quill in hand and turn from the story of this noble saintly life to my own.

I have delayed long, and little Maria has said reproachingly to-day:

"Mother's big book is never opened now!" and then she brought it forth, and rubbing the clasp with the corner of her little skirt she tottered with it to the table against which I sat in the window. "Write, mother —tell the book about *me*."

Sweet child! All I have to tell of her is bright and happy, for she is like an angel of peace and joy to her mother's sore heart.

I bade her leave the book on the table, and now to-night while she is sleeping I will try to carry on the history from that Midsummer Eve now so long ago. But I must go back to that evening for the better understanding of what is to follow.

Following my good friends I had just reached the door of Master Gostlin's house when I saw a horseman riding a jaded steed towards the Palace from whence we had just come.

Even as I looked at him my heart gave a sudden

bound of pain, for something told me he had ill tidings for me.

Presently I saw him dismount, and making his way through the little group of people collected near and about the house he asked where he should find Dame Carew!

I gave Maria to Alice Friendship's care, and sprang forward.

"Here," I said. "I am here—I am Dame Carew."

The man leaned against the wall which shut off the Deanery garden from the close, and beckoning a lad to hold his horse he unbuckled a leather pouch at his girdle and drew from it a letter.

I saw the superscription was in a handwriting unlike my husband's, for it was small and well-formed. The light was waning, my hand trembled, and I could scarce see the letters on the outside, much less decipher what was within.

The rider was faint and exhausted, his horse sweating and covered with foam.

I had no place to offer him rest and refreshing, but presently a well-known figure appeared from under the shadow of one of the thick-leaved trees, and James Eland said,

"Have you had ill news, Dame Carew?"

"I do not know, I do not know! I cannot see to read!" I said.

Then James Eland gently took my hand, saying,

"Come into the house, and a light can be fetched. Do not stand here, many eyes are upon you." Then to the horseman he said, "The lad holding your horse can direct you to the hostel on Palace Plain where I

will find you anon, and instruct you as to this gentlewoman's wishes."

"Always my friend in need," I said, as James Eland led me up the little garden before Mr. Gostlin's house, where Alice Friendship was awaiting my coming with some curiosity.

"Take your mistress to a chamber where a lamp can be lighted; she has a despatch to decipher, and the light fails."

Clutching the letter with convulsive fingers I followed Alice to the small chamber allotted to me and the child, and where already a lamp was burning.

Trembling with eagerness I scanned the lines written on one side of the paper, which ran as follows:

DEAR HEART:—Poor Hal has been roughly handled in Cornwall, and is lying here, whither he was got with much pain and trouble last week. His mind is as ill at ease as his body, and I take upon myself to despatch a messenger for you. He does not know that I have done this, but I say *come*. One whom you know aided his journey here, and set him on his way, but he has fevered since, and the surgeon has let blood. I would fain send you a proper coach or pillion saddle, but money all goes now in this wretched warfare.

Sir Gilbert is with the King, who is laid siege to in Oxford, and I bide my time here.

I pray you, little Winifrede, to lose no time—no, not an hour—in starting; there is risk in your so doing.

Yours in old affection,

DULCIBEL REDVERS.

This letter, on which my destiny seemed to hang, was written from Hampton on the river Thames. I write it here word for word, as it is, and must ever be, a memorable letter to me.

I pressed little Maria to my heart, and then sought the Bishop with my letter.

He was resting quietly in his chair, in the small low parlour of Master Gostlin's house; Mistress Hall had gone to her bedchamber.

"The good man who has afforded me this shelter," the Bishop said, "has but now left me. But, Winifrede, is aught disturbing you?"

Then throwing myself on my knees by his side I told my friend and always faithful adviser of my letter.

"I must start at once, my Lord; you will give me your sanction, and oh! give me your blessing!"

"Yes, dear daughter, you have both. Put your trust in the Lord, and may He grant you a safe journey to your husband. How will you go? How perform the journey? Would that I could help you, but they have robbed me of my goods, and we can scarce find enow for daily need."

"I know it, I know it, my dear Lord, and I have been an added burden!"

"Nay, nay, no child of the house is ever a burden, and you have been as such to us since God took from us our dear daughter Mary Rodd."

Then after a fervent blessing with his hand on my bowed head, I left the parlour.

James Eland was without waiting my pleasure.

I did not speak to him, but speeding up-stairs I bade Alice make ready for departure with the child, and then I opened a small box, the key of which hangs at my girdle, and looked at the jewels lying within.

Little Maria climbed on a chair at my side, and as the rubies shone crimson as the lamplight fell on them,

and the diamonds flashed like stars, she put out her hand to grasp them, saying:

"Pretty, so pretty, and they are mine."

"Yes, they were hers by inheritance, but now I must reach her father by their means in his extremity.

I hastily chose out two or three sets of the fairest of the jewels, and replaced the others in the box, locked it, and went down-stairs again.

"James Eland!" I called, and out of the dimness of the summer night he answered:

"I am here, Dame Carew. What is your pleasure?"

"See here!" I said, "here are jewels which will fetch a goodly sum of money. Take them and sell them, and make ready by their means for my journey to a place called Hampton with Alice Friendship and the child."

"The stage waggon starts on the next day but one —will you not tarry for it?"

"No, I will not," I said. "The stage crawls like a snail. It is life or death to me to make haste. Hire horses and a pillion saddle. Alice and the child and I can ride on one, and on the other some trusty man with the baggage and pistols in case of meeting with marauders or some of the rebel soldiers."

"I think you run a great risk," James Eland said, "but I go to do your bidding."

"Let us start at dawn. I am ready."

James Eland turned away to do, as he said, my bidding, and I heard him speak in severe tones to the loiterers outside, who seemed to gloat over the house where the unhoused Bishop had found refuge.

"Begone!" he said, "all of you, to your beds, where all decent folks should be by this hour."

I know not how the night passed. I left Mistress Hall weeping at my departure, and she prayed to keep the child. So long a journey on horseback would be toilsome—nay, even dangerous for a child of her tender years, she said.

But I could only reply, "Her father may crave to see her: he loves her, I know, and in the days of her infancy in London made much of her. I must take her with me, dear madam."

The Cathedral spire was standing clear-cut against the sky of the summer dawn when, according to instructions sent to me by a servant of James Eland's, Alice Friendship and I, with Maria still sleeping in the kind arms of Peregrine Bond, knocked at the great door of Saint Ethelbert's Gateway and were suffered to pass out of the close by the porter.

There two horses stood with a double pillion on each, and a man at the head of each one.

The light was yet faint, and I could scarce discern the faces of the two men. My whole heart was filled with the fever of desire to lessen the distance between me and my husband.

Peregrine Bond lifted me to the saddle, well cushioned and with a cloak richly lined with fur thrown over it to protect me from cold if the nights were chill.

For except to bait the horses I determined not to rest till my journey's end was reached.

Alice Friendship made much ado at being raised to her seat, and little Maria when her position was changed lifted up her voice and cried amain. Then I would have her transferred to my arms, and holding

her close I felt a comfort in her nearness, as often before.

Alack! I needed comfort, for the words of Dame Redvers' letter kept ever making a sort of tune to the horses' feet:

"Lose no time, lose no time; it would be a risk to do so, lose no time."

James Eland came to my side just at starting, saying:

"The servants are provided with pistols and food. They will keep behind, and the messenger who brought the news will ride as a van-guard to show the road, and to give warning of any rebels who may be in the way as you get nearer London."

"The jewels?" I asked. "Did they fetch money enough to pay for the journey—to pay the cost of the hire of the two saddle-horses?"

"There is money enow and to spare," was the reply.

When we were outside the gates the messenger on his horse passed by us and I envied his quicker pace.

It was not till the first hostel where the horses baited was reached that I, looking back to see if the packhorse and servants were hard by, saw James Eland had come with us and was the second man in the saddle of the hindermost horse; when he helped me to dismount I said:

"You told me two servants should be in charge of the baggage. How is this?"

"Am I not your servant?" was the reply. "Have I not been your servant for many a year?"

I had nought to say to this, but I wished in my heart James Eland had stayed in Norwich.

It were vain to tell how slow the journey seemed to

me, nor how when a horse cast á shoe, or we missed the way by reason of alarms as to enemies being on our track, and therefore resorted to bye-roads as a precaution, my spirit chafed and I grew morose and fractious,—far more so than my child, whose sunny temper and light heart are like her father's.

She took quickly to James Eland, and rode on his knee many a time while he told her stories, always from the Bible: but in so interesting a fashion that she would repeat them to me and Alice Friendship afterwards.

For her part, she alternately dozed and nodded and grumbled, her head bumping against my shoulder and back, and the pin which held her hat in its place striking into my neck; but what was a pin prick to the pain at my heart?

On—on—under the summer sky, night and day, and I never for one moment really forgot myself in sleep. I heard Dr. Thomas Browne say one day that in the moments before death by drowning, all the past rises up in strong colours—joys and sorrows, aye, and sins and short-comings all come before the mind in those last moments. And I may say that all along this ride which was to end for me with I scarce dared to think what misery if indeed I was too late,—which would, I thought, be worse than death to me—the past came before me as to the drowning man, and all was clear: alack! how clear!

That ride in Hal's arms, that secret marriage, the torture of mind I suffered when I was vowed to secrecy, then the bliss at Exmouth, the dear delights of his tender love and care for me, my pride in him, my gallant

soldier who had as it seemed to me come down from his high estate to lift me up this, this was the reality, and the long separation and the apparent negligence and cooling of affection for me—this was but a phantom! It was to Hal, my Hal, the lover and the husband of my youth, the father of my child, that my heart clung.

As we neared the city we met many detachments of irregular train-bands and armed citizens.

We were again and again challenged as to our errand, and James Eland's answer gave us a free pass:—

"For the Parliament! for the Faithful! no Prelacy!"

This and such like watchwords from James Eland were received for the most part with respect and believed in.

As for our messenger, he had taken to flight on the first meeting with a train-band, and we saw him no more.

James Eland made for a place called Putney, and here after some haggling with a waterman Alice Friendship and little Maria were put in a barge with me to be conveyed to Hampton. My baggage was stowed into the barge, and I saw James Eland take out some gold pieces, which served to ensure the civil treatment we received. He also put into my hand a bag sealed and tied with many inches of stout cord.

"This," he said, "is for the value of the jewels, or their value in part. And now, Dame Carew, I part from you commending you to the keeping of the Lord, and may you and your child choose the more excellent way, and have grace to cast aside all vile services and vain ordinances of man which can never save a soul."

"I thank you, James Eland, for all you have done for me, and I pray God to bless and reward you."

"Nay," he said, "talk not of reward—we who are as dust and ashes before the Lord, have no part in rewards. It is all free grace."

This was the sort of recognised speech of those Separatists to whom James Eland belonged, but this formality was not really a part of James Eland's real self, as was seen when little Maria clung to his neck and kissed him and said,

"Do not leave me, 'Meland,'"—a pet name framed by her own childish lips. "I love you. Come in the boat with us. Mother wants you—I want you. Oh! Meland, do not go from me!"

As James Eland put her down and gently unwound her clinging arms I saw tears on the dark fringe of lashes which shaded his eyes, and he said tenderly,

"Nay, my sweet child, I must return whither I came. I have done the service I vowed to render, and for the rest—be a good child, Maria, and bear in mind the story of the Good Shepherd I told you."

Then blessing her and wiping away her tears, with one more farewell he was gone.

Maria flung herself on a bench in the barge, and cried vehemently and passionately.

"Come, you naughty child, hold such noise, or Master Waterman will throw you into the river," said Alice Friendship.

Such threats only made Maria cry louder than ever. Then I took her struggling on my knee and told her if she persisted in such naughtiness she would make my

head ache. "Besides," I added, "you are going to see dear father."

"I don't know him," she said. "He has never been to see his little Maria. I want—I want Meland,—dear Meland!"

The dwelling Sir Gilbert Redvers had provided for his wife in these times of danger and tumult stands in the shadow of trees, and in a creek of the river, hidden from sight from the barges passing up and down the river.

There were rough wooden steps and a post near by, where the waterman made the barge fast, and bade us take the path up to a little wicket gate we should soon see before us. One of the watermen shouldered our baggage and said he would follow slowly, for it was mighty heavy. Alice Friendship with Maria holding her hand came behind me, Alice grumbling as is her wont, and Maria stopping now and again to pluck a flower in the long grass, Alice rating her for so doing.

Now the goal was reached, I had a strange sinking of heart; I now dreaded to hear what might crush me to the earth with grief—what if it were too late?

I passed through the wicket gate and found myself in a path leading through a tangle of low growing shrubs, then out on to a wider space of turf spangled with daisies, and before me was a low cottage with a thatched roof, and covered with climbing plants.

It brought back to my mind the Bower at Exmouth, and those early far-off days of love and peace.

I went slowly up to the door and knocked. A voice from a little square opening by the porch asked—

"Who goes there?"

And I answered—

"The wife of Sir Hal Carew."

Soon there was the rustle of silken garments within and a voice I knew,

"Open at once—it is Dame Carew."

Bolts were drawn back, and then in another moment I was in Dame Dulcibel's arms.

My lips refused to frame the words; I looked up in Dulcibel's face, and she answered the look.

"Your husband is alive," she said, "and more like to live than a week ago. Sit down and drink this," she continued, holding a cup of wine to my lips. Then there rose the sound of little Maria's voice pitifully calling for mother, then the heavy thud of our baggage in the outer hall, and Alice's voice raised chiding Maria.

I felt like one in a dream; nothing seemed real to me, but making an effort to rise I said,

"Take me to my husband."

Then Dulcibel took my hand and drew it through her arm, saying,

"Come to your own chamber and I will tell you what cannot be told here."

Even in my distress and scarce understanding what I heard, I noted the change in Dame Redvers since she had come into my chamber in the Strand. Her once bright hair was streaked with grey, her cheeks thin, her mouth pinched and fallen in, her beauty of form and colour gone.

She loosened my cloak and bathed my forehead with sweet water, and then as I leaned back in a settle by the lattice casement, she began the history I longed, yet dreaded to hear.

It would seem that Hal had led a wild and self-pleasing life at Oxford, and that when he was despatched to join the Cornish rising he was ill prepared for the privations which beset the valiant band there; often those in command had but a biscuit a day, and but a handful of powder for the whole force.

Hal had fought desperately, and was sorely wounded after scaling the steep heights of Stratton Hill. Here he was left for dead, but Sir Gilbert Redvers came to his rescue. He was carried in the dead of night to a house where it was said many had found shelter and nursing.

A band of holy women abode there, and the head of them was Mistress Ley. Joan was amongst them, and here Hal lay for many, many weeks, faithfully nursed and tended.

He grew weary of confinement and insisted on leaving the place of refuge, and was bent on making his way with his faithful servant Michael to London, intending, so he says, to make for Norwich.

Sir Gilbert Redvers knowing him to be in a weak condition pursued him with a safe convoy, but they fell in with a party of the rebel horse, and another sharp conflict followed. Again Hal escaped with a fresh wound, and Michael was killed by a pistol shot through his true heart. Hal arrived at this retreat to which Sir Gilbert had directed him, more dead than alive, about two weeks before the time when Dame Dulcibel despatched the messenger for me.

"I have questioned him many times," she said, "why he has left you without tidings, but I can get no direct reply. In the ravings of his fever he has called

upon another name, and talks of sinning against you and wanting your forgiveness. It is a pitiful sight indeed to look on poor Hal laid low, and I warn you to expect a change—a great change."

I clasped my hands tightly together as Dulcibel spoke, and I suppose the prayer I could not frame with my lips went up from my heart and was heard. For I felt a sudden calm and strength, as rising I said,

"I am ready to go to him."

* * * * *

As I have written this record of those summer days of 1644 I have often had to lay down the quill, close the book, and gather courage to proceed. It was so as I write the words, "I am ready to go to him."

Yes, I was ready, and indeed Heaven-sent help alone could have sustained me in all that I had to pass through.

It was not that my husband was wounded in body, and but a shadow of his old self, that gave me the deepest pain. The glance of his eyes as they were turned on me when I knelt by his bed and took his hand in mine, will haunt me all the days of my life.

It was like nothing so much as that of a child who had done some grievous fault, and hoped for pardon, yet feared whether he should receive it.

"Oh, my winsome lady!" he burst forth at last. "I have sinned against you. I dared not ask you to come to me. It has been a dark story since you last looked on me. I am not worthy to be called your husband. *Winifrede—Winifrede*—can you forgive?"

Then there came borne into my soul the words of the Lord—

"I say not unto thee, till seven times, but until seventy times seven."

It would not be possible for me to write here the details of what he truly called a dark history. I have heard of mothers who have loved an erring son better than those who have never wandered. I know that the parable of the lost piece of silver fastens on women the duteous effort to light the candle and seek for the lost one, and if so be it is possible, find him and bring him back. I have heard, too, of what some harsh judges are fain to call the folly of the weak-hearted who cannot, even in the throes of bitter anguish, cease to love the very cause of such anguish.

I know not how it may be with other women and wives—I have to tell the truth here, and this I must write . . . that sinned against as I was, my poor heart yearned over the sinner, and I poured out on him a flood of pity and love which seemed to come, whether I would or not. And even as I write now all is past, it calls up only memories of thankfulness that I was able to comfort Hal when he needed it, and I humbly trust lead him to the dear God and Father of us all for pardon and peace.

The net had been spread for him, and he had been caught in the toils of the flatterer, then discarded and thrown aside to be as he said reckless, and only longing to end it all with a sword-thrust.

From the time of my coming to Sir Gilbert's house I was my husband's sole nurse. A woman who had been hired in from Hampton was no longer needed. I was strengthened in body and mind to tend him, and great was my reward.

In our retreat reports of the warfare without reached us at times with an ominous sound, and the state of the kingdom grew even more and more troubled.

Sir Gilbert Redvers came now and again to see that we were well provisioned, and our little domain well guarded, and he would speak cheerfully to Hal, and tell him he would be in the saddle again ere long.

Alack! Well I knew that would never be!

I noted with pain how little affection there seemed between Dulcibel and Sir Gilbert. After one of his visits she said:

"I am not made of the same stuff as you are, Winifrede. If I am not greatly prized—well, I do not care to grieve over it. I have long ago learned to go one way and let Gilbert go another. My heart is not like to break!"

For all this I have seen a look in Dulcibel's eyes which was sadder and more wistful than I could describe, as Sir Gilbert played with Maria and encouraged her to talk to him.

One day he said to Hal—

"A man with a wife and daughter like you, Hal, has all reason on his side to pluck up courage and get well and hearty. If I had the like——"

Then he stopped, and Dulcibel said bitterly:

"If you had a child she would not be after Maria's pattern, she would be more like your wife who is not after Winifred's neither. So rest content, Sir Gilbert, it is best as it is."

Then she laughed, but it was a hard laugh, with no joy in it—rather bitterness.

It was in the autumn of this same year that I who

had craved for news of the Bishop received a despatch from a special messenger telling me of his finding, with his dear wife Mistress Hall, a home at Heigham, outside the gates of the city of Norwich.

The letter was written by the Bishop's own hand, and it consoled me to know of his welfare, and I returned by the same messenger a dutiful letter to him, and another to Mistress Hall, telling her what I could not tell to my lord—of Hal, of his state, and of the consolation I seemed to afford him by my presence, of our child, and her winning ways, and how her poor father lying day after day prone on his couch loved to have her near him.

When I delivered my letter to the hands of the messenger he asked me if I had nought besides to entrust to him?

I said, "No, but I send by you greetings to all who remember me."

"There is one," the man said, "who never forgets. Have you no word for him? It is he who has paid the money for this errand and sent you his humble duty, and earnestly desires your welfare."

It was James Eland, then, who thoughtfully despatched at his own cost these letters by special messenger.

Is there a heart so hard that the faithful devotion of years unnourished as it is in my case by any return, fails to touch it? Nor was this the only time that the same good offices were bestowed on me.

All through that year of 1645 at intervals the same messenger brought me tidings of those I loved. Not always sent by the hand of the Bishop, but headed

"Norwich News," and then I knew full well who had collected it for my benefit.

The next year of 1646 was a year when the hearts of the stoutest amongst the King's followers fell, all hope dying.

Sir Gilbert's visits were few, but every time he came he had worse tidings to tell.

"A giant has arisen," he said once, "who will crush out the last dying embers of our party!" And indeed so it proved.

This man, Oliver Cromwell, is a power none seem able to resist. Yet what a strange ungainly figure is his! Sir Gilbert describes him with his ill-cut clothes, his coarse linen, his hat with no band, much less plume or riband bow, his face red and puffed, his voice like one rough saw scraping on another. Yet Sir Gilbert said he is worth ten thousand Essex's in the field, and his brigade presents an iron front and all are, as he would say, "men of religion." "You and I, Hal," Sir Gilbert said, "would come off ill if the fit took us to serve under him. We should soon be penniless, Hal, for he mulcts every man twelve pence for an oath!" and Sir Gilbert laughed.

But Hal turned his head away and said:

"I would I could wipe out the memory of many an oath by twelve pence paid—nay, by a hundred twelve pences."

"Poor Hal!" Sir Gilbert said. "Neither you nor I can look back on a blameless life, but we are no worse than scores of others—you somewhat better, methinks."

Hal raised his hand with a gesture of impatience and said,

"Hush, I pray you, Gilbert, unless you would strike another spear into my heart."

It was in the spring when the trees were all budding in the Park around the great Palace of Hampton, and all nature was awaking to great beauty after the sleep of winter, that the few troops yet left to the King were routed at Stow and the struggle ended in the utter debasing of the cause of Royalty.

My husband had been able to pace the little pleasance leaning on my arm for some weeks past, and had seemed almost like to fulfil Sir Gilbert's prophecy that he would be well again with time and care. I began to have hope, though the sudden fits of pain and swooning would come unawares, and crush it out after it had plumed its wings and raised me up on them for the time. But how precious is the memory of this last year, and it will ever be a solace to me in those which are to come.

It would seem that the tie betwixt me and Hal had never been so strong as now, and I was treated with his entire confidence. He said often that an undisciplined will, a will which bowed to no authority, had wrought much woe for him. He spoke of his irascible father, the terror not the friend of his boyhood and childhood, of Joan's bigotry and ill temper, and of the hatred he took to all religion which seemed to end in nought but praying and fasting, while the heart was hard as stone and the tongue sharp as a sword. Then he would recur to our meeting, his first sight of me at the window of Mistress Rodd's house, the sudden and overpowering love he felt for me. Then of the wrong he did in carrying me off for a secret marriage, and

the cowardice which kept him back from boldly declaring me to be his wife in the face of the world.

"It was a plant growing from the same evil root," he said. "I must indulge my own will, and as a falcon swoops down on her prey, so did I swoop down on you, my poor white dove."

This and much more he said, which is not to be written here, but is written in my heart and will be buried with me. In these months of perfect confidence I read much to him from the Holy Bible, and from some of the dear Bishop's works of which I possessed copies and especially from *The Balm of Gilead and the Comforter.*

Hal spoke much of the future for me and Maria; he desired me to get back to Norwich as soon as he was gone, "for go I must, dear heart," he said. "Nor do I greatly wish to return to health. To be here with you and the little daughter we both love so well is sweet, but I should not care to return to the strife and the turmoil, aye, and the temptations of the world."

Hal said much of the monies which Joan had sunk in the religious community to which she belonged, but he said, "That is safe. It is not appropriated by Mistress Ley, but is, though Joan knows it not, saved entire for your benefit."

Mistress Ley said she had wealth enough and to spare for the maintenance of the gentlewomen with her and the alms which they dispensed, also for the payment to the priests who in these times of Puritan rule were grievously persecuted and could only visit the convent, for such it is, by stealth to shrive them and celebrate the Eucharist.

Mistress Ley is ever known as "the Mother," a mother in Israel indeed, it seemed to Hal when he was carried to that lone house in the Cornish Coombe more dead than alive, and so fell into the hands of that godly gentlewoman.

We had a favourite resort in a rude hut which overlooked the river, whence we could see without being seen. Many barges and boats passed up and down between London and Richmond and Hampton. Often on the air was borne the sound of voices singing psalms and hymns. The old songs of the watermen were now deemed profane and savouring of the Evil One.

Those who approached the house from the river were few, but there were gates at the back of the cottage at which horsemen stopped.

By this time any who had served in the King's cause were suspects, and it was a constant marvel to us that we had not been hunted out of our retreat.

So small a place did not attract attention, Sir Gilbert said, and yet he kept a guard hidden in the copse which surrounded the little domain, to protect us.

He was oftener abroad than present, and Dulcibel was, I always thought, more cheery when alone with me, my husband and Maria.

Dulcibel was ever ready with kindness and help. She studied to make dishes such as Hal could fancy; she and her woman ransacked the chests where her many beauteous gowns were kept, and would make short coats and brocade skirts for Maria trimmed with fine lace which made her look, as her proud father said,

"A little Court lady!"

Alack! that description scarce stood for aught now, for there was really no Court.

"She should be arrayed in the old Carew jewels," he said one day. "Let me see her decked in them."

"Nay, dear Hal," I said, "it would but fill her head with vanity."

But he would not be put off, showing the feverish impatience of delay which the sick so often display. And I would not deceive him.

"Dear love," I said, "when the message came to hasten me hither I had no money. I had therefore to seek the help of a friend to sell some, not all, of the jewels."

"Sell them!" Hal said. "It was not well, Winifrede"—and his brow darkened.

"Dear one! I have yet the best left. These pearls are never taken from my neck, though sometimes hidden. And I could not have reached you penniless. Nay, Hal, do not be angered against me."

"As if I could," he said. "You are the best jewel —the only jewel of value to me, and as to the child she has yet enough left."

Of all the stirring events outside our retreat we, as I said, only heard rumours. The great war was over, but not the strife of contending parties.

Never was a kingdom more surely divided against itself. There were factions and parties and rivalries, and amidst them all the King was like to be torn in pieces.

The King had many enemies, but these very enemies were at issue with each other, and thus there was no decided action, and the war broke out again.

* * * * *

On one chill afternoon when the mists were hanging over the river, I was reading by Hal's side, little Maria at the foot of his couch, when I heard a bustle in the ante-room, and presently the door opened and Dulcibel came in exclaiming, "The King!"

All that was gracious and winning was now seen in the King's manner, as he approached Hal's couch who made a feeble effort to rise. But all sudden movement always brought a deadly pallor to his face, and the King said,

"Nay, Sir Hal Carew, my good friend and true and loyal servant, keep your place. I am grieved to see you thus. I have come to speak with Sir Gilbert Redvers and learn if he will forthwith follow me with his troop to Newcastle whither I go to find loyal and true hearts, and help to bring my poor misguided people to reason. I would, Sir Hal, I might count upon your strong arm which has wielded the sword for me to such good purpose, though, alas, to your own loss."

"Nay, your Majesty," Hal said brokenly, "I do not say to my loss. The sword-thrust had its errand, and I do not sorrow for it. The only pain is that I cannot rise and follow you as I fain would, but am a man ruined in body and estate, having lost all."

"Nay, not quite all," the King said, "with a little daughter like this," laying his hand on Maria's head. "I too have little daughters, alack, who can no longer please me with their presence, for I have no home for them, but please God this great storm will pass and leave the sky clear. There are words concerning even-

tide light which perchance may shine on me and mine, and this unhappy kingdom."

Dulcibel had fetched the grace cup, and putting it into Maria's hands bade her offer it to his Majesty on one knee.

How gracefully the child performed this office, and how her poor father's eyes feasted on her loveliness! To my surprise, and somewhat fearing she was over-bold, Maria said,

"If I were a boy I would take father's sword, and fight for you, dear King!"

The King laughed, and turning to me said,

"Your mother is thanking God you are *not* a boy, I know. When can I see Sir Gilbert?" the King asked of Dulcibel.

"He is on an errand at Woolwich, your Majesty, but he will wait on you when he hears your commands to do so."

"Bid him find me at Hampton Court as speedily as possible, for there is not a day to lose. I must meet my faithful Scots at Newcastle where the Presbyterians and Sectaries are ready to tear one another in pieces."

The gentlemen waiting in the ante-room were now summoned, and the King was escorted to the small barge awaiting him, Dulcibel and little Maria asking permission to accompany him through the copse. I was left with Hal, of whom the King had taken a most gracious, and even tender farewell. His eyes still beautiful, though less brilliant than of old, were fixed sadly on the dripping branches of the rose-bush trailing over the casement.

I knew what he felt—his once great strong frame

weak as a child's, his breath coming and going in short quick gasps at any movement or sudden question.

Knowing this I only essayed to comfort him by silent sympathy, taking his hand in mine and kissing it gently.

He understood what I fain would say, and whispered,

"Dear love, you are very good to me, and patient withal; perhaps it may not be for long, and for you it will be the lifting of a burden when I go."

"Do not break my heart by such words," I said. "You know that to be near you is my best enjoyment, to serve you and help to cheer you my only pleasure."

"And all for love, and no reward," he said, "my poor winsome lady!"

"Nay, I have my full reward," I answered; "I want none other."

Presently Maria came dancing into the room holding up a little silver pouncet box curiously chased.

"The King gave it to me," she said, "and bid me say every night, 'God bless the King and bring peace to poor England.' I told him I would never forget it when I knelt at your knee and said God bless dear father."

* * * * *

Soon after this the time came for our leaving this quiet retreat, and my heart was filled with fear as to the journey. How could my husband bear the movement, when even to cross the chamber was often too hard for his breath?

Sir Gilbert had to go, Dulcibel said, to sell some of his goods for the equipment of his troops, and he

could no longer leave a guard with us—nor indeed bear the costs of the household.

Dulcibel was to be conveyed, under care of a body of the troop, to Cheshire, which lay not far out of the way which Sir Gilbert Redvers' men must take—and immediate preparations were made for departure.

We were sore perplexed as to what was the best action for us to take, when we were waited on by a rough sea-faring man, who handed a crumpled letter to me from the pocket of his wide breeches, and said he would tarry for my orders.

I found this paper was written by James Eland to the captain of a sloop which plied between the mouth of the Thames and Great Yarmouth, with the dyed goods for which Norwich is famed, and of which the chief makers are the family of Hickes to which James Eland belonged.

The sloop was to sail from London Bridge on the next day, and we were to be taken on board, and conveyed to Yarmouth by the captain, who was under orders from the great dyers and cloth and crêpe makers who would pay the cost.

It was a more formidable journey than any I had before attempted.

A sick husband and a child of tender years to brave the perils of the wide sea, and not knowing whether Hal would have strength to bear any movement,—so terrible were the spasms of pain, from which he was yet suffering if, forgetting needful care, he suddenly rose from his couch without the help of my hand.

But Dulcibel Redvers encouraged me to pluck up

spirit for the effort, saying she must start at dawn the next day, and we could all proceed in a barge to London Bridge where the sloop would take us a-board.

I did as Dulcibel advised and plucked up courage for what lay before me. That would not have sufficed if the God in whom the Bishop had so often bid me trust had not heard me cry and helped me.

I do not know how it may be with others, but I have ever felt since the time when I first had grave thoughts of God and faith in Him, that without any intention, blessed words of supplication have been whispered to my troubled heart, and I have sent them up as prayers, or rested in them as promises.

I repeated again and again as I went about my preparations with Alice Friendship, who kept up as is her wont a perpetual sighing and grumbling:

From the ends of the earth will I call upon Thee when my heart is in heaviness.

O, set me upon the rock which is higher than I, for Thou hast been my hope, and a strong tower for me, against the enemy.

And again:

My trust shall be under the shadow of Thy wings.

Then as a promise came the sweet words:

The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear Him, yea, and saveth him out of all his trouble.

On sea or land this promise is sure, and I was to find it so.

All was ready in the early morning of this May in 1646, which month has ever been a memorable month to me.

Dulcibel Redvers and her woman and our man

servant went with us as far as London, and here we parted—not without many tears on my part and an effort at hilarity on hers.

But she could not deceive me. I knew well her heart was heavy.

Back again, she said, to her old home, like a bad coin, withdrawn from service. "I would as lief take you along with me, only Hal would never care to sit on horseback as far as Cheshire; now he will have all smooth sailing, and will be so mended by the sea voyage that soon he will be mounting his horse and riding off to Newcastle."

Dulcibel knew as well as I did this was but idle talk, but it was ever her way to hide anxious care, aye, and all deep feeling, by the pretence of a care-nought manner.

My last sight of her was from the barge against which a small boat had been laid to, and into which we were all packed to be rowed out to the sloop.

The boat rocked and Alice Friendship screamed, while I could only hold Hal's hand, whose arm was round Maria, while Dulcibel stood waving her farewell, and laughing said,

"It is rock-a-bye, baby, not on the tree top, but on the Thames' water!—God speed you. . ." There was a sudden change in the ringing voice with those words, and as I gazed at her I saw her turn away her head and hide her face in her hands, and I knew that she was weeping, even as I wept.

We were treated with all kindness a-board the sloop; the captain's wife, a homely but good woman, did her best to secure our comfort.

But the air of the hold which smelt of indigo and other dyes, was too heavy for Hal. His breathing grew difficult, and we had to prepare a couch for him on deck. By God's mercy the weather was calm and the sun shone on the waters of the great Northern Sea, over which we sailed along the coast of Eastern England.

Maria was as happy as a little bird, and was never tired of watching the sea-gulls skim by over the waves, and made friends as was her wont with the rough sailors who treated her as they might treat a rare delicate piece of porcelain, and the captain would carry her on his broad shoulders that she might have a wider view of sea and land.

In these days at sea with the great arch of heaven above and the great sea below us, my husband and I had much sweet communion never to be forgotten.

He spoke much of what I should do when he had left me, and pathetically added,

"Better, dear heart, without me than with me, for if I live I am but like to be a burden to you."

I bade him cease from such words, which were pain and grief to me, and then he went on to say that he hoped to reach Norwich alive, that he might pour out his heart to the Bishop and commend me and Maria to his fatherly care.

The sun was nearing the west on the twenty-fourth day of May when the captain said, we had sighted Yarmouth, and should lie off the harbour till the morning when the tide would serve to take us in with it. The sun cast a wide path of glory across the sea, and presently touched the distant ocean line and seemed

for a moment to rest like a ball of ruby flame upon the water. A beauteous sight which Sir Thomas Browne I remember to have heard say is one of the loveliest of this eastern land of England; in the summer the sun not only dips below at sunset, but rises above the sea at sunrise.

It was a clear night, if night it could be called, for scarce had the light faded from the west than there were streaks of dawn in the east. Stars looked down on us with eyes of love, and one shone with surpassing brightness.

Hal, as I said, slept on deck, on a couch made up of sails and matting, covered with the warm fur-lined cloak James Eland had provided for my journey from Norwich.

I did not go below, but Alice Friendship and Maria slept sound in the cabin.

The good wife of the captain had made a rude seat for me, from old chests, and on these placed by Hal's side I often had a sweet sleep, my head leaning against his shoulder, his hand in mine.

I had been dozing when his voice awoke me:

"Winifrede, there is the bright morning star—look!"

I raised my head, and there hanging like a silver lamp in the sky which was of the colour of the cowslips in the meadows by the Yare, shone the planet Venus, so named for its exceeding beauty.

"Winifrede, I would fain live to see James Eland again."

I started, for that name had never passed Hal's lips for many a day.

"I cherished unreasoning hatred against him, but all

hatred has been driven out of my heart by your love. So when I am gone hence mind that James Eland is made aware that I think only kindly of him, for his zeal in the service of my wife. Mind that he takes from your lips this message, that I claim forgiveness from him for harshness and rough treatment; let him forgive me, as he hopes to be forgiven.

"The rest is all settled—Mistress Ley will see you have your rights, and it may be our little maid may return to Widford in the years to come with you."

"Never again do I wish to see Widford," I replied, "I have bidden it a last farewell."

"Poor little dove," he said, "it was but a troubled nest for you. Ah! sweet one—once more forget."

Our lips met in a last kiss. Yes! it was the last.

Presently he said,

"I am very weary—but the fight is fought—and I think it is Victory——"

"Through Jesus Christ our Lord?" I said.

He smiled and answered, *"Yes."*

Presently I heard him murmur, "Victory!—The enemy is routed!"

Then he sprang up with sudden fervour, gazing straight before him as if he saw some one coming where sky and sea were tinged with rosy hues, mingling with yellow.

Next a cry of pain which sounded in the stillness of the summer air like a wail of earth-born suffering.

"That sword-thrust has pierced my heart," he gasped and fell back.

I, rising to my feet, caught his head in my arms, and it rested on my breast.

XOOOX XOOOX

He looked up with a smile, and then his eyes closed—in sleep I thought, I had so often seen him thus before.

But it was the sleep which knows no awakening, and I was a widow.

* * * * *

The story of those hours of deep anguish which followed cannot be written here. Let me shortly say we—the living and the dead—were put ashore at Yarmouth, and not forgotten.

The true friend who had never forsaken me awaited our coming, and to his care I owe the reverent burial of my husband in the grave-yard of the great Church of St. Nicholas.

The Bishop, weighed down by age and the cruel treatment of his foes, must needs take a barge from Norwich on hearing of my forlorn estate, and it was his voice which pronounced these words of comfort in my ear of the burial service. Words that are like the rainbow seen through the blinding tears of those who mourn—but oh! *not* as those without hope.

I lay ill for some weeks—so ill that I took but little heed of what passed. When they could remove me, I was conveyed by water to Norwich, and found this cottage, where I have written this history of the three eventful years, made ready for me.

Our cottage is on the same road as that house where the Bishop has retired to pass the evening of his days. Not in idleness, he is yet at his Master's work, his heart full of charity with his persecutors, and the light of his eventide serene and calm, when to many, in like case, it would have been troubled and restless.

He is ever meditating on the goodness of God, and sees His Hand working through all the grievous wrong which has been done to him, and now, at over three-score years and ten, he is busy bringing forth a little book which he has with strange significance called *The Remedy of Discontentness.*

Did any one need that remedy less than he? He bears bodily pain and loss of his worldly goods with a like composure. His power of speaking and writing seems by no means decayed, and the little sallies of wit and sharp rejoinder often bring back the Bishop of a former day when I first knelt for his blessing at Exeter ten long years ago.

BOOK IV.

X.

Yet what thou canst not, always shouldst thou *will*,
Or gratified thy wish may cost a tear,
And bitter prove what seemed most sweet to view;
Last in thy heart this truth we would instil:
Wouldst thou to self be true, to others dear,
Will to be *able*, what thou *oughtst* to do!

—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

HEIGHAM, NEAR TO NORWICH, 1649, *January*.

SINCE I, not without some pain and difficulty, wrote the history of the past few years, moved thereto by my little daughter, I have not kept any regular entries in this book.

Through the kindness of Master James Rodd of Exeter, I have had my worldly affairs settled to my advantage on the death of my husband's sister Joan Carew, which took place soon after my return, a widow, to Norwich.

By his advice, Widford was put into some order, and for little more than the cost of keeping the land cultivated, it was made over to one Sir Bernard Drake, who had suffered great losses during the war.

Mistress Ley being now fixed in Cornwall, Ley Grange was by her made over to a cousin in the third degree—she being left undisputed and sole heiress by her father, who died many long years ago.

This kinsman, Sir Geoffrey Ley, though young is I hear a good Churchman, and befriends the many ordained ministers of our Faith who are shamefully turned out of Church and house and home under the tyranny of those who had none but self-constituted rights—the Puritan preachers, who are now filling the pulpits whence many learned divines had proclaimed the Gospel of Christ.

The year opens in gloom. The King is a prisoner, and was arraigned before those who had no right to judge him, and as we heard yesterday, the trial is going against him, and the measure of iniquity is like to be filled up by the murder of the Lord's anointed King of this realm.

I lead a peaceful and retired life in this cottage, with my child and Alice Friendship and one serving man who keeps the little pleasance in order, and tends the poultry and the horse which feeds in the paddock, and on which I sometimes exercise myself, but oftener send Maria with Alice, the serving man guiding the horse.

I busy myself in many ways, and teach Maria as Master Buckingham taught me, and also bid her learn those things necessary for a woman—spinning, tapestry work, and the like—which I never sufficiently practised.

Never a day passes but I open the little wicket gate at the back of the cottage, and pass through it to the orchard behind the house where my dear and long-tried friends are spending in retirement the evening of their days.

There in good sooth I learn the lesson of submission to God's will, if example can teach it.

In that house, with its stone walls picked out with flint ornament round its bay-windows and pointed gables, is to be seen a picture which I would fain my child should keep fresh in her memory through life.

The walls of the chamber where the Bishop mostly lives, are of carved oak, and above his head is a wondrously fine ceiling with strange devices; one that of a Crown, and Cross laid athwart it; and it ever seems to me as if he who wrought it and placed it there, must have had some foreshadowing of the Bishop who was to sit beneath its shadow.

This may be fanciful, and I leave fancies for reality, and will tell how on the snowy night of January 31st of this year all was warmth and brightness; the logs blazed on the wide hearth, and the flames flickered on dear Mistress Hall's silver hair, as she sat supported by cushions on the settle, and on the golden locks of my fair child Maria, who, nestling at her side, was lost in the pages of a book the Bishop had given her to read, and into which, despite her tender years, she was fully able to enter—The *Arcadia* and *Defence of Poesie,* by Sir Philip Sidney.

A bit of tapestry work lay across her lap, and the skeins of silk were lying unheeded at her feet.

I could not chide her too sharply, for a fault which was my own—namely a great preference for books when compared with any handicraft, but I said, "Maria, see! the cat is toying with your silks, and the gold thread will be all tangled. It would be better to finish your task of needlework, before burying yourself in your book."

"Ah! sweet mother," my child said, looking up with

a smile, and instantly doing my bidding. "I do love reading better than dull needlework."

The Bishop, seated on the other side of the hearth at his table covered with papers and books, had thrown down his quill, and now said,

"The wise man saith, little maiden, there is a time for everything—a time therefore for books, and a time for work, but always a time to do a mother's behest."

I had been copying some leaves for the printer, of the Bishop's new book, by the light of the lamp hanging over the table from the groined roof, by the bay-window.

"I can do no more this evening, Winifrede," the Bishop said. "This is doubtless a time for anxiety. I grow impatient for news, and I marvel that my son-in-law Gascoigne has not come as he has promised, to bear me any tidings from London; evil they are sure to be, I fear me!"

I rose and looked out on the narrow pleasance which separates the house from the road, and saw that the snow had fallen since sun-down, and that there was a man's figure at the little outer gate, his cloak streaked with white patches.

It was James Eland, I felt sure, and as he was now risen to a high place as a city alderman, it was borne in on my mind that he brought news.

I dreaded lest the news should be too suddenly conveyed to the Bishop, who was now, as often, suffering great pain of body, and would, I thought, ill bear to hear our fears for the King's safety were but too well grounded.

I therefore slipped quietly out of the room, and asked Peregrine Bond to tell Master Eland to go forward to my house and that I would meet him there. I threw on my long black cloak, and stepped over the new-fallen snow to my own door, opening into the kitchen, where Alice Friendship sat spinning.

I tapped at the casement, and though I often did so, she screamed amain, as if it were a new thing. Then she opened the door a crack, and declared I had scared her out of her seven senses.

"I did not know," I said sharply, "you had seven. Certain it is you behave as if you had lost some of them at times."

But there was no time for parley. I passed her quickly and slid back the bolts of the front door, where as I expected, James Eland stood.

He followed me silently into the little parlour, where a fire was smouldering on the hearth.

"Have you brought news?" I said.

"Yes: a messenger has ridden post haste from London, bearing to the Guild hall the news that Charles Stuart suffered death this morning."

Now though we had all but given up hope, yet we had not been able to face the reality of this dreadful deed.

"May God forgive his murderers," I said.

"They are but the instruments of God for the welfare of this unhappy country," James Eland replied.

"Unhappy indeed!" I said, "and now with the full measure of unhappiness meted out."

"Not so, Dame Carew; we were drifting into the condition of slaves to a tyrant, and now we are free men!"

"Free men, forsooth!" I exclaimed. "Time will show what that freedom is worth. Cromwell will teach you this fast enough, but oh! the King! the King! Have you any details of the cruel end?"

"Charles Stuart was, so the missive brought by the messenger to the Mayor sets forth, greater in his death than in his life, meeting his doom with dignity and calmness. A prelate, Juxon, was with him at the last moment, and may God have had mercy on him at that eleventh hour."

"I cannot suffer you to speak thus of one who is now a martyr as well as a saint."

"Tut, tut!" James Eland said, "neither can I bear to hear you call a man who by dishonest means did his uttermost to ruin his country, a saint!"

I was deeply moved, and my tears fell fast as I said angrily,

"I want to hear no more—it is enough. Now I must return to the Bishop and go nigh to break his heart by the tidings."

"You need not hasten to do this," James Eland said. "Even as I left the door Master Gascoigne Weld galloped up, and by this time Master Joseph Hall knows all there is to be known."

"Why will you persist in depriving him of his just title?" I said. "Remember, he is a bishop, consecrated to that holy office, and you cannot alter it."

"Well, I would not pursue the matter further; let nothing disturb the peace which now reigns between you and me, Dame Carew."

"No," I said. "It would ill become me to let aught come between me and my good friend whose

kindly offices were remembered gratefully by him who was so dear to me, when he lay a-dying. I must return whence I came now, and see how the Bishop and Mistress Hall support this great trial. Verily they have a double portion of sorrow."

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," James Eland said. "Mine has this knowledge in fullest measure."

"I grieve to hear it," I said gently. "But time brings healing on its wings for all sorrows."

"You could heal mine with a word," was the answer. "It rests with you to give me my heart's desire."

Now since that day when I recovered from my long sickness at Great Yarmouth, being tended there by Mistress Rainbyrde, whom James Eland summoned for this end,—and delivered to him my husband's last message, no word like this has passed from James Eland's lips. He has visited me from time to time at regular intervals of once a week. He has constantly sent silent tokens of his affection for Maria, and many are the proofs of his love for my child. I had hoped that the passionate love he had entertained for me had quieted down into the friendship of which I had so many tokens. Now, as he repeated with strange fervour:

"Yes, Winifrede, my heart's desire!"

I felt that this grave man of dignified bearing, in his plain Puritan coat and close-shaven head, bore for me the same love as did the gay apprentice in my uncle's shop at Exeter, and what woman could fail to be moved by such devotion? But I could only shake my head as he repeated,

"Grant it, Winifrede, give it to me—give me yourself!"

"No," I replied, "my kind good friend—anything but this—it is in vain to ask it."

Then James Eland pressed his hand against his breast as if to keep back some great agony, and bowing his head, said:

"It is God's will, and it must be good. Farewell!"

I returned to the Bishop chilled at heart, and as cold as the snow which was now falling thick and fast.

I found not only Master Weld there, but several other gentlemen of the city and neighbourhood, all talking of the dreadful deed on which the sun had risen that day. I sat down by Mistress Hall, who took my hand in hers, Maria's golden head nestling against her shoulder on the other side.

Presently Mistress Hall said, looking towards the Bishop and the gentlemen:

"They are speaking, Winifrede, of all which must follow this cruel deed—of the despot who will rule—of the priests of God who will be turned forth to beg their bread—of the spoiling of goods, and earthly losses. This will not touch my husband—there is nothing left for them to do to him; he has lost all."

"All but truth and honour, dear madam," I said, "and he has yet *you* left to him."

"Ah, dear heart!" was the mournful reply, "what am I now but an old feeble woman, trembling on the verge of the grave?"

"But ever his dearest of all earthly friends," I said. "Oh, dear madam, give thanks when you think of this."

Her face brightened, and she said,

"Yes, Winifrede, I can give thanks for this great mercy—for forty years I have been his only and true love. Blessed thought!"

"Aye, blessed indeed," I repeated. "Blessed indeed!" And to myself, though not to her, "What would I not give if it had been given me to say the same!"

Sometimes I think if I had died when Maria was born, as they thought I should, how much knowledge of the snares and temptations of this evil world would have been spared me. Hal would then——

But this is vain and foolish—nay, sinful repining. I must take up poor James Eland's cry, and say "It is God's will, and must be good."

HEIGHAM, NEAR TO NORWICH, 1652, *December*, 20.

I have made no entry in this book since that snowy night when they bore the White King to his grave.

It had a strange significance, this mantle of snow, soft and fine and light, covering him who had that day laid down the corruptible for an incorruptible crown, the robe of ermine and purple for the white robe of those of whom Saint John writes, who have come out of great tribulation.

It was as dear Mistress Hall said: the Bishop had but little of worldly goods to lose, or of worldly position. Thus the great change and tumult in the kingdom, which succeeded the King's death, did not so much affect him in his retreat. Although taking as ever a keen interest in the affairs of the Church and State, he contented himself so, he would often say,

with prayer that God would rule all in His infinite wisdom, and make even the wrath of man to praise Him.

Let no one think the Bishop passed into the apathy which is sometimes seen to creep upon old age.

He was in constant communication with learned and zealous men, notably two who had like himself been cruelly and despitefully used by the Puritans.

With one of these, Master Hammond, he had a peculiar strong tie, as he had been ousted from his living of Penshurst, and, though valued at Oxford where he took refuge, and made Canon of Christ Church, University Orator, and chaplain during the King's residence there to the master he loved, he was, on the death of that master, living in retirement at Westwood in the county of Worcester, as our dear Bishop lived at Norwich.

The exchange of thoughts with this dear friend was one of the chief solaces of the Bishop's old age.

And no less valued was the friendship of Archbishop Usher, who, like Master Hammond and the Bishop, laboured with the pen, though the voice was silenced.

It is my happiness to feel I was of use and comfort to my good and dear friends, and I can bear witness to the absence of querulousness and peevishness which do beset old age, especially when, as in the Bishop's case, much bodily pain sometimes growing to torture is appointed it to bear.

And beyond all this suffering in his own person, there was the sudden death of Master John Hall, who, seized with a virulent illness in February, 1650, when

on a visit to Norwich, was, for fear of the putrid sore throat which had attacked him infecting others, buried on the same day on which his spirit departed, at Heigham church.

Next followed the death of that clever and quick-witted woman, the wife of the Dean of Exeter, and when the news was brought to dear Mistress Hall, she said:

"I have scarce a tear left, so many have I shed over the graves of my children; but, dear Winifrede, this time I feel I shall soon go whither they are gone, and meet them, by God's grace, in the mansions of rest above. So I need not the relief of tears."

Very slowly but surely from this time Mistress Hall descended into the valley of the shadow of death, and on the 27th day of August, 1652, the dearly cherished wife, mother, and friend departed hence, exchanging, as the Bishop said, the mortal life of sorrow for the life of joy eternal.

I would that I could call back but a tithe of the many beautiful words which fell from the Bishop's lips at this season of added trial.

He gave utterance to his feelings in *Songs in the Night, or Cheerfulness under Affliction.*

He would say to me that he who had been no niggard of good counsel to others needed it now for himself; he who had taught lessons of patience to many, must strive to bear with meekness this crowning sorrow of his life.

He struggled to such purpose with pain of body and grief of mind, that he attained to a quiet submission and composedness of thought, wonderful to see.

"Even while I weep," he would say, "I would smile through my tears on the face of my heavenly Father; if God bless mine eyes with this sight of a blissful eternity, I shall not forbear to sing in the night of Death itself—much less in the twilight of all these worldly afflictions."

Then he would speak of Mistress Hall as having stepped a little before him to the happy rest towards which he was panting like a hart to the water-brooks, and where he should speedily overtake her.

I must ever account it a privilege to have been associated with this saint of God during his last years, and he was pleased to confide much in me, and I heard from his lips and wrote at his bidding a great part of his books, for the printer, namely *The Great Mystery of Godliness* and *The Invisible World discovered to Spiritual Eyes.*

It were vain for me to attempt to write here of the condition of the Church and country at this time. It was the occasion of the Bishop moulding a society which he called the Holy Order of Mourners in Sion, a purely spiritual society. Its members, binding themselves by solemn but secret vows, were to have no distinguishing colours, devices or habiliments—rather were they to be known by devotion, and one day in the week was to be set apart for fasting and prayer, while the hand of God lay so heavily on the Church and Nation.

1654.

Mistress Ann Weld is frequently at the house with her little son Joseph, and has conceived a great affection for my dear child. For this I am on some ac-

counts thankful, for though Maria has all the brightness of her father's temper, still it is but a dull life for one so young.

She has a gift for music, and plays sweetly on the viol, and sings the Psalms in her clear young voice to the great delight of the Bishop.

All that I have said of the comeliness of her father's appearance may be repeated when I describe his child. She is indeed his image, with her clustering curls and swift-coming smile, her lithe figure, tall and straight as a young sapling, and her head carried with the stately dignity of a young deer.

But I love to note that added to these gifts of beauty my child has a sweet seriousness and sometimes methinks more than befits her age—resulting doubtless from the retirement of her life, and intercourse with those much older than herself. I have made it my first duty to bring her on in her study of her own and other languages, in which dear Master Buckingham instructed me, and she far surpasses her mother in her quickness, for learning seems to come to her as naturally as the air she breathes.

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1656, *April* 6.

Mistress Weld, when visiting her father to-day, asked leave that Maria should go to Braconash for some pleasant entertainments which were to be held there at Easter-tide.

"Gascoigne says you should let the world see her, and we shall have a play acted, and dancing, and Maria will shine as a star amongst us."

I demurred a little, for I did not care to let my child enter into the gaieties which from inclination, as well as the circumstance of my widowhood, I had renounced.

Maria has been a guest at Braconash several times, but never when gay company were gathered there.

"Say yes, Winifrede," Ann urged. "Let her wear the brocades and jewels which I know you possess, stowed away, and depend on it, we will guard her well. I will not take 'No' for an answer."

Maria, who now came in from a ride with Alice Friendship, heard Mistress Weld's proposal with cheeks aflame and bright eyes.

"You would love to come and see a play, Maria. We have some actors who have been at Blickling, poor souls! They can only act by stealth now; if caught at it in public they would be clapped into prison, but Gascoigne says his house is his castle, and he defies any man to forbid him to carry on what he chooses there. Say, Maria, you will come?"

Maria knelt down by my side, and said in her caressing way,

"Yes, mother, I should love to go to Braconash if you give your consent."

"I will take a day to think over it," I said.

"Nay, why a day? I consider it a settled thing," Ann exclaimed as she left our house to cross over the orchard to her father's.

* * * * *

April 16.

Finding the Bishop did not think I should do wrong

to let Maria go to Braconash, it is settled, and every preparation was complete last evening.

I dressed Maria in the brocade of silver and blue, and the old lace which was from Flemish looms, and had, so Hal had often told me, decked his mother at her bridal, edged the veil which was to fall from Maria's head.

She looked lovely as a fresh-blown rose, and I, being shorter by some inches, had perched on a chair the better to arrange the veil and make it fast with pins, when a well-known knock at the door was followed by James Eland's entrance.

It was his habit to come once every week, as I have said, and had I thought of it I should not have dressed Maria in her festal garments on this evening.

But it was too late to regret it now, and I, jumping down from my chair, could scarce help joining in the peal of laughter with which Maria greeted James Eland.

"Ah, Meland!" she said—for she always held to the pet name of her infancy for him—"Did you ever see me so fine before? did you think mother could have all these beautiful things and never look at them? see! what lovely pearls and blue sapphires. Meland, do not look so grave and angry—nay, sure you are not angry?"

"Whither is the child going?" he asked, turning to me.

"Only to Braconash on the morrow, where she has often been before—to the house of Mr. Weld."

For a few moments James Eland did not speak, but continued to gaze at Maria. Like many who hold his iron hard creed, he loved all that was fair and

beautiful. His creed taught him that "the world, the flesh, and the devil" lay in fine garments, in laughter and dancing and merriment, though he knew full well the world lay not only in these, but closer in the hearts of every one of us.

"It is not well done," he said at last. "The child's head will be turned by the flatteries of foolish worldlings. Were my counsel sought I should say even now, it would be well to refuse to let her go."

"Nay," I said, "that would be impossible now; and do not grudge her, James Eland, this little gleam of brightness in her young life."

James Eland said no more, for Maria went close to him, dropped a pretty curtsey, and then putting her hands on his shoulder, she looked into his face, which was near on a level with hers, she being tall, and he of only medium height for a man.

"Meland," she said, "I will be good. Do not grudge me the pleasure. And be sure I shall be right glad to come back to my mother, when the week is over."

Then, kissing him on either cheek, she left the parlour saying,

"I must away and show my fine things to Alice, and hear her say I am not half as fair as my mother was when she was brought to Widford by my father."

"It would be true," came from James Eland, with a sigh.

Then he took his accustomed seat in the chair which was called by Maria "Meland's chair," and said,

"I am made a full partner in the business of Master Hickes—the document was sealed and signed to-day."

"I am right glad to hear it," I said. "I hope you will enjoy your wealth."

"Enjoy it!" he said, "that is a word of which I have long ceased to know the meaning. But I can now do much for my poorer brethren and contribute freely to the maintenance of the chosen of God."

"I would that you could use some of your money to help the many who are outcast from hearth and home, ousted from their churches, condemned to see their pulpits filled by ignorant men!" I said this with some heat, for the Bishop had that morning received sad tidings of two or three families of the ordained clergy in the See of Norwich, who were literally begging their bread—beneficed clergymen who refusing to accept the hard Puritan rule lost all things, like their aged Bishop, rather than forswear their ordination oaths.

It is amazing that good and earnest men like James Eland should think this is the will of God!

I can see how the shutting up of places of amusement, the condemnation of the dance round the Maypole, and the forbidding of all finery in dress may be thought acts acceptable to God. But this cruel treatment of good men, this casting out of the Church those who have been her faithful servants, is something which I cannot fit in with any profession of love to God.

Methinks these stern Separatists do never think of Him as full of Love—rather as some of the books which James Eland has given to Maria—and which I have in some cases destroyed—as an angry and revengeful Judge who is full of wrath and jealousy and other like passions of sinful men.

A book written by one James Janeway is the story

of poor little ones who knew nought of the joys of childhood, who cried amain for their sins and early died, who dreaded judgement of God and never once were taught to think of His exceeding love in our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

This book was given by James Eland to Maria, when she was some ten years old, and is called *A Looking Glass for Children.* I found her weeping over it, and took it from her, determining to keep her young life as far as might be from those dark and gloomy devices of man which obscure the light of God's love, even as the mists of the moorland were wont to hide the trees and wrap the countryside in impenetrable gloom.

It was James Eland's custom to read from the Bible to me when he visited me, and he had a wonderful power of bringing out the meaning of the Word: "reading with understanding" as dear Master Buckingham would always strive to make me read.

Then perchance Maria would recite some passage to him, and I would follow, and we had much peace in these evenings.

This night we were alone together, and James Eland seemed graver and sadder than was his wont.

I strove to chase away the gloom, but succeeded ill, and I was glad when Alice brought in the spiced posset, and hard bake, which we always partook of at bedtime, and Maria returned, and all her finery doffed, and replaced by a white gown—over which her hair rippled like gold.

Sweet child! Sure during all these sixteen years

she has been as the light of her mother's eyes and the joy of her heart!

May 25.

Again this month is like to be a memorable one to me.

Much has happened since the sixteenth day of April when I wrote here of my child's coming visit to Braconash.

In that hospitable mansion were gathered many guests, and one, Sir Geoffrey Ley, who had been a fellow scholar with a younger brother of Mr. Gascoigne Weld's at Oxford, came hither to me at the end of Maria's visit as her suitor.

It must ever be like an awakening from a dream, when the child we have watched from infancy and with whom we have all the dear memories of her dependence on us, is sought in marriage, and, as in my sweet one's case, asserts her womanhood with all gentleness, but sums up the whole matter with "I love him, and I would fain be his wife." Yes! the child of scarce seventeen has vanished, and in her place I see a tender, trusting woman, who, according to the old law which God Himself has ordained, is ready to forsake her mother, dearly as she loves her I well believe, and go to make the happiness of a brave man's home.

And a brave man, and a good, is Geoffrey Ley. His age is near upon thirty, and there is in him a steadfastness which gives us good hope for coming years.

The whole matter was laid before the Bishop. Master Gascoigne Weld and his brother were ready to make this declaration, that as far as man's eyes could

read, Geoffrey Ley's life had been pure and without reproach.

By this marriage Maria will return to the land of her fathers, and be the mistress at Ley Grange, which as I have said was ceded to Sir Geoffrey as a branch of the same family tree from which had sprung Mistress Ley, who had an almost maternal love for Hal. The wedding-day is fixed for the first day of June, and all is preparing for the bridal.

Sir Geoffrey has returned to Devonshire to make ready for his bride, and the dear Bishop will join their hands in the church of Heigham, as long, long ago he joined mine and Hal's in the chapel at Exeter.

No one is better pleased at the marriage than Mistress Ann Weld.

She takes to herself the credit of having brought these two together, and she urges that it is a match all may be proud of.

She has just left me,—lamenting there can be so little display at the wedding and showing with pride her little Joseph to his grandfather in the most gaudy page's dress which he is to wear at the wedding.

The Bishop's health is too feeble to allow of any bustle with many guests; in good sooth I fear whether he will be able to get through the service, which is on all grounds so deeply touching to him.

For some time he has been unable to preach, but he walks leaning on his staff to the church, and on that aged face shines the peace of God.

Now and again as I look at him I think how little would a stranger dream that this old man with uplifted face and eyes, which, dim with age, yet seem to gaze

as if seeing things invisible, is often racked with pain of body. Moreover that he has suffered the bitterest injustice—deprived of worldly goods and wrongfully driven from his Palace, while, added to all this, God has called him to bear the loss of his children in whom he delighted, and their mother who had been the dear companion of nine and forty years!

Verily it is the peace that passeth our poor human knowledge.

* * * * *

June 6.

Never sure was a brighter day for a bridal than dawned on the first of June, when the eastern sun illuminated the chancel of the church at Heigham, and the aged Bishop pronounced my child Maria and Geoffrey Ley man and wife.

The days preceding had been less joyous; my child clung to me in that last hour, and many were the questionings which I found it hard to answer as I asked them of myself.

Would Geoffrey ever love her as now, would he be to her all that he vowed? Would clouds arise on the fair sky of my child's now perfect bliss—would there be some bitter dregs in the cup, now bubbling over with sweetness, given her to drink?

God grant that if the trial comes to her, grace may be given to bear it, and that as in the case of her mother bliss may come out of pain.

Maria stood ready dressed soon after six o'clock, and never was seen a lovelier bride. We had said all our parting words the night before, and we now knelt

together to pray as had been our custom from the earliest days of her childhood.

I dreaded to disturb Maria with my own grief at parting, and when we rose from our knees I gave her one quiet kiss, and summoned Alice Friendship to bring the cup of wine she had prepared and the cakes to break our fast.

When Alice opened the door, she said,

"Some one below would fain see you and the child."

For "*child*" Maria still was to poor faithful Alice. Then as she gazed at her she burst out,

"Oh! you are like an angel from Heaven—God bless you!"

"Who wants me?" Maria asked.

"I was not to say, but go down to the parlour, mistress, with her."

We went down together, and there stood, not the bridegroom, as I had expected, but James Eland.

He was leaning by the open casement, and the song of a throstle hard by was borne in on the air of the summer morning, fragrant with the faint scent of the lilac bushes by the gate.

There was written on James Eland's face a strange, wistful tenderness as my child went toward him with outstretched hands and kissed him, saying,

"Have you come to the wedding, dear Meland?—it is good of you to come."

James Eland stood like one in a dream gazing at Maria. Presently he said,

"Nay, dear child, I do not come to the wedding—I should make but a poor figure in the midst of all the gaudy folk collected to witness it. I only come to

tender a gift which is indeed scarce a gift, but a restoration of what was never justly mine."

Then James Eland put into Maria's hand a silver casket curiously chased, and when opened there lay the jewels which on that midsummer eve, long ago, her childish hands had tried to seize when I selected them to sell, that I might accomplish my journey to Hampton with all speed.

Maria gave a cry of delight, and I could only exclaim,

"Oh! James Eland, why will you ever make me so heavily your debtor?"

"Can there be a debt when all is of love? nay, Winifrede, you owe me nought, but that one thing which you deny me."

Then as if unwilling to bring any element of disquiet on this my child's wedding morn, he said cheerfully,

"See, Maria, I bring you a better jewel than that poor casket encloses," and he gave into her hands a small Bible bound in thick leather stamped with her name in gold letters—"Maria."

"Within," he said, "is the pearl of great price. Seek it, and, dear child, though despoiled of all earthly goods you will still be rich."

Then James Eland lifted his hand and blessed Maria with the same words with which he had once blessed me. And as the last word of peace fell from his lips, he quickly and silently withdrew, and we saw him no more that day.

* * * * *

The bearing of my son-in-law, Geoffrey Ley, was

tender and respectful to me. He bade me remember Ley Grange would be my home as well as Maria's, and in a few parting words which on our return from church we exchanged, he assured me that by God's grace he would fulfil the vow I had heard him speak that morning, and love and cherish till death, the precious child I had bestowed on him. Then, he added, calling me by the sweet name of mother,

"I have sought that grace of which I speak, and God will I think be with me, for I desire above all things to be His soldier and servant."

Brave and good words! This gallant man in the full prime of his manhood was not ashamed to confess that he desired above all things to serve God, and sure no mother ever committed her child to a husband's care with more assured confidence of her happiness.

HEIGHAM NEAR TO NORWICH, *September*.

It was somewhat lonely in this house after Maria had left us, and I had, yes, and still have a hungry craving for the sound of her merry laughter and her sweet voice singing to her viol.

But soon the dear Bishop's failing powers provided me with constant occupation.

From the day of my Maria's marriage he never entered the church, soon he never left the parlour, then, early in August, he desired us not to urge him to leave his bed.

"The time is come," he said, "for me to die, and He who has been my shield and defence in life will be my rod and staff in death."

Sure no one was ever more truly like himself to the close of his long life. He took heed of small details as of greater things. The widows of the parish, whom he had helped with small monies weekly, came as heretofore to the house, and he would see them, and give each her dole with a blessing.

On one memorable day he bade Master Whitefoot to bring to him those who were in need of Confirmation, and kneeling by his bed-side, he laid his hands on them and administered that holy rite.

He spoke of death as if it were a short journey which he must take, and would fain have those about him rejoice that it was coming nearer. He would call Death an Angel sent from God, as a messenger to take him home.

As I said, he could yet take delight in the prosperity of others, and could weep for their sorrow. The well doing of his sons, the good establishment in life of Mistress Weld, and the pretty winsome ways of her two children, were all a joy to him.

His sons had shared in the many deprivations which the members of Christ's Church were called on to suffer, but his father rejoiced that his eldest son, Robert, had by reason of his marriage with an heiress abundance of wealth with which, true to the principles of his father, he nourished and comforted many of the sequestered, deprived clergy. He was permitted to keep the living of Clyst Hydon, and became a great patron of those who were sequestered, some of whom he mainly supported.

One of the chief joys of the Bishop last year was the news that Master George Hall was the preacher

of the first sermon of that Society which is known as the Corporation for the Sons of the Clergy, and that he had been zealous in founding it.

It is wonderful to me to reflect on the cheerfulness of the Bishop, and I scarce ever heard him bewail his own poverty, though he heaved many a sigh when fresh instances of the despoiling of the Church he loved were brought to his notice.

I was seated by his bed one day when he said, suddenly,

"You are lonely now, Winifrede, without the child."

"Yes," I said, "but in her happiness I am happy."

"That friend," the Bishop said, "who has stood you so often in good stead—the man Eland—would fain I know make you his wife."

"My dear Lord, I shall never wed again," I said; "and besides, how can two walk together except they be agreed?"

"Maybe you are right; only," and he put his hand tenderly on mine, "I would fain know you were cared for as you have cared for those I have loved and whom I shall soon meet again."

"I think, my Lord," I said, "I shall, as soon as I can gather together my goods and find out my real position, return whence I came and live it may be in the house near Widford, which is close to Ley Grange. This will make it easy to see my child daily."

"That is a good intention," the Bishop said, "and may God speed you in your scheme."

If I had needed anything to strengthen my determination this approval of the Bishop would have decided me.

He departed in peace some two or three days after this last expression of love for me, for whom he has cared for so many years.

He desired the utmost plainness to be observed at his funeral, and I do grieve that his oft-repeated desire to be buried under the open sky was not granted.

He had been over-ruled concerning his children and his wife, it is true, for they were all buried under the roof of churches or cathedrals, and this may be why those in authority, Master Weld and his own sons, decreed that their father's bones should rest near their mother's, inside the church where last his voice had been heard, and where he had ministered till age and infirmity had overtaken him.

It was difficult to persuade him to permit a funeral sermon to be preached in his honour, for he said when a man dies, the survivors hasten to shew forth all the virtues and graces that perchance when he lived they were slow to perceive, and he begged Master Whitefoot to have care to magnify Him who had called him to the high office of the Church, and not one who could from his heart confess that he was unworthy of the least of all God's mercies.

Nor was there any dishonesty in these and like expressions, for surely no words were ever more in harmony with the colour of his life in his own eyes than these which are graven on his monument: "Josephus Hallus olim humilus ecclesiæ servus."

Methinks many of his persecutors might gladly be content to suffer, aye and die, could they deserve a

like epitaph, and be as justly called "humble servants of the Church."

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September 30.

It was on the eighth day of September that my honoured friend entered into his rest, and the sermon preached by Mr. Whitefoot was delivered to-day at the Church of St. Peter's, Mancroft, on the words:

> And the time drew nigh that Israel should die.

There was a large assembly of the chief citizens and gentlemen of the county gathered to pay this mark of respect to the dead Bishop. Amongst them my eyes fell on Dr. Thomas Browne, who sat in the pew allotted to him as parishioner with Mistress Dorothy Browne his wife, and a little son whom the proud father held on his knee.

I can never see Dr. Thomas Browne without a strange thrill of admiration and reverence.

Sure there are some faces on which is writ the story of their inner life, which those who care to look can read.

On the countenance of this great physician, who had been ceaseless in his attendance on the Bishop, were the signs of that nobleness of soul and reverent attitude before God, which mark in this lover of the works of creation, the deep humility with which he scans them.

No book is dearer to me than the *Religio Medici* given to the dear Bishop by the author and bequeathed to me by him with the words:

"I have no silver or gold to leave you, Winifrede,

but here at least is a mine from which you may draw many precious things—better mayhap than the gold and silver which perishes."

* * * * * * *

October 1.

I had written thus far last night with the autumn wind blowing the dead leaves against the casement, when the well-known tap at the door was heard, and the serving maid who took Alice Friendship's place when she departed with Maria, opened the door to admit James Eland.

I began to lay before him my fixed determination to leave Norwich and return to my own country.

"There seems," I said, "nought to detain me here now; I am needed by none, and in the retired life I have led I have made but few friends, so now I shall beg you once more to help me to make a journey as you have done in times past."

James Eland's whole frame seemed shaken as he said,

"Going! going hence! Oh, I pray you—do not leave me quite desolate!"

Then he burst forth into an entreaty which went to my heart.

"I feel," said he, "as if I could not live without you. These weekly visits, your smile, your voice, are the food of seven days, and then I come hither for replenishment as a hungry man comes for food. In pity for me, as for these poor folk around you, whom you have fed and clothed, do not forsake me. Long—long, since I have ceased to ask for more than the

crumbs from your table—if you take these away, I shall die!—I shall die!"

Terrible it was to see how this strong man trembled with emotion which all but choked his utterance and convulsed his face as with bodily anguish.

What could I do? here was no sudden passion of a boy—no declaration of eternal attachment and such like meaningless and fulsome words, which have even since my widowhood been addressed to me. Never once has James Eland taken undue advantage of the friendship I grant him, never once has he done more than take my hand, and kiss it reverently, as he would kiss the hand of the highest lady in the land.

But now that he was to lose me out of sight, the greatness of his love for me would have its way and burst every barrier!

Deep pity stirred in my heart for this strong man in his suffering, deep pity, aye and gratitude for ceaseless deeds of generous friendship shewn to me and my child. All this was in my heart for him, but I knew it was not love—not love which could answer to his call as the flowers open to the sun—as the bird hearing the voice of her mate wings her way to the nest and is at peace. But oh! I was greatly troubled as James Eland said,

"I only beseech you not to go hence. I have wealth now—more than I need—far—far more. Take it, it is nought to me, and provide yourself with a house more meet for your abode than this cottage, only do not go beyond my reach, Winifrede—Winifrede!"

He uttered my name with a cry like one in direst distress.

Should I give way?—Should I, out of pity and gratitude and true regard, give him what could never be my whole heart? Should I consent to a second marriage and thus reward the faithful love of many years?

As I thus questioned myself I saw when I looked at James Eland's face that the storm was spending itself, and that the light of Hope was shining through the cloud.

But it must not be. I strove to be calm, and going near to him said,

"My dear good friend, what you ask of me I can never give. I had hoped that this longing for me had died out of your heart, and that the friendship of which you so constantly give proof, was the early love chastened and subdued, and brought into proper bounds. But dear James Eland, as this is not so, it is better for me to return to the country whence I came, and you will be glad when I am gone, and you know I shall have daily intercourse with my child, whom you love and from whom you would sure not wish to part me. I desire to return to Widford, to a house I know of there, and settle myself in it for the evening of my life."

James Eland urged me no more; his whole bearing became that of one who has braced himself to endure, and bowing low he said,

"You will let me hear what you would have me do for you at your leisure. Nay, Winifrede, do not weep—" for I felt utterly overcome, "nay, I would not cause you to shed a single tear—see! I am brave now—look up at me—and be assured that He who is my stronghold will not forsake me."

Gently he raised my head which I had buried in my hands, and pressed one kiss on my forehead with one long earnest gaze. I felt he knew now, that my mind was fixed. After a few minutes' silence, broken only by the tapping of the branches of the rose-tree on the casement, and the sudden gust of October wind which hurled some dead and withered leaves through an opening in the lattice, he said, in his accustomed voice, grave and slow,

"I will seek counsel of the Lord, and you shall hear from me in a day or two. I vowed to be your servant while life lasted, and I will keep my vow."

There was in his voice and manner as he resumed his wonted gravity and dignity, touched with an ineffable sorrow, something that moved me even more than his stormy outbreak had done.

My tears fell fast, and I could only say brokenly,

"Ah! I am so sorry—so sorry—I hate to grieve you—but I know I am right—be still my friend—do not speak of service, dear James Eland, take what I can so freely give, my friendship and gratitude which can never die. Say you will take this and let the rest be buried."

"At least I promise it shall never arise again from the grave to trouble you," he said; "I accept your decision, and I know it is final."

Surely on his face was a light that must have shone on the martyrs and saints of old when they met their fate. Such love as James Eland's is as the elixir of which the ancient sages told, raising the whole manhood to a higher level, and giving the spirit victory over the desires of the flesh.

But oh! when he had left me I felt torn with conflicting feelings.

Had I done right to give this noble and true heart such bitter pain?

Yes. I had done right, for time and change and death have not cancelled those vows of love which I had spoken in the fervour of my youth, and which bound me to my husband for ever. Other women—good women and brave, I know, have wedded twice and have gladdened the hearts of their husbands. Why should I feel differently?

It is in vain to lay down hard and fast laws and expect them to be kept by others. But for me—Winifrede Carew—it would be a sin to go to any man as his wife with a heart yearning over my dead love, who was the first and only love of my life.

As I have written in these pages more than once, the time of separation and the gulf which lay between me and Hal for a few short years is forgotten.

Over that gulf the fervent love of my gallant soldier in those first sweet days and months of wedded bliss stretched toward the tender confidence of the last months of his life as if it were the two clasping hands. All that lies between is forgotten!

God comfort James Eland—and, as he said, I believe God is his stronghold, and he is not forsaken!

BOOK V.

XI.

"In Thy light we shall see light."

WESTCOMBE, NORTH DEVON, 1666. *June.*

LAST evening I was seeking for a book in which the Bishop had written my name, when in the same chest I discovered my old Journal book, unopened for ten years!

But a few pages are left vacant, and I am now resolved to fill them—not with any precise details, as in my younger days, but with some account of the happiness which God had granted me since leaving Norwich.

Before beginning upon a new era of my life, I have turned over this record of the past. Lying between the pages of the book are sprigs of lavender and rosemary and dried rose-leaves. Their faint sweet fragrance is like the memories which they call up—for in the past if there was pain, there was joy also.

When I wrote the first lines in this book, I was scarcely more than a child; now I am touching my fiftieth year! and I am yet blessed by God with powers

of mind and body which are indeed a great gift from Him.

I settled in this place early in the year 1657. As I looked my last at the stately spire of Norwich Cathedral, it seemed to bear the same message which it bore me on the first evening of my approach to that city of the East, pointing heavenward to that City which unlike the cities of Earth is a "continuing" city and into which, as a writer I dearly love has said,

> No enemy can enter, nor from whence any friend can go away!

Around Norwich there will always gather for me sacred memories of those who are entered into that heavenly city, where in the many mansions all will be peace and love.

The journey hither was made easy by the thoughtful kindness of my true friend, who after that last scene recorded in this book, has faithfully kept his promise, and never again spoken or written to me of aught but the friendship which becomes more and more precious to me.

Verily James Eland is as steadfast as one of the big rugged tors on which the summer sun lies to-day as it lay when I was young at the Cross Farm twenty years or more ago.

Westcombe is a low but somewhat spacious house lying on the land belonging to Widford, and in times past was the dower house of that branch of the Carew race, of whom my dear child Maria Ley is now the only living representative.

It is good to me to feel that I am to pass my old

age in the very house where it is right Hal's widow should live.

The repairs which were needful were all carried out under Geoffrey Ley's guidance. What joy it is to me to say that he is my son in *love*—not only my son in *law*.

No mother had ever a more tender and affectionate son.

My Maria is full of life and happiness; as I write she is absent from the Grange, and I have the dear delight of her children with me—two girls and a boy, who with his large and lustrous eyes and mirthful temper, calls back to me his grandfather.

Ah me! I can scarcely believe in the truth of *that word* as I write it, and that I am his *grandmother*—shortened into "Grannie" by the little voices I love to hear echoing through the house in childlike glee.

Alice Friendship is now head and ruler absolute of the household at the Grange, and though still free with her tongue, is true to the interests of the family she has served so long and so well.

My son and daughter resort once a year to London, where the King bids all who were loyal to his father welcome. The news from the Court is not what I like to hear. The stern Puritan rule has relaxed into much looseness of morals, and the joy with which many faithful hearts welcomed back their lawful sovereign has been clouded by sorrow, that purity of life and manners has been set at naught.

The King has winning ways, and a smile and happy jest for all who come near him, but the poor Queen, I

fear me, bears about a sad heart. Poor soul! God grant her patience and hope.

It is strange to note how the tide which ran so strong under Cromwell for the Puritan form of worship is now turned against it. Those called Nonconformists are now as hardly used as they once used the loyal sons of the Church, in the time of the good Bishop—whom they hunted from his Palace, and ejected from his rights as Bishop of Norwich.

It is good to be away from all the ferment which these changes and chances bring about. Here in my moorland home I feel content to live in the sweet intercourse granted me with my children and grandchildren, and in the air and scenes which seem to renew my youth.

I have gathered up the threads of old friendships, and I have often visited dear Master Lyde at Widdicombe, and my good cousin Penelope, who, rid of her tyrant, is now in possession of her own again, and is known throughout the country-side as the "Good Lady of the Cross Farm."

Master Fulford has long ago been gathered to his rest, and as to Master Amos Angel he is troubling the peace of some village in Bedfordshire, and, exacting a quarterly advance of money from Penelope, leaves her in peace.

But though retired from the press of life, I yet enjoy converse with those friends who can never change —my books.

The eldest of my grandchildren, little Winifrede, is quick to learn, and to teach her as I taught her mother is a great delight.

She is my chief companion as her mother was before her, and being somewhat tender and sensitive, she loves the society of her Grannie, and even when her parents are at home she is much with me.

We ride together, on the country-side, on a sure-footed grey mare named Bet, who knows the roads as well or better than I do, and often we—that is Winifrede and I—start together with our basket of good things for the poor folk scattered in rude huts over the moor. Having dispensed to them of our abundance we eat our own midday meal as we stop to rest under the shadow of a great rock, spreading our meal on the soft turf spangled with daisies, and sure no queen and princess had ever more enjoyment in a feast, for ours is served with the sauce of hunger in the crisp air, and sweetened by mutual love.

I visit Widford at times, where now and again some guests of distinction are bidden by the present inhabitant, Sir Bernard Drake, a fine old gentleman who keeps the place, so he says, with due regard for the time when Maria's little son shall inherit it in right of her father Hal Carew.

The chapel has been repaired, and the daily prayer of the Church is said there by old Sir Bernard Drake's son, an enfeebled clergyman, who, buffeted sorely in the evil times, has now but little strength left, and lives with his father, helping him in many ways, and exercising his office for the good of any sick or dying on the moorland, who may need spiritual consolation.

Every day I kneel in this chapel for matins or even-song, and very great is the edification and comfort I derive therefrom. The memory of the night when I

took my vow to love Hal till death, comes back to me with a chastened sadness, mingled with thankfulness that I have kept that vow sacred.

At Sir Bernard Drake's house and at Ley Grange I have met again and again the sons of the dear Bishop. George is now Bishop of Chester, which high position in the Church would seem a compensation for the cruel deprivation his most worthy and dear father suffered. And to my great satisfaction I have entertained in my own house dear Bamfilde Rodd and his wife Elizabeth, who is his cousin by the Dean's marriage with the Bishop's daughter Elizabeth.

It has been good to me from my first return to Devonshire, to receive affection and kindness from all the Bishop's children. But from Bamfilde Rodd I have had almost the love of a son, and many a time he has bid me recount to him all I remember of his mother called so early to her rest on that Christmas Eve long ago. Ah! to the dead in Christ those words we often use and write are as nothing. "Long ago!" to us—"long, long years" we say—but to them what avails our measurement of time, in His presence with whom a thousand years are but as a watch in the night?

* * * * *

1667, *September.*

The conclusion of this journal which I set myself to write in the month of June last year, has been interrupted by unexpected events.

Soon after that summer evening when I had written the words on the foregoing page, I was called upon to

open my doors and my heart to my early friend Dulcibel Redvers.

Remembering her goodness to me, when she received me at Hampton, and all her acts of service for Hal, I could not refuse to let her come as she wished, to spend her last days under my roof; a widow and childless . . . with the friends of more prosperous days dropped off, with much of her old asperity softened, and her love for me unchanged.

I have set apart, at Geoffrey's advice, two rooms for her use, and she is, having her own waiting woman, in a measure independent of me.

She is somewhat querulous at times, and has sharp pains in her limbs and head. But I have spirit and health for both, and I will not suffer Maria to pity me as sometimes she does, when Dulcibel is somewhat hard to please.

It is good for me to have some one to comfort and help, and I can thank God for thus taking me out of what might be perhaps—nay was—a too self-pleasing life: my dear children thinking only how to please me, and my grandchildren a constant source of joy in their bright healthful childhood.

But there is yet another friend of my past life who must have his name written on the last page of my book.

Written, if it were possible, in letters of gold—for sure no man ever deserved better to be held in remembrance for loyalty and truth.

From time to time I had received tokens of James Eland's constant remembrance, by gifts which he knew I cared for best, even books, and records of what was

passing in Norwich, which he sent me at regular intervals, his letters such as any brother might write to his sister, and with never a word of repining, no, nor longing for my presence.

I had abstained from any word of invitation to Westcombe, fearing to awake in him a desire for a dearer tie, by actual presence. But as time went on this fear was laid to rest, and I wrote more and more freely to him, telling him of Maria, of her children, and especially of my sweet companion little Winifrede.

It was one fair morning last June when Winifrede and I set forth on good old Bet's back for a long ride. We had a store of comforts packed away in the saddle bag for two poor old folks who lived in a hut between Widford and Widdicombe.

Dulcibel stood at the door leaning on her waiting maid's arm, and watched us mount.

"I vow, Winifrede, you are as active as the child. Ah! well-a-day! and I a poor cripple must crawl along in the sunshine like an old fly on the lattice," she said.

"You must try to ride on a soft pillion, now the summer is come," I said, as I waved my good-bye.

At the gate we met Maria and Geoffrey and the two younger children.

I bade them go and cheer Dame Redvers, for she was in low case.

"Whither away, mother?" asked Geoffrey, looking to the safety of the girth of the saddle, and stroking Bet's patient head.

"For a ride, father, a ride!" Winifrede answered, "with physic for Goody Brown."

"Well, well, I see you and Grannie are too happy

together to want aught beside. Don't let the mare stumble," Maria said, "or you'll need physic as well as Goody Brown."

Thus with laughter and smiles we rode away.

Looking back, I saw my daughter standing beneath the old stone porch under which we had just passed.

How beautiful she looked, with her little daughter Margaret clinging to her gown, and little Hal set aloft on his handsome father's shoulder shouting,

"Bye, bye, Grannie!"

Such a picture of blessed wedded life may well fill my heart with thankfulness!

Winifrede, always with strange understanding, looking into my face said,

"Mother is a pretty mother, isn't she, Grannie?" Adding, "And a good dear mother—and you are a dear good Grannie—Winifrede's own Grannie."

Dear child, what a spring of youth and joy she ever seems to open for me!

We rode on to see our sick folk, whom we found somewhat grumbling and discontented. Then as the heat grew greater, I turned Bet's head towards the High Cross Farm, for Winifrede said she was aweary.

We dismounted there, and dear Penelope carried the child into the house and laid her on the couch in the cool parlour, fetching a draught of milk from the dairy, and some broad young leaves of the vine growing against the house which she laid on Winifrede's hot forehead.

Winifrede seemed well content, and after we had eaten our repast I left her to rest and set out to see Master Lyde.

He was not to be found, having gone for a day or two to Exeter. Then the desire took me to go towards the moorland, and I gave tender thought to dear old Tor, as I passed his grave.

By God's mercy I can yet find pleasure in walking, and scarce know fatigue, by reason of good health and a light figure.

I did not hasten, notwithstanding, but leisurely took the path up the moor, where the gorse was a blaze of gold, and the fresh sweet scent came like a breath of youth and spring while the little streams made music, and the wild bees hummed as they flew hither and thither amongst the golden blossoms and butterflies in airy couples as yellow as the gorse danced in the sunlight.

There is ever a solace for me in the beauty of God's world, and I felt on this summer day filled with His Love to me, and mine, and every living creature that breathes the breath of life.

All unawares I came upon a little path dipping down towards a hollow, and soon I was standing by the deep silent pool, where once I had stood in the freshness of youth and hope.

The blue sky with a white cloud like an angel's wing brooded over it, the yellow flags and tall rushes whispered softly by its banks.

I went close to the edge, and looking down into the quiet waters, saw in the place of a laughing maiden pleased with her own fairness, a woman from whose head the grey hood of her redingote had fallen back, leaving it uncovered. A head no longer crowned with rippling gold, for the yet thick locks were powdered

with white! No high colour in her cheeks, no rounded outline of chin and neck.

The sorrows of the past have left their mark, but time has smoothed them somewhat and softened them with a gentle hand.

I shed no tear as I turned away, rather I smiled as I remembered that in my heart of hearts I was true to the love I had borne the lover and husband of my youth, and that I had seen his child and mine, aye and her children, and peace upon Israel.

I retraced my steps quickly, and at the head of the little glen a man seemed waiting for me.

"James Eland!" I exclaimed, springing towards him, with outstretched hands.

"Yes," he said, "Winifrede, I have come to finish my pilgrimage within sight of you—are you sorry? Do you bid me depart?"

"No," I said, "I am glad you should see Maria and her children—one bears my name."

"I have seen her," he said, "another 'winsome lady' at the Cross Farm."

Then as we walked back to the village James Eland told me that he had left Norwich where utter discord reigned amongst the Nonconformist brethren, and that they were divided amongst themselves, and persecuted by those who remembered against them their old sins.

"For we did sin, Winifrede, in our blindness and ignorance, against many who were the saints of God, though bound in the fetters of Prelacy, and unable to break their bonds asunder. The true light that lighteth every man has shined on me and taught me, I

humbly believe, that though creeds are diverse the Love of God in Christ is *One!* One God, one Father above all and in all."

"Dear kind friend," I said, "there needs be no division between those who are the children of one Father. I thank God this truth has shined in your heart, and in the mansions of the city above all seeming differences will be lost."

Then James Eland told me that Master Hickes being dead, and his son succeeding to the chief place in the business, a man of a cantankerous and evil disposition, he had demanded his share of the last year's profits and monies, due to him in the dissolution of the partnership, and with this it seems a goodly sum, he had treated for a small estate near Widford, and that he had brought Mrs. Rainbyrde to manage his house as she had done in Norwich, and there he hoped to abide till called to enter into the rest that remaineth.

"Once every week I pray to be permitted to visit you as of old, Dame Carew, and methinks you will not turn me from your door. I ask no more," he said earnestly, "nór would I by any means say or do aught which might disturb the even tenour of your peaceful life."

And as if to fill up those last recorded memories of old ties and life-long friendship, in the very hour of my return with little Winifrede to the Grange, I was met by Maria, holding an open letter in her hand.

It contained the news that Mistress Ley, known at Mawgan in Cornwall as the Mother of the religious

house there, supported and endowed by her bounty, had passed hence to the heavenly inheritance of the saints of God.

A small paper enclosed, set forth that after provision made for the maintenance of this house of charity—where the orphans and the sick were duly tended and cared for—the residue was left in trust to her kinsman Geoffrey Ley for the sole use of his son Harry Carew Ley—grandson to Harry Carew, Knight, who died after years of suffering from a wound received in the service of his King and master, the Martyr Charles.

* * * * * *

The light of the summer day is fading now, and I think my eyes are not so keen, nor my hand so swift to write, as once they were.

There is moreover scarce a page left in this book, and now what shall be my last words here?

Sure, words of thanksgiving that the eyes of those who may perchance read this journal, may be assured that I close it with a grateful heart.

Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my fifty years of life, and I humbly trust to dwell, when my last day on earth closes, in the House of the Lord forever.

Written by my hand, this twentieth day of June in the year of grace 1667, at my house of Westcombe in the county of Devon.

WINIFREDE CAREW.

1686, *February.*

Post Scriptum. In sunshine and rain, in winter's cold and summer's heat, once every week, on Sunday, James Eland came across two miles of moorland to visit my precious mother. The snow lay on the ground, and we standing by her grave in the churchyard of Widford on the tenth day of January were clothed in white rather than in the black garments of mourning and woe. We had just taken one parting look at her last resting place, when I, raising my head, saw standing at the head of the grave, the figure of an old man bent with age, and leaning heavily on a thick staff.

As the crowd of rich and poor, mourning for their benefactress, departed to their homes, I looking back saw that James Eland still stood where we had left him. As his cloak was white with snow, so was his bent head white with the snows of seventy-five winters.

I loosened my hold on Geoffrey's arm, and hastening back said to him, touching his shoulder,

"Come home with me, dear James Eland, come home with me."

He looked at me as if he scarce knew what I said.

"Nay," he answered, "nay, I am going home—till next week—*then* I shall come again to her."

"Not alone," I pleaded: "you must not go home alone through the snow."

He only shook his head, gazed down once more into the white grave where all that was mortal of my precious mother lay, and then gently pushing me aside he murmured more to himself than to me,

"Once a week!—yes, once a week!—next Sabbath day I shall come to thee, beloved."

Then raising his hand as if in blessing, he repeated slowly,

"Yes, I shall come to thee where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

Then as my husband led me weeping away, James Eland passed through the lych gate, and we saw him no more. It was as he said; the old tryst of the Sabbath day was kept.

At dawn on the next Sunday James Eland entered into the rest that remaineth, whither my mother had gone before.

I can add nothing to this last tribute to the noblest and best of friends. For twenty years this book has been closed. Looking over my mother's manifold papers and books I open it reverently, and record here on its last page the faithful and undying love of a man who in that great love forgot self, and hungering to bless was in good sooth a blessing to her, and to the child who now and always must mourn her loss, and amidst the joys of her happy home must ever miss her dear presence, who was to her children and grandchildren what no tongue can tell.

Nor is there need to paint her portrait if I would fain try to do so. What is written on these pages by her own hand will surely be her witness, that amidst all the changes, chances and sorrows of this mortal life, she, who was so richly endowed with gifts of mind and person, was above all things the virtuous woman,

the true wife, the loving mother, and the faithful friend, "whose price was above rubies."

Written by my hand on this second day of February, 1686.

MARIA WINIFREDE LEY,
of Ley Grange in the County of Devon.

THE END.

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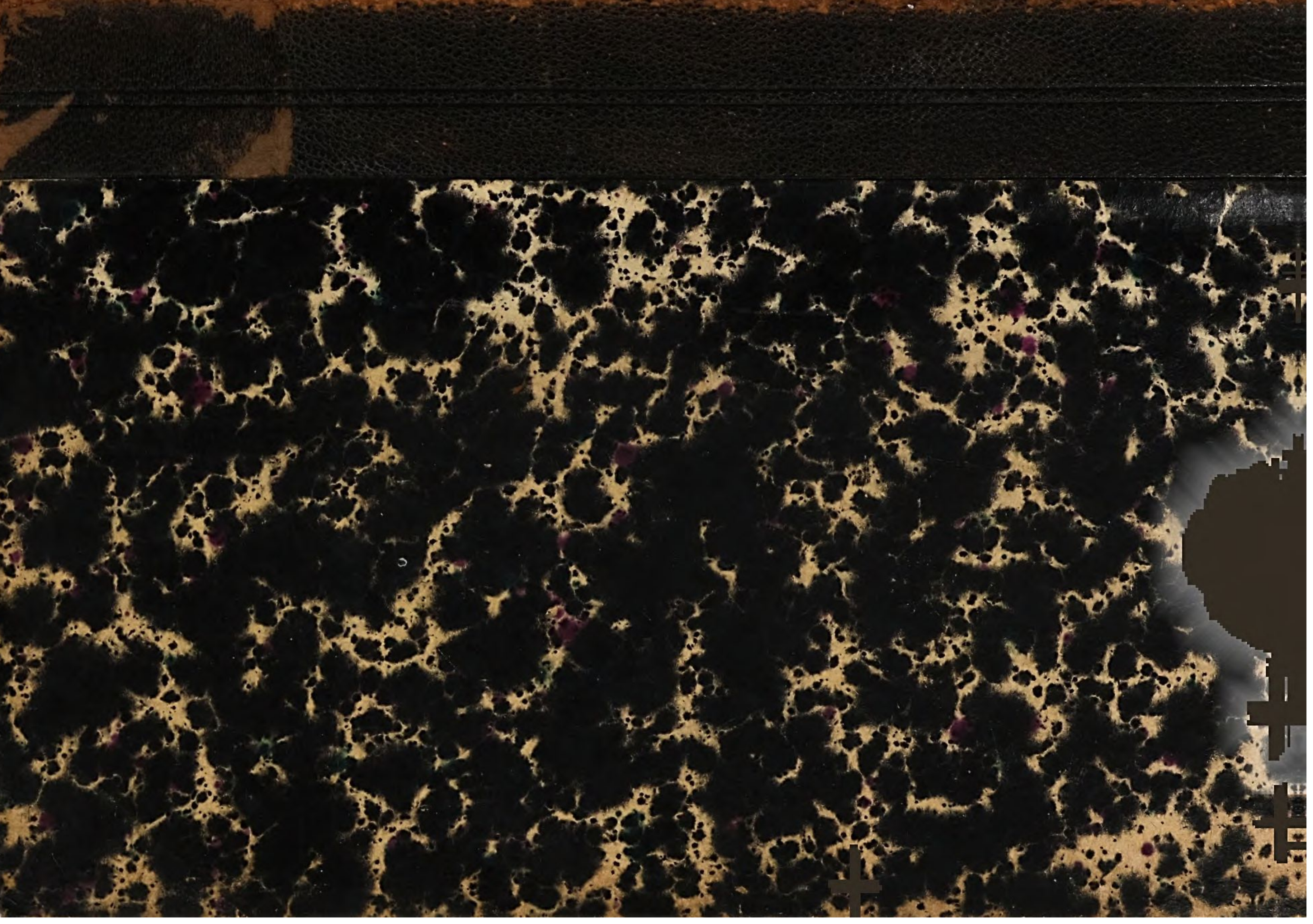

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